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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 25, 1920

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Beginning The Pagan Madonna—By Harold MacGrath

IMITATION—THE SINCEREST FLATTERY

Painted by J. A. Cahill for Cream of Wheat Co.

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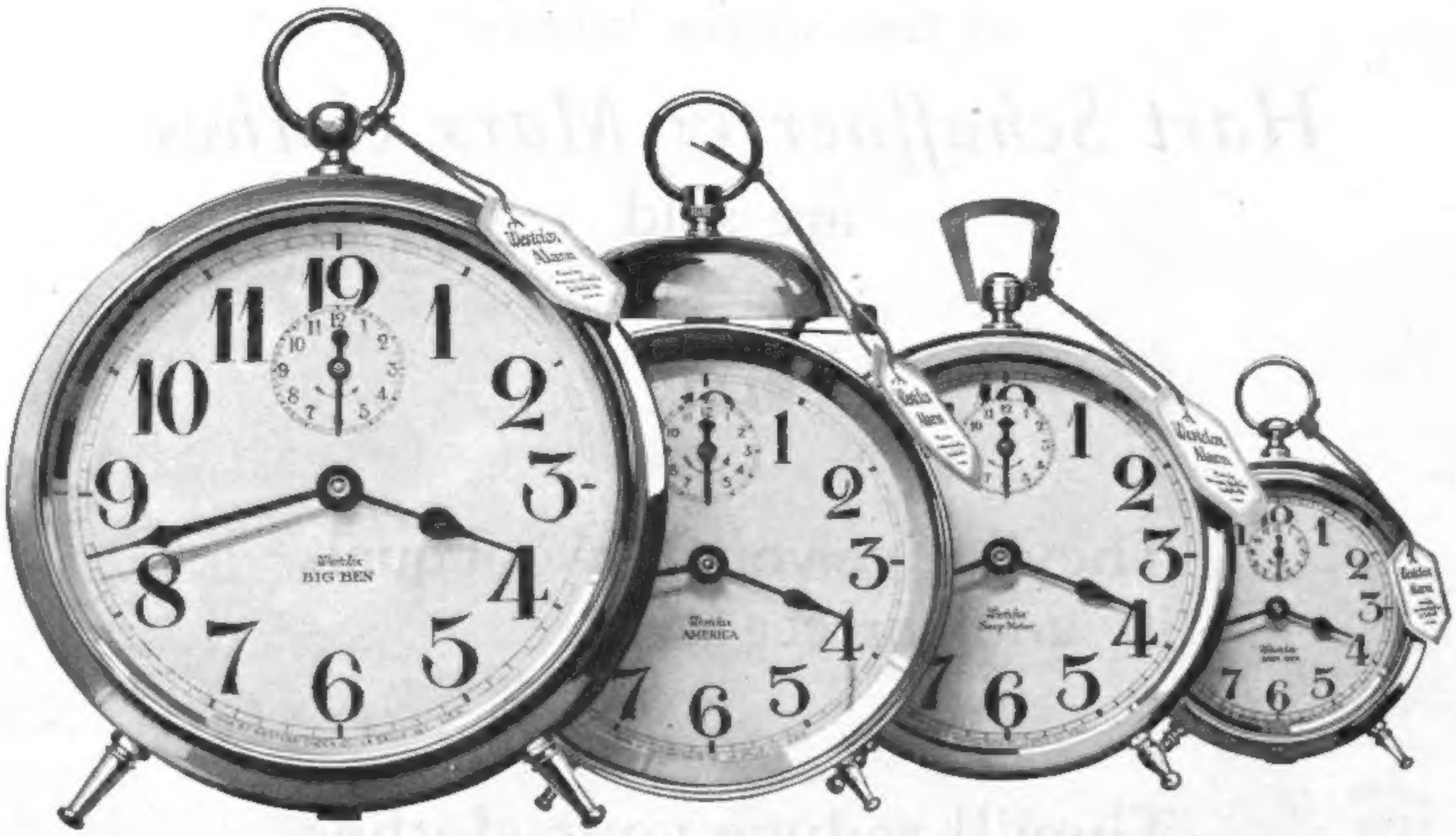
Westclox



How father beat the school tardy-bell

LIKE MOST successful business men he was a stickler for punctuality. He considered his habit of being at the right place at the right time largely responsible for his success.

To encourage the same habit in his sons, he gave each boy a new alarm clock on the day he started school. The clock is the boy's very own—just as his pencils and school books.

The plan works like a charm. The boys are proud to bring their report-cards home; the "times tardy" column shows a clean record. And father is as much pleased with their showing at school as with the success of his plan.

He knows they are learning one of the big secrets of his success; getting on the job at the first tap of the gong.

If you ask him the most important study his boys are taking, he'll answer: "Punctuality," and he'll recommend as a text book a dependable alarm clock—one that runs and rings on time.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern

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They'll give your money back if you're not satisfied

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THE PAGAN MADONNA

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HUMDRUM isn't where you live; it's what you are. Perhaps you are one of those whose lives are bound by neighborly interests. Imaginatively you never seek what lies under a gorgeous sunset; you are never stirred by any longing to investigate the ends of rainbows. You are more concerned by what your neighbor does every day than by what he might do if he were suddenly spun, whirled, jolted out of his poky orbit. The blank door of an empty house never intrigues you; you enter blind alleys without thrilling in the least; you hear a cry in the night and impute it to some marauding tom. Lord, what a life!

And yet every move you make is governed by Chance—the Blind Madonna of the Pagan, as that great adventurer, Stevenson, called it. You never stop to consider that it is only by chance that you leave home and arrive at the office alive—millions and millions of you—poor old stick-in-the-muds! Because this or that hasn't happened to you, you can't be made to believe that it might have happened to someone else. What's a wood fire to you but a shin warmer? And how you hate to walk alone! So sheer off—this is not for you.

But to you, fenced in by circumstance, walls of breathless brick and stone, suffocating with longing, you whose thought springs ever toward the gorgeous sunset and the ends of rainbows; who fly in dreams across the golden south seas to the far countries, you whose imagination transforms every ratty old square-rigger that pokes down the bay into a Spanish galleon—come with me

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide.

From Ten Until Three Jane, Under the Guidance of Captain Dennison, Stormed the Shops on the Bunds and Nanking Road

First off, Ling Foo, of Woosung Road, perhaps the most bewildered Chinaman in all Shanghai last April. The Blind Madonna flung him into a great game and immediately cast him out of it, giving him never an inkling of what the great game was about and leaving him buffeted by the four winds of wonder.

A drama—he was sure of that—had rolled up, touched him icily if slightly, and receded, like a wave on the beach, without his knowing in the least what had energized it in his direction. During lulls, for years to come, Ling Foo's consciousness would strive to press behind the wall for a key to the riddle; for years to come he would be searching the International Bund, Nanking Road, Broadway and Bubbling Well Roads for the young woman with the wonderful ruddy hair and the man who walked with the sluing lurch.

Ah, but that man—the face of him, beautiful as that of a foreign boy's, now young, now old, as though a cobweb shifted to and fro across it! The fire in those dark eyes and the silk on that tongue! Always that face would haunt him, because it should not have been a man's but a woman's. Ling Foo could not go to his gods for comparisons, for the million variations of Buddha offered no such countenance; so his recollection would always be tinged with a restless sense of dissatisfaction.

There were other faces in the picture, but with the exception of the woman's and the man's he could not reassemble the features of any.

A wild and bitter night. The nor'easter, packed with a cold, penetrating rain, beat down from the Yellow Sea, its insensate fury clearing the highways of all save belated laborers and ricksha boys. Along the Chinese Bund the sampans huddled even more closely together, and rocked and creaked and complained. The inscrutable countenance of the average Chinaman is the result of five thousand years of misery. It was a night for hand warmers—little jig-sawed brass receptacles filled with smoldering punk or charcoal, which you carried in your sleeves and hugged if you happened to be a Chinaman, as Ling Foo was.

He was a merchant. He sold furs, curios, table linen, embroideries. His shop was out on the Woosung Road. He did not sit on his stool or in his alcove and wait for customers. He made packs of his merchandise and canvassed the hotels in the morning, from floor to floor, from room to room. His curios, however, he left in the shop. That was his lure to bring his hotel customers round in the afternoon, when there were generally additional profits and no commissions. This of course had been the *modus operandi* in the happy days before 1914, when white men began the slaughter of white men. Nowadays Ling Foo was off to the Astor House the moment he had news of a ship dropping anchor off the bar twelve miles down the Whangpoo River. The hour no longer mattered; the point was to beat his competitors to the market—and often there was no market.

He did not call the white people foreign devils; he called them customers. That they worshiped a bearded Buddha was no concern of his. Born in the modern town, having spent twelve years in San Francisco, he was not heavily barnacled with tradition. He was shrewd, a suave bargainer and as honest as the day is long. His English was fluent.

To-night he was angry with the fates. The ship was hours late. Moreover it was a British transport, dropping down from Vladivostok. He would be wasting his time to wait for such passengers as came ashore. They would be tired and hungry and uncomfortable. So at seven o'clock he lit a piece of punk, dropped it into his hand warmer, threw his pack over his shoulders and left the cheery lobby of the hotel where he had been waiting since five in the afternoon. He would be cold and wet and hungry when he reached his shop.

Outside he called to a disconsolate ricksha boy, and a moment later rattled across the bridge that spans the Soochow Creek. Even the Sikh policeman had taken to cover. When he finally arrived home he was drenched from his cap button to the wooden soles of his shoes. He unlocked the shop door, entered, flung the pack on the floor and turned on the electric light. Twenty minutes later he was in dry clothes; hot rice, bean curd and tea were warming him; and he sat cross-legged in a little alcove behind his till, smoking his metal pipe. Two or three puffs, then he would empty the ash in a brass bowl. He repeated this action half a dozen times. He was emptying the ash for the last time when the door opened violently and a man lurched in, hatless and apparently drunk—a white man.

But instantly Ling Foo saw that the man was not drunk. Blood was streaming down his face, which was gray with terror and agony. The man made a desperate effort to

save himself from falling, and dragged a pile of embroidered jackets to the floor as he went down.

Ling Foo did not stir. It was not possible for him to move. The suddenness of the spectacle had disconnected thought from action. He saw all this, memorized it, even speculated upon it; but he could not move.

The door was still open. The rain slanted across the black oblong space. He saw it strike the windows, pause, then trickle down. He could not see what had become of the man; the counter intervened. A tingle ran through Ling Foo's body, and he knew that his brain had gained control of his body again. But before this brain could telegraph to his legs three men rushed into the shop. A bubble of sound came into Ling Foo's throat—one of those calls for help that fear smothers.

The three men disappeared instantly below the counter rim. Silence, except for the voices of the rain and the wind. Ling Foo, tensely, even painfully alive now, waited. He was afraid, and it was perfectly logical fear. Perhaps they had not noticed him in the alcove. So he waited for this fantastic drama to end.

The three men rose in unison. Ling Foo saw that they were carrying the fourth between them. The man who carried the head and shoulders of the victim—for Ling Foo was now certain that murder was abroad—limped oddly, with a heave and a sluing twist. Ling Foo slid off his cushion and stepped round the counter in time to see the night absorb the back of the man who limped. He tried to recall the face of the man, but could not. His initial terror had drawn for him three white patches where faces should have been.

The Door Opened Violently and a Man Lurched In, a White Man

For several minutes Ling Foo stared at the oblong blackness; then with a hysterical gurgle he ran to the door, slammed and bolted it and leaned against the jamb, sick and faint, yet oddly relieved. He would not now have to account to the police for the body of an unknown white man.

A queer business. Nothing exciting ever happened along this part of Woosung Road. What he had witnessed—it still wasn't quite believable—belonged to the water front. Things happened there, for these white sailors were a wild lot.

When the vertigo went out of his legs Ling Foo catstepped over to the scattered embroidered jackets and began mechanically to replace them on the counter—all but two, for these were speckled with blood. He contemplated them for a space, and at last picked them up daintily and tossed them into a far corner. When the blood dried he would wash them out himself.

But there was that darkening stain on the floor. That would have to be washed out at once or it would be crying up to him eternally and recasting the tragic picture. So he entered the rear of the shop and summoned his wife. Meekly she obeyed his order and scrubbed the stain. Her beady little black eyes were so tightly lodged in her head that it was not possible for her to elevate her brows in surprise. But she knew that this stain was blood.

Ling Foo solemnly waved her aside when the task was done, and she slip-slopped into the household dungeon out of which she had emerged.

Her lord and master returned to his alcove. Ah, but the pipe was good! He rocked slightly as he smoked. Three pipefuls were reduced to ashes; then he wriggled off the cushion, picked up his cash counter and began slithering the buttons back and forth; not because there were any profits or losses that day, but because it gave a welcome turn to his thoughts.

The storm raged outside. Occasionally he felt the floor shudder. The windows ran thickly with rain. The door rattled. It was as if all objects inanimate were demanding freedom from bolts and nails. With the tip of his long, slender finger Ling Foo moved the buttons. He counted what his profits would be in Manchurian sables; in the two Ming vases that had come in mysteriously from Kiaochau—German loot from Peking; counted his former profits in snuff bottles, and so on.

The door rattled furiously.

Ling Foo could consider himself as tolerably wealthy. Some day when this great turmoil among the whites subsided he would move to South China and grow little red oranges and melons, and there would be a nook in the garden where he could sit with the perfume of jasmine swimming over and about his head and the goodly Book of Confucius on his knees.

A thudding sound—that wasn't the wind. Ling Foo looked over his buttons. He saw a human face outside the door; a beautiful boy's face—white. That was the first impression. But as he stared he saw a man's fury destroy the boyish stamp—gestures that demanded admission.

But Ling Foo shook his head with equal emphasis. He would not go near that door again this night.

The man outside shook his fists threateningly, wheeled and strode off. Three strides took him out of sight; but Ling Foo, with a damp little chill on his spine, remarked that the visitor limped.

So! This would be the man who had carried the bloody head and shoulders of the unknown.

Oriental curiosity blazed up and over Ling Foo's distaste. What was it all about? Why had the limping man returned and demanded entrance? What had they done with the body? Pearls! The thought struck him as a blow. He began to understand something of the episode. Pearls! The beaten man had heard that sometimes Ling Foo of Woosung Road dealt in pearls without being overcurious. A falling out among thieves, and one had tried to betray his confederates, paying grimly for it. Pearls!

He trotted down to the door and peered into the night, but he could see nothing. He wished now that he had purchased those window curtains such as the white merchants used over on the Bund. Every move he made could be seen from across the way, and the man who limped might be lurking there, watching.

The man had come to him with pearls, but he had not been quick enough. What had he done with them? The man with the slue foot would not have returned had he found the pearls on his moribund partner. That was sound reasoning. Ling Foo's heart contracted, then expanded and began to beat like a bird's wing. In here somewhere—on the floor!

He turned away from the door without haste. His Oriental mind worked quickly and smoothly. He would tramp back and forth the length of the shop as if musing, but neither nook nor crevice should escape his eye. He was heir to these pearls. Slue-Foot—for so Ling Foo named his visitor—would not dare molest him, since he, Ling Foo, could go to the authorities and state that murder had been done. Those tiger eyes in a boy's face! His spine grew cold.

Nevertheless he set about his game. With his hands in his sleeves, his chin down, he paced the passage between the two counters. As he turned for the fifth journey a red-and-blue flash struck his eye. The flash came from the far corner of the shop, from the foot of the gunpowder-blue temple vase. Diamonds—not pearls but diamonds! Russian loot!

Ling Foo pressed down his excitement and slowly approached the vase. A necklace! He gave the object a slight kick, which sent it rattling toward the door to the rear. He resumed his pacing. Each time he reached the necklace he gave it another kick. At length the necklace was at the threshold. Ling Foo approached the light and shut it off. Next he opened the door and kicked the necklace across the threshold. Diamonds—thirty or forty of them on a string.

The room in the rear was divided into workshop and storeroom. The living rooms were above. His wife was squatted on the floor in an unlittered corner mending a ceremonial robe of his. She was always in this room at night when Ling Foo was in the shop.

He ignored her and carried his prize to a lapidary's bench. He perched himself on a stool and reached for his magnifying glass. A queer little hiss broke through his lips. Cut-glass beads, patently Occidental, and here in Shanghai practically worthless!

In his passion of disappointment he executed a gesture as if to hurl the beads to the floor, but let his arm sink slowly. He had made a mistake. These beads had not brought tragedy in and out of his shop. Somehow he had missed the object; some nook or corner had escaped him. In the morning he would examine every inch of the floor. White men did not kill each other for a string of glass beads.

He stirred the beads about on his palm, and presently swung them under the droplight. Beautifully cut, small and large beads alternating, and on the smaller a graven letter he could not decipher. He observed some dark specks, and scrutinized them under the magnifying glass. Blood! His Oriental mind groped hopelessly. Blood! He could make nothing of it. A murderous quarrel over such as these!

For a long time Ling Foo sat on his stool, the image of Buddha contemplating the way. Outside the storm carried on vigorously, sending rattles into casements and shudders into doors. The wifely needle, a thread of silver fire, shuttled back and forth in the heavy brocade silk.

Glass beads! Trumpery! Ling Foo slid off the stool and shuffled back into the shop for his metal pipe.

Having pushed Ling Foo into this blind alley, out of which he was shortly to emerge, none the wiser, the Pagan Madonna swooped down upon the young woman with the ruddy hair and touched her with the impelling finger.

II

IT WAS chance that brought Jane Norman into Shanghai. The British transport, bound from Vladivostok to Hong-Kong, was destined to swing on her mudhook forty-eight hours. So Jane, a Red Cross nurse, relieved and on the first leg of the journey home to the United States, decided to spend those forty-eight hours in Shanghai, see the sights and do a little shopping. Besides, she had seen nothing of China. On the way over, fourteen months since, she had come direct from San Francisco to the Russian port.

Jane was one of those suffocating adventurers whom circumstance had fenced in. In fancy she beat her hands against the bars of this cage that had no door, but through which she could see the caravans of dreams. Sea room and sky room were the want of her, and no matter which way she turned—bars. Her soul craved color, distances, mountain peaks; and about all she had ever seen were the white walls of hospital wards. It is not adventure to tend the sick, to bind up wounds, to cheer the convalescing; it is a dull if angelic business.

In her heart of hearts Jane knew that she had accepted the hardships of the Siberian campaign with the secret hope that some adventure might befall her—only to learn that her inexorable cage had traveled along with her. Understand, this longing was not the outcome of romantical reading; it was in the marrow of her—inherent. She was not in search of Prince Charming. She rarely thought of love as other young women think of it. She had not written in her mind any particular event she wanted to happen; but she knew that there must be color, distance, mountain peaks. A few days of tremendous excitement; and then she acknowledged that she would be quite ready to return to the old monotonous orbit.

The Great War to Jane had not been romance and adventure; her imagination, lively enough in other directions, had not falsely colored the stupendous crime. She had accepted it instantly for what it was—pain, horror, death, hunger and pestilence. She saw it as the genius of Vasili Vereshchagin and Émile Zola had seen it.

The pioneer—after all, what was it he was truly seeking? Freedom! And as soon as ever civilization caught up with him he moved on. Without understanding it, that was really all Jane wanted—freedom. Freedom from genteel poverty, freedom from the white walls of hospitals, freedom from exactly measured hours. Twenty-four hours a day, all her own; that was what she wanted; twenty-four hours a day to do with as she pleased—to sleep in, play, laugh, sing, love in. Pioneers, explorers, adventurers—what else do they seek? Twenty-four hours a day, all their own!

At half after eight—about the time Ling Foo slid off his stool—the tender from the transport sloshed up to the customs jetty and landed Jane, a lone woman among a score of officers of various nationalities. But it really wasn't the customs jetty her foot touched; it was the outer rim of the whirligig.

Some officer had found an extra slicker for her, and an umbrella. Possibly the officer in olive drab who assisted her to the nearest covered ricksha and directed the placement of her luggage.

"China!"

"Yes, ma'am. Mandarin coats and oranges, jade and jasmine, Pekingese and red chow dogs."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind!" she interrupted. "I should think these poor ricksha boys would die of exposure."

"Manchus are the toughest human beings on earth. I'll see you in the morning?"

"That depends," she answered, "upon the sun. If it rains I shall lie abed all day. A real bed! Honor bright, I've often wondered if I should ever see one again. Fourteen months in that awful world up there! Siberia!"

"You're a plucky woman."

"Somebody had to go. Armenia or Siberia, it was all the same to me if I could help." She held out her hand. "Good night, captain. Thank you for all your kindness to me. Ten o'clock if it is sunshiny. You're to show me the shops. Oh, if I were only rich!"

"And what would you do if you had riches?"

"I'd buy all the silk at Kai Fook's—isn't that the name?—and roll myself up in it like a cocoon."

The man laughed. He understood. A touch of luxury, after all these indescribable months of dirt and disease, rain and snow and ice, among a people who lived like animals, who had the intelligence of animals. When he spoke the officer's voice was singularly grave.

"These few days have been very happy ones for me. At ten—if the sun shines. Good night."

The rickshas in a wavering line began to roll along the Bund, which was practically deserted. The lights shone through slanting lattices of rain. Twice automobiles shot past, and Jane resented them. China, the flowery kingdom! She was touched with a little thrill of exultation. But oh, to get home, home! Never again would she long for palaces and servants and all that. The little wooden-frame house and the garden would be paradise enough. The crimson ramblers, the hollyhocks, the bachelor's-buttons and the peonies, the twisted apple tree that never bore more than enough for one pie! Her throat tightened.

She hadn't heard from the mother in two months, but there would be mail at Hong-Kong. Letters and papers from home! Soon she would be in the sitting room recounting her experiences; and the little mother would listen politely, even doubtfully, but very glad to have her back. How odd it was! In the mother the spirit of adventure never reached beyond the garden gate, while in the daughter it had always been keen for the far places. And in her first adventure beyond the gate, how outrageously she had been cheated! She had stepped out of drab and dreary routine only to enter a drabber and drearier one.

What a dear boy this American officer was! He seemed to have been everywhere, up and down the world. He had hunted the white orchid of Borneo; he had gone pearl hunting in the South Seas; and he knew Monte Carlo, London, Paris, Naples, Cairo. But he never spoke of home. She had cleverly led up to it many times in the past month, but always he had unembarrassedly switched the conversation into another channel.

This puzzled her deeply. From the other Americans she never heard of anything but home, and they were all mad to get there. Yet Captain Dennison maintained absolute silence on that topic. Clean shaven, bronzed, tall and solidly built, clear-eyed, not exactly handsome, but engaging—what lay back of the man's peculiar reticence? Being a daughter of Eve, the mystery intrigued her profoundly.

Had he been a professional sailor prior to the war? It seemed to her if that had been the case he would have enlisted in the Navy. He talked like a man who had spent many years on the water; but in labor or in pleasure, he made it most difficult for her to tell. Of his people, of his past, not Bluebeard's closet was more firmly shut. Still with a little smile she recalled that eventually a woman had opened that closet door, and hadn't had her head cut off either.

He was poor like herself. That much was established. For he had said frankly that when he received his discharge from the Army he would have to dig up a job to get a meal ticket.

Dear, dear! Would she ever see a continuous stretch of sunshine again? How this rain tore into things! Shanghai! Wouldn't it be fun to have a thousand dollars to fling away on the shops? She wanted jade beads, silks—not the quality the Chinese made for export, but that heavy, shivery stuff that was as strong and shielding as wool—ivory carvings, little bronze Buddhas with prayer scrolls inside of them, embroidered jackets. But why go on? She had less than a hundred, and she would have to carry home gimcracks instead of curios.

They were bobbing over a bridge now, and a little way beyond she saw the lighted windows of the great caravansary, the Astor House. It smacked of old New York, where in a few weeks she would be stepping back into the dull routine of hospital work.

She paid the ricksha boy and ran into the lobby, stamping her feet and shaking the umbrella. The slicker was an overhead affair, and she had to take off her hat to get free. This act tumbled her hair about considerably, and Jane Norman's hair was her glory. It was the tint of the copper beech, thick, finespun, with intermittent twists that gave it a wavy effect.

Jane was not beautiful; that is, her face was not—it was comely. It was her hair that turned male heads. It was then men took note of her body. She was magnificently healthy, and true health is a magnet as powerful as that of the true pole. It drew toward her men and women and children. Her eyes were gray and serious; her teeth were white and sound. She was twenty-four.

There was, besides her hair, another thing that was beautiful—her voice. It answered like the G string of an old Strad to every emotion. One could tell instantly when she was merry or sad or serious or angry. She could not hide her emotions any more than she could hide her hair. As a war nurse she had been adored by the wounded men and fought over by the hospital commandants. But few men had dared make love to her. She had that peculiar gift of drawing and repelling without consciousness.

As the Chinese boy got her things together Jane espied the bookstall. American newspapers and American magazines! She packed four or five of each under her arm, nodded to the boy and followed the manager to the lift! She hoped the lights would hang so that she could lie in bed and read. Her brain was thirsty for a bit of romance.

Humming, she unpacked. She had brought one evening gown, hoping she might have a chance to wear it before it fell apart from disuse. She shook out the wrinkles and hung the gown in the closet. Lavender! She raised a fold of the gown and breathed in rapturously that homy perfume. She sighed. Perhaps she would have to lay away all her dreams in lavender.

A little later she sat before the dressing mirror, combing her hair. How it happened she never could tell; but she heard a crash upon the wood floor, and discovered her hand mirror shattered into a thousand splinters.

Seven years' bad luck! She laughed. Fate had blundered. The mirror had fallen seven years too late.

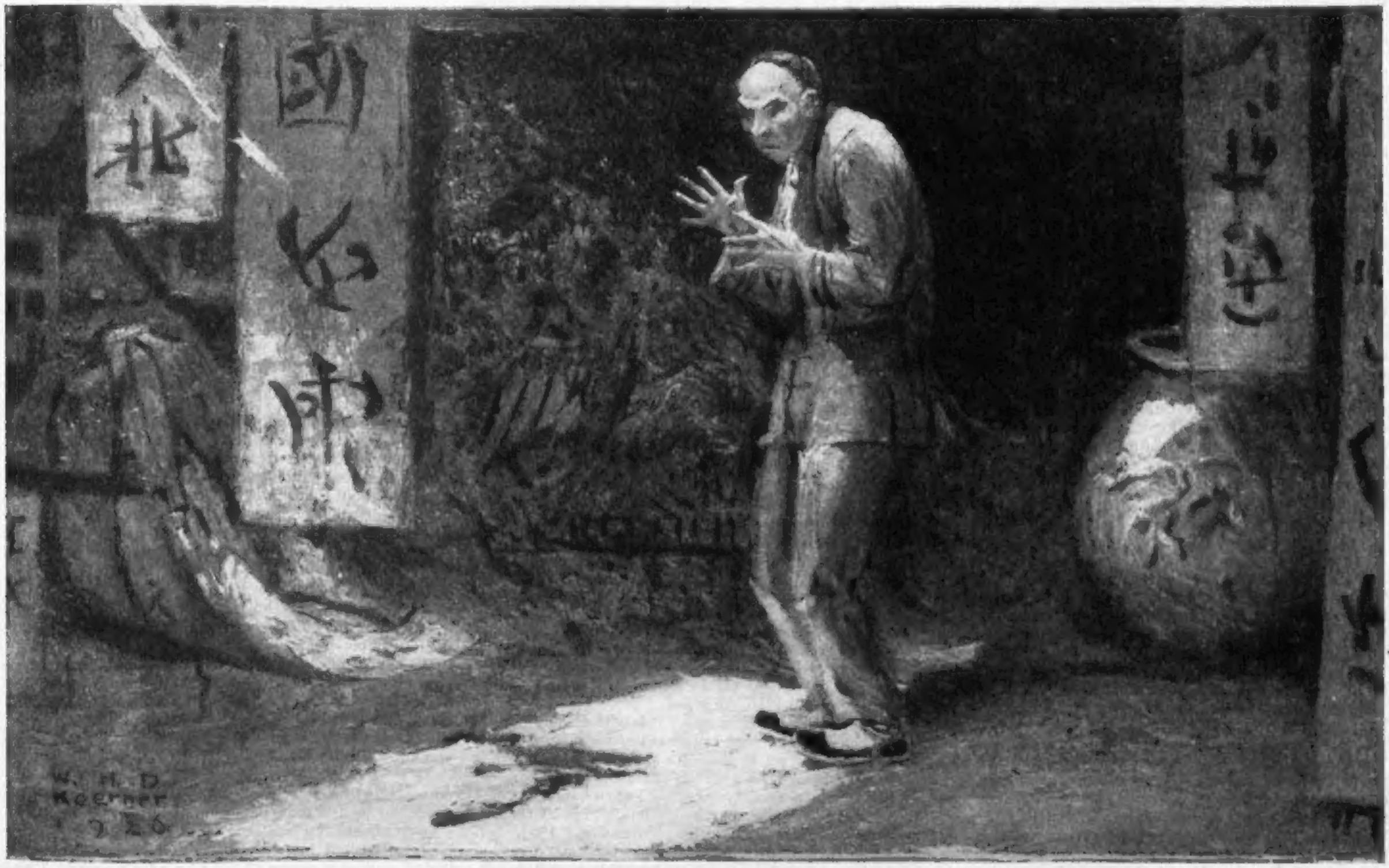
III

OUTSIDE the bar where the Whangpoo empties into the Yang-tse lay the thousand-ton yacht Wanderer II, out of New York. She was a sea whippet, and prior to the war her bowsprit had nosed into all the famed harbors of the seven seas. For nearly three years she had been in the auxiliary fleet of the United States Navy. She was still in war paint, owner's choice, but all naval markings had been obliterated. Her deck was flush. The house, pierced by the main companionway, was divided into three sections—a small lounging room, a wireless room and the captain's cabin, over which stood the bridge and chart house. The single funnel rose between the captain's cabin and the wireless room, and had the rakish tilt of the racer. Wanderer II could upon occasion hit it up round twenty-one knots, for all her fifteen years. There was plenty of deck room fore and aft.

The crew's quarters were up by the forepeak. A passageway divided the cook's galley and the dry stores, then came the dining salon. The main salon, with a fine library, came next. The port side of this salon was cut off into the owner's cabin. The main companionway dropped into the salon, a passage each side giving into the guest cabins. But rarely these days were there any guests on Wanderer II.

The rain slashed her deck, drummed on the boat canvas and blurred the ports. The deck house shed webby sheets of water, now to port, now to starboard. The ladder was

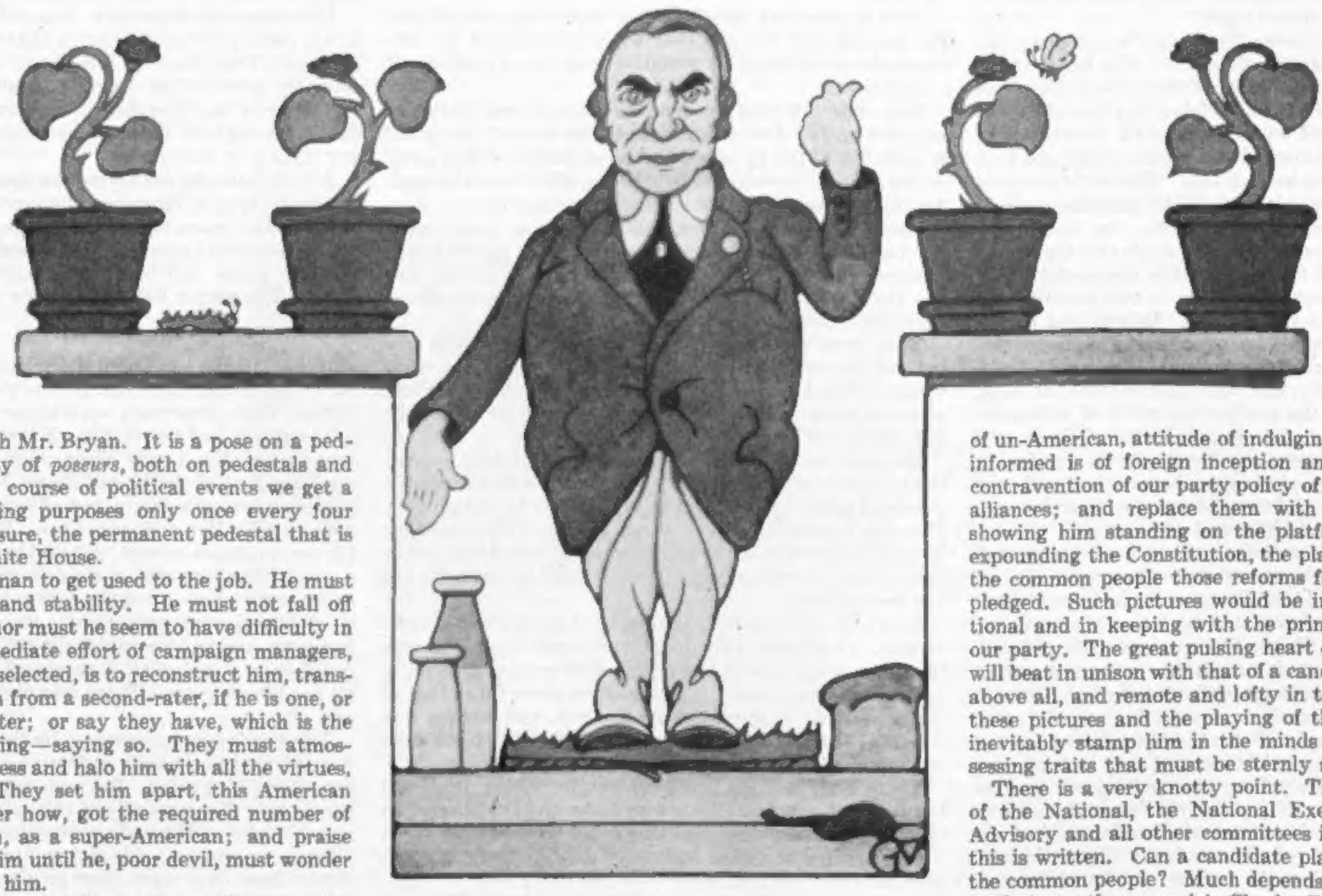
(Continued on Page 147)



But There Was That Darkening Stain on the Floor. That Would Have to be Washed Out at Once

"W. G." By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE making of a President is neither a profession, a business nor a trade. It is a combination of alchemy and advertising. It consists in the attempt to transmute a person into a personality, and then telling the world that the deed has been done.

Likewise, running for President is neither a business, a profession nor a trade—save with Mr. Bryan. It is a pose on a pedestal. We have plenty of *poseurs*, both on pedestals and elsewhere, but in the course of political events we get a real pedestal for posing purposes only once every four years, barring, to be sure, the permanent pedestal that is maintained in the White House.

It takes time for a man to get used to the job. He must acquire both dignity and stability. He must not fall off while in public view, nor must he seem to have difficulty in staying on. The immediate effort of campaign managers, after the candidate is selected, is to reconstruct him, transmute him, change him from a second-rater, if he is one, or a fourth, to a first rater; or say they have, which is the basis of the undertaking—saying so. They must atmosphere him with greatness and halo him with all the virtues, personal and civic. They set him apart, this American citizen who, no matter how, got the required number of votes in a convention, as a super-American; and praise and puff and parade him until he, poor devil, must wonder what has happened to him.

It is never surprising to observe a candidate, in the course of time, come to believe what his advertisers say of him; come to think there is something in the alchemy of it after all; come to take himself as seriously as his proponents seek to have the public take him. Though it is true that few political halos fit the ordinary run of political heads when first installed thereupon, it also is astonishing how easily the ordinary political head expands to fit a halo.

Therefore the proper and philosophical time to have a look at a Presidential candidate is not immediately after he is nominated but along about mid-channel in his campaign, when he has mastered the rudiments of it—is campaign broken—after he has settled to it, and the pose and pedestal are accustomed. Two months after his nomination I went to Marion to see Harding.

Six is par on hot biscuits and honey in the Harding household, but the senator usually takes a couple more. Jimmy Reynolds made the course in an elegant eleven that day in August, and was bunkered three times by stewed chicken at that. The senator went round in nine.

Jimmy, you know, is the connecting link, the liaison officer, between Calvin Coolidge and Senator Harding and Will Hays and the National Committee, and all the rest of it. He is one person who got at Chicago what he went after, which was the second-place nomination for Coolidge, and he performs usefully in many ways. Jimmy is the lad who called Calvin in from milking the cows that day the committee came to notify Calvin of his selection by the convention for this great honor, and he is the lad, also, who saw to it that Calvin was milking the cows when it came time for Calvin to be called, and that the photographers were not so far away at the moment as to be inoperative, and all this and that.

The Political Literati

JIMMY has read Coolidge's book exhorting everybody to have faith in Massachusetts forty-seven times preparatory to answering the important question, presently, that has perplexed many persons—namely: Was the book published to advertise Coolidge as a candidate for President or was Coolidge a candidate for President to advertise the book?

Did you ever stop to think how the profession of letters has come into its political own in the present campaign—that is, letters in a broad and general manner of speaking? There are Harding and Cox, both writing editors and, as their speeches of acceptance verbosely testify, both talking editors, also—among the most copious users of language, in its written and its spoken form, separately and combined, that we have. Coolidge is an author, and it is well known that Franklin D. Roosevelt once wrote a sequence of sonnets to Josephus Daniels, but there is a gentlemen's agreement between Will Hays and George White not to publish them. And Will Hays! Why, Will Hays writes telegrams that are not only literary but musical. You can play them on a flute. His letters are used on the pianolas in many Indiana homes.

But to the biscuits. Jimmy certainly swung a mean honey spreader that day. His form was faultless. The senator halved him until the seventh, and then he took five bites to a biscuit when par was three. At the eighth the senator was palpably in trouble, and he made a mighty poor approach on the ninth, foozled his next and quit. Jimmy spurted and accomplished the tenth and eleventh easily. He would have gone on to the thirteenth, but there were no more. The cook had retired to the shade of the apple tree in the back yard.

"I win," claimed the triumphant Reynolds.

"You do," the senator conceded in his most courtly manner, which is a very courtly manner indeed, even when abundantly biscuited, "but come to breakfast some morning and play a round of pancakes to me. I frequently do a twenty-six with pancakes."

Wherefore the conversation turned to golf, for no particular reason. It just turned there. Both candidates are golfers, and so are some five million other Americans, and as Tennessee came across for suffrage practically all the five millions will have votes next November. Now five million votes are not to be sneezed at, albeit a certain amount of sneezing is being done by accomplished sneezers here, there and yonder. Various earnest gentlemen in various parts of the country are fearful of golf, dismayed that a candidate for the high office of President of the United States should so far forget his dignity and his debt to the party and the common people as to engage in this pastime of the idle and nefarious rich. It spells disaster for the proletariat, as they point out, for a candidate to play golf or engage in any other occupation, recreation or diversion. A candidate, in the idea of these earnest persons, should constantly stand in a dignified and impressive manner, with one hand resting on a copy of the Constitution and the other pointing onward and upward, a look of intense consecration on his face, and emit at stated intervals fervent pledges to the tenets of the Grand Old Party, the tenures of the Grand Old Partisans, and the tenuosities of the Grand Old Platform.

This is the line of argument: "It is with dismay bordering on consternation that I observe moving pictures of the candidate in the act of playing a game that, I am told, is commonly known as golf. While I have no personal knowledge of this trivial occupation I am reliably informed that it is a proceeding that is only indulged in by the rich and idle, and I am firmly of the opinion that if the knowledge that the candidate participates in this class diversion is widely circulated it cannot fail to create a most deplorable and unfavorable influence against him among the common people on whom we rely for our return to power.

"Such flagrant exhibitions of class distinctions must not be tolerated, and with the good of the party and the country at heart I beg of you to suppress these moving pictures that show the candidate in the extremely undignified, to say nothing of un-American, attitude of indulging in a game that I am informed is of foreign inception and therefore in direct contravention of our party policy of no entangling foreign alliances; and replace them with a series of pictures showing him standing on the platform, suitably attired, expounding the Constitution, the platform, and promising the common people those reforms for which our party is pledged. Such pictures would be impressive and educational and in keeping with the principles and policies of our party. The great pulsing heart of the common people will beat in unison with that of a candidate who is dignified above all, and remote and lofty in tone and posture; and these pictures and the playing of this trivial game must inevitably stamp him in the minds of the people as possessing traits that must be sternly suppressed."

There is a very knotty point. The combined intellect of the National, the National Executive, the National Advisory and all other committees is wrestling with it as this is written. Can a candidate play golf and be true to the common people? Much depends on the proper answer to that question—much! Charles Dewey Hilles and John W. Weeks and Harry Daugherty and Will Hays and Harry New and others must settle it. Probably, they will cut out the pictures. Personally, the important question is: Can the candidate play golf? Fore!

Harding's Platform Includes Golf

HARDING plays an ordinarily good game, and is an in-and-outer like most of the rest of us. Ninety is a good round for him. Occasionally he gets below that, and often as not he is a handful of strokes above it, but ninety is a fair average for him. In Washington he played at the Chevy Chase Club, but there is no golf course in Marion, and when he wants a game now he must motor to Mansfield or to Columbus. That restricts him somewhat in his practice of it, but doesn't decrease his fondness for it.

"I play a fair average game," he said. "There are times when I go pretty well, and times when I don't. My drive is the best part of my game. Why, say"—and he got up and swung a cane—"when I am hitting them off the tee and coördinating properly I can send them a mile. I drove one darned near three hundred yards up at Columbus the other day; yes, sir, darned near three hundred yards!"

"Just how near is darned near?" I asked him in a seemingly casual manner, but craftily withal.

"Why," he answered, "darned near is darned near; any golfer knows that."

"More than two hundred and fifty?"

He looked at me suspiciously. "I make it a rule that all questions that I am to answer for publication shall be written out and submitted in advance," he said. "But, speaking about that drive, this was the way I did it."

The true golfing gleam was in his eye. He took his stance and swung the cane again. His body was in his stroke and the cane had the proper timing and whip to it as it came down.

"We had a golf course here at Marion eighteen years ago, laid out by a Scotchman who was here, but it fell into disuse. We are building another now and when that is done I can play regularly."

We drifted off into a discussion of form, and I told him the famous plaint of Mr. Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, who took up golf and after a long series of lessons said: "A most perplexing problem I find it. My teacher tells me that I have perfect form, but, do you know, I cannot hit the ball."

"Ever see Senator Hitchcock play?" asked the candidate. "He has a form that would make a professional weep, but he gets more pars than anyone in his class that I know about. Funny thing, how it works out. I came back to Washington from Chicago after I had been nominated, and went out to Chevy Chase for a round. I was tired, full of nicotine, and had almost shaken my right arm

off. There were twenty-five photographers and movie men on my trail. I expected to flub every shot I made, but you never can tell about golf. I made the first three holes in four each, and made an entrancing three on the fourth hole. Then I waved the photographers away. I had done my part. There is such a thing as overplaying one's hand, you know. I continued the game without photographic accompaniment."

"How did you finish?" I asked him.

"There's no need of going into that," he said. "Fifteen for the first four holes at Chevy Chase is my photographic campaign golf platform, and I stand on it, without reservations or interpretations. Let any other candidate equal it if he can."

"Interested in baseball?"

The senator laughed. "Interested in baseball?" he repeated. "Why, I suppose I have been a stockholder in forty—no, twenty, at least—baseball clubs in this town, all now defunct and all leaving the field with a deficit. We had a little league—a bush league, I suppose they call it—and a few of us helped our club each year. A good many excellent ball players started here—Jake Daubert, and Cooper, and Siegel, and Bob Allen; but our prize, the one I look back on with greatest fondness, was Schmerk. He was a left-handed pitcher, and he was a terror to the batters in our league. The scouts for the major-league baseball clubs came out to look him over. Schmerk pitched marvelously when the scouts were looking on. We sold him for five thousand dollars."

The senator stopped and looked inquiringly across his desk. "I suppose you never were a stockholder in a small-town baseball club, were you?" he asked.

"No; I never was."

"Then you can't understand just how wonderful Schmerk was as a pitcher. Talk about manna from heaven! That five thousand dollars we got for Schmerk paid a lot of bills and helped keep the club going for a long time."

"What happened to Schmerk?"

"Oh, he pitched one good game, but didn't do so much after that. However, we collected in advance."

The talk drifted along on baseball lines, and the senator showed a clipping of a newspaper paragraph someone had sent him, which read: "It is taking a mean advantage of Harding and Cox to show the picture of Babe Ruth in the movies immediately after the pictures of the candidates have been flashed on the screen."

"That's right," he said, and laughed. "We can't compete with Ruth."

A Regular Human Being

NOBODY in the Marion territory admits that, because there have been Hardings thereabouts for more than a hundred years, and because the proud inhabitants of that fertile section of Ohio, or many of them, are concerted in the effort to boost Harding. Marion itself is a haven of hospitality for the visitor, and headquarters for the chorus.

It is a neighborly combination to impress on the visitor the goodness, the wisdom, the exemplary character of the candidate as a citizen, employer, neighbor, friend; to make plain his unselfish public service, his outstanding ability and his wonderful gift as an orator; to emphasize and drive home his unfailing rectitude of conduct, his correct Christian life, his moral and uplifting influence in politics and his amazing goodness, impeccability and probity; to assert his wide grasp of public affairs, his superior fitness for the place, and his God-given attributes as a leader of men.

After a few days of it one is inclined to think that they know something about alchemy and advertising down round Marion whether they do in the Auditorium headquarters in Chicago or not. One accepts Harding, publicly, as all they say he is, but the private reaction is to look on him as an unutterable prig, a sort of stuffed and sacred prophet, a high and holy exemplar of all known virtues, who moves about apostolically, and confers benignant blessings as he moves.

In the village of Caledonia, not far from Marion, where Harding lived as a boy, they have set up a large boarding on which is painted:

CALEDONIA
THE HOME OF HARDING
WE PRODUCE MEN

Allowing for the local pride that induced the citizens of Caledonia to set forth their production as quantity production and fitting it to the item now conspicuous, that sign is passably true if one considers it in its generic meaning. The characteristic that is predominant in Harding, when one assays him both politically and personally, is that he is a man—a man in the sense that any decent American citizen in any decent American town is a man—a regular human being, and not the sublimated prig his zealous friends try to make him out, nor the superstatesman his overzealous political managers seek to establish, nor yet the indifferent and colorless party hack that his opponents paint.

This man Harding is a regular human being. When he is not on necessary parade he talks regular American talk, is interested in regular American things, and has most other regular human attributes. He was a boyish boy, though they tell how he wrote a play when he was fourteen, and that his teacher prophesied great things for him, and so on; and he is a manly man.

There isn't a thing about him, save his cathedral-like solemnity on occasion, that isn't as regular and American and common and typical of America as the attributes of the man next door.

He lives in a frame house on a good street in Marion, and his lot is no wider nor deeper than his neighbor's. He has a parlor and a library and a den and a dining room on the first floor, all furnished like similar rooms in thousands of American homes. He talks the language of the man next to him, and the man back of him, and the man up the street and down the street. The neighbors all speak of him as "W. G.," and so do the townspeople and the countrymen. He likes chicken and dumplings and apple pie and sausages and cakes. He smokes as good a cigar as he can afford. He plays some cards now and then. He is generous and hospitable and public-spirited. Marion people say he is a good neighbor.

James S. Sherman, who was Vice President with President Taft, used to tell of a conversation between two citizens from up New York State that he heard outside the door of the Vice President's room in the Capitol at Washington; and he loved it.

"Come on in," urged one of the men.

"Oh, pshaw, I don't want to. Might not be right. He's Vice President, you know. Mebbe he won't want to see us."

"Aw, come on. He's all right. Why, Jim Sherman is as common as an old shoe."

You get the idea. A regular fellow.

The neighbors gave the Hardings a tin-wedding celebration on the night of their tenth anniversary. It was a josh tin-wedding celebration. The neighbors brought in all sorts of old tin utensils—battered boilers, rusty tin pans, useless tin pails—and presented them to the Hardings with elaborate ceremony and much fun making. It was a noisy, good-humored, neighborly gathering, and a great joke on the Hardings. One speaker testified to the high esteem in which the Hardings were held, and presented them a tin colander that had been rescued from a junk pile.

Another spoke in highest terms of the love and esteem with which the entire city of Marion regarded them, and gave them two milk pans that had no bottoms. So it went through an uproarious evening wherein the Hardings were joked and joshed without stint.

Next day at the office of the Marion Star, which is the senator's daily paper, he sat down and wrote a two-column account of the tin wedding, in which he took up each one of the participants in the affair of the night before, and got even. He wrote about them in the same terms of josh in which they had talked to him and his wife the night before. He went into their peculiarities, their affectations, their personalities and their pasts. He mentioned their foibles and their fads, and paraded their idiosyncrasies with humorous ostentation.

He took this article to his composing room and had it put into type. Then, just at the end of the run of the usual afternoon edition, he had his pressman take the form for the last local page of the Star from the press, and the make-up man insert his account of the tin wedding in that form. This form was placed on the press, and fifteen or twenty copies of the paper were printed containing the article. Meantime he had held back the carrier boy who served the families in the Harding home neighborhood with the Star, and when the copies of the paper containing the account of the wedding were off the press he substituted these papers for the regular Stars, which contained only a paragraph about the affair.

Joshing the Joshers

THE carrier was instructed to deliver these papers in the usual manner, and went up the street tossing them on the porches of those mentioned in the article. Harding sat on his porch and smoked a cigar. He saw neighbors who had been at his house the night before come out, get their Stars, and sit down to look them over. He saw their agitation and excitement as they read about themselves in the paper.

He observed them rushing across lawns to neighbors with the papers in their hands and could hear an occasional "Shame!" "Outrage!" and so on.

Presently he walked up to the house of a neighbor who had been very active the night before, and proposed a game of croquet. The neighbor stiffly assented, but before the play began said: "I am amazed that a paper of the standing of the Star should descend to such depths of personal journalism as are evidenced in to-night's issue."

"Indeed?" said Harding. "Shall we begin the game?"

They played in silence almost, and during the game other neighbors, also mentioned in the article, came over and expressed their various sentiments of amazement and displeasure. Harding paid sedulous attention to his croquet and said nothing. It wasn't long until there was a neighborhood indignation meeting on that lawn, but Harding continued imperturbably at his croquet.

Presently a man who lived in another section of the city came by, saw the gathering and asked: "What's up?"

"This!" exclaimed the neighbors. "Look at this! Read this scurrilous article."

The passer-by looked at the article.

"That's strange," he said; "I didn't see that in my copy of the Star."

Nor was it in the copy of the Star he had in his pocket, and gradually it began to dawn on the tin-wedding celebrants that the man they had joshed the night before had joshed right back at them; and peace was restored.

There was a time in the Chicago convention when it looked as if the Harding enterprise was ditched. Certain promised votes were not delivered. It is probably true that Harding was never an eager and pressing candidate for President. He was contented in Washington as a senator. He liked the life and liked his associates. He felt that he had gone a long ways, and the atmosphere of the Senate, its dignity and ease, appealed to him. He withdrew from the race once, but was induced to go back by his senatorial colleagues for purposes which were more of their own than they were of Harding's.

In any event, when this failure to deliver was apparent, Harding, who was in a room in a little hotel on Wabash Avenue, in Chicago, not far from the convention hall, heard of it with about the same emotions a man has who hears that it won't be necessary for him to have a surgical operation. He was relieved. The dread of several hard months of campaigning and limelighting and speech-making and so on was removed from him; and the responsibilities and obligations. Furthermore, his own Ohio delegation was giving him trouble and demanding results in the way of outside support that did not seem to be forthcoming. It looked as if the Harding boom had expired. So he took off his coat, lay down on the bed and went to sleep, possibly with the usual "Thank God; that's over." There is no record of what he said before he slept, but that will do as well as anything. It's very Harding-like, anyhow.

When he went to sleep he thought he was out of it. When he awoke he was in it again, and presently he was nominated. Naturally that was the moment for some

(Concluded on Page 121)

THE BACK DROP

By RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

RUDOLPH CLEEBURG
Presents GLORIA CROMWELL in
LADY FAIR

A Comedy-Drama by BRONSON REED

A CAR pulled up sharp at the curb and a woman leaned out to read the tall lettering. It loomed startling and white against a black ground. Along a street where theaters crowded each other like chorus girls in a manager's office, that inky splash with its tracing of white paled to oblivion all the others.

The man seated beside her watched her eagerly, studied the delicate profile with a kind of hunger. When she turned his eyes went alight at the smile in hers. She laid a hand over the one that rested against his knee.

"It's stunning, 'Dolph. But you always do things right."

"Y'mean that? Do I always manage to suit you, kiddo?"

"You know you do."

There was a low tender note in the voice that would always be wistful. It was an odd voice—one that, breaking with the swift snap of a violin string, brought tears from its audience as one chokes at a broken chord.

"H'm, that's all I want." He grinned sheepishly. "No fool like an old fool, eh?"

He stepped out as the chauffeur swung open the door, and reached up to help her. Gloria Cromwell—in private life Mrs. Rudolph Cleeburg—was not tall and her intense slenderness made her look frail, yet standing next to her husband on the pavement she measured a full inch above him. Any passer-by taking in the round face, eyes and figure of the well-known manager, his bald pate and prominent features, would have smiled at the information that he was the most artistic producer in America. But then, no passer-by would have noticed the hands, key to character, that tapered so incongruously. Even the man himself failed to take count of them. He knew only that he felt beauty like a tangible thing, that he expressed it through the two mediums he loved—the stage and his wife.

He Reached Up and Broke a Last Branch of Red Leaves From a Dying Tree, and Handed It to Her

He took her arm and they went down the cool dark alley to the stage door. It was a Sunday in September, hazy and languid, the first violet shadows of twilight creeping into the arms of night.

In almost every building on the block rehearsals were under way. Behind blank front entrances with high iron gates locked fast throbbed the pulsing life of the theater. No effort too great, no work too intense, to give to the world its most human tonic, amusement.

The dress rehearsal of Lady Fair had been called for eight P. M. They were early, having made good time from their place at Great Neck, and Gloria crossed the stage set for Act I, while Cleeburg paused to suggest to the electrician some experiments with the lights.

"Try a couple of reds, Bill, in the foots for Act II. And cut out four or five of the ambers on top. They make her look too yellow; sick round the eyes. Get me? Too much shadow. We want to bring out all the flash in her hair. Light her up; it's her big scene. And here—have a smoke!"

He followed Gloria. She had tossed her hat on a table and stood taking in the new props he had provided while the company made the customary short tour that precedes a New York première.

With the shadows of the unlighted stage about her and the dusky quiet of the empty house stretching at her feet, she seemed to the man who went toward her deplorably young and tender, with a something yearning from her that he had tried to reach and never even been able to define. Not for the first time he asked himself, Was it the almost childish form under the soft summer dress—or the delicate line of her long throat—or the intense red curve of lip—or her pallor topped by the tawny hair whose lights and shades he was so intent on featuring? No, none of these! It was the look of her eyes. Wide and hungry, with fright in their depths, they had arrested him six years before as he hurried through his outer office; arrested him and found her a job. The fright had gone long since. And the hunger which had been nothing more than actual physical hunger. But the look that was so much like the quality of her voice still lurked there, eluding him.

He came up behind her as she stood examining the heavy black velvet drapes with crests of blue, purple and gold embroidered in the corners.

"Like 'em?" he asked once more anxiously.

She veered about. "They must have cost a fortune, 'Dolph. Wouldn't those blue ones we had on the road have been good enough?"

"Not for you. Only the best for my kiddo! And look at you against 'em. Golly, those newspaper guys are right—there sure is something about you that's got the rest of the bunch lashed to the mast!"

"It's what you've made me, 'Dolph." The words came breathless, with that strange fascinating catch. "You've put me over just the way you did the rest, Goring and Wilbur and Chesterton. Without you I'd have been just an actress; now they call me an artist. And you've done that; you've done every bit of it."

With a furtive glance to make sure the electrician was still occupied he went closer, laid an arm across her slim shoulders and gazed eagerly through the shadows into her face.

"Say that again. Of course it ain't true. They were all piking compared to you. But say it anyhow. It's music to me—the Symphony and Caruso rolled into one."

"It is true."

"Then if I never do anything else for you, that goes on the right side of the ledger—what? Sometimes, little girl, I feel like I was a dog, grabbing you the way I did right after I featured you, and you thought you couldn't turn me down."

"Nonsense!" She caught his hand and her clasp was so tight it seemed to grip.

"I'm a pretty old piece of scenery, and not easy to look at, at that." He glanced through the drapes at the back drop. It represented a stretch of blue sky pierced with holes through which presently stars would glimmer. "Like that old thing," he added. "Just a piece of shabby canvas, good enough for background." And as she started to protest he laughed, a laugh that wasn't much more than a sound. "Why, even Doug Fairbanks won't be able to kid himself he's young when he's past half a century."

He turned as several members of the company strolled in, and greeted each with a hearty handshake. It had not taken an actors' strike to teach Cleeburg the value of coöperation.

With a smile for everyone, and an ear ready to listen, the Cleeburg of to-day had the same enthusiasm as the pudgy newsboy who years before had run fat little legs off to procure for a patron his favorite daily.

"Hello there, glad to see you. Well, they tell me we got a knock-out. Let's have a look."

He made for the rear of the house, and with his stage director, Lewis, who had accompanied the play on tour, settled down in the last row.

The curtain up, he leaned against the seat in front, a long black cigar jerking from corner to corner of his mouth, like a propeller. Not a gesture, not an intonation escaped him. His concentration ignored any world but this. Had the building burned down, that stage before him would still have been the pivotal point of interest.

When Gloria appeared between the black drapes, eyes luminous under the untamed hair, and the thrill of her voice came over the footlights, he sighed and a smile of anticipation spread across his face. It was the look of one whose senses are about to be lulled by rare music.

The play had all the quality of delicately written French drama, its big scene at the end of the second act being calculated to bring even a New York audience straight out of its seat. And Gloria and John Brooks were as finely teamed as a pair of high-stepping Thoroughbreds. He had been her leading man two seasons, and little 'Dolph, with an eye to the future, had him tied up on a five-year contract.

You would never have taken John Brooks for an actor. There was about his clothes no suggestion of the extreme that Broadway, even in its Fifth Avenue moments, is

inclined to affect. They were for the most part dark serge cut by a conservative tailor, and he wore them with the ease of not caring particularly what he had on. Critics called him distinguished. When he walked into a stage drawing-room one knew instinctively that more exclusive drawing-rooms had opened to him. He never talked shop outside the theater and never brought his social activities into the theater, but it was generally known that his friends numbered scientists and men of big business.

On the stage he suggested a clean-cut Britisher, tall and well groomed, easy of manner, clipped of speech, yet with a more intense vitality and that gleam of humor under the straight black brows that is peculiarly, blessedly, of, by and for America.

The manager sat back, eyes half closed, lapping up the charm of it as a kitten laps cream. When the curtain fell he licked his lips and purred as he turned to Lewis.

"You're right, Lewy. Never saw a pair to touch 'em. Gad, that give and take, that playing into each other's hands—nothing like it in this old burg, I tell you." He sprang up, bounded down the aisle like a rubber ball. "Immense!" he shouted. "That act runs on greased wheels. It's sure-fire—they'll eat it alive."

He climbed into a box and with amazing ease jumped to the stage. Bulky as was his figure, almost pouter-pigeon in certain postures, there was nothing funny about Cleeburg in action. It was the fire of his genius, the spark that lighted his homely face with inspiration, that commanded respect. Even with a handkerchief tied round his neck as it always was in hot weather and the open sleeves of his silk shirt flopping like awkward wings, no one thought of smiling. One merely listened.

He gave a few instructions to the property men and slipped back to his wife's dressing room, poking his head in at the door.

She was changing to a tea gown, a lovely shimmery gold thing that brought out the reds in her hair like touches of flame.

"Well, how does it go?" she asked. "Any suggestions?"

"Not half a one. Couldn't be improved. And John—golly, he was made for you."

She dropped her eyes to examine a tiny rip in the train.

"Better mend this, Suzanne, before I go on. It might catch on something."

"Glad we've got him sewed up tight. First thing you know one of the boys'd be offering to star him—and then, biffo, we'd lose him!"

"He is—wonderful." She did not raise her eyes as the maid's needle flashed in and out of the soft fabric, then looked up suddenly. "Lewis thinks we have a big hit."

"Lewis knows his business. You never had a chance that touched it—comedy and the big heart stuff combined. Try a little more red, honey. You look pale. Tired out, eh?"

"No; just a bit nervous, that's all."

She turned hastily to the mirror, picked up a rabbit's foot and dabbed some color across her cheek bones. As she bent forward her teeth caught her lower lip and held it viselike. And Cleeburg, noting the reflection of her eyes, fancied fright in them. Nerves, of course! Emotional tuning up of the vibrant artist!

He went out front as the curtain rose on the second act. It revealed a boudoir; not the sort bestowed upon woman by the average scenic decorator with its brilliant splashes of color and general air of a department-store exhibit, but a room that suggested four walls inclosing feminine taste.

Steadily Gloria and Brooks mounted to the big moment when the man's passion, like a torrent crashing through ice, carried the woman with it. They stood facing each other at that moment, and the voice of John Brooks came quiet, yet with the threat of doom.

"We've played the game, you and I. played it to the finish. And we've lost. No, not lost, because this is the end we wanted. We've been a pair of gamblers, banking on defeat, waiting to have the game get us. Now we're going to lay down our cards, admit we're beaten, and take what is greater than victory. You know what that is. I don't have to tell you I love you."

Came the woman's terrified "No—no!" with arms thrust out to ward off the thing she had desired, and the man's quick laugh as he caught them and her to him.

Cleeburg jumped up as the scene came to its close and speeding down the aisle made a trumpet of his hands.

"Hey, John—play that for all it's worth. Give it to 'em strong. You fall down a peg or two at the end. Got to keep up the tension. Get me? Don't be afraid of too much pep. Can't be done in this town. Let go!"

Again and again he put them through it. Up to the crucial point it went superbly. Then something seemed to snap. It was less in Brooks' rendering of the speech than the way he caught up Gloria and swept her to him. Instead of an onrush like a force irresistible, his embrace was almost measured. One felt that with very little effort she could have escaped.

Sitting in the front row now, a puzzled seam between his eyes, Cleeburg noted that Gloria, too, appeared to withdraw. Gloria, who flung herself into a part as if it were life! What had happened? He shook his head, began to pace the length of the seats.

"You'll let down the whole act, children. You'll lose your curtain. Why, they've been wanting this to happen from the beginning, and if you don't give it to 'em and give it to 'em big, they'll can you, sure thing. Let's have another go."

John Brooks' thin lips came together. There was something tense about the way he went into the scene this time, muscles tight, hands clenched, voice husky. And when finally he swept her into his arms it was as if he would never let her go. Their lips met as the curtain fell. Even in the empty house one could feel the thrill of it. Cleeburg gave a chortle of relief. Just for a moment he had been afraid they were going to muff it.

But he apologized for his persistence later, at supper.

"It's the crux, old man. That's why I kept you at it. The woman is yours by every law of God, and once you know it you don't give a damn for the laws of man."

"I get you."

"Put over the feeling that it had to be. If you don't the whole show goes fluey. You and the little girl do such bully teamwork we don't want one hitch to spoil it. Hope I haven't played you out."

"Oh, that's all right." The other man smoothed his hair with a gesture of both long hands and looked across the table. "Afraid my thick head has tired Gloria, though."

She was leaning back, limp, eyes closed, face white as the moon that looked in between the pillars of the roof garden.

"Not a bit." The lids lifted quickly and Cleeburg was startled at the fever under them. She leaned elbows on the table. "I was as stupid as John. We just couldn't seem to get it."

"Well, don't worry. It'll go like hot cakes tomorrow night. You won't worry, kiddo, will you?" He patted her arm anxiously. "I don't like to see you look like this."

"Why, there isn't a thing wrong with me truly." She turned to watch the dancers as they swayed past, two moving as one to the lure of darky music. In the center of the flagged floor a fountain sent up showering spray, colored emerald, ruby and gold by lights from within. Palms spread high their tropic leaves. Mingled perfumes and laughter filled the place with a drowsy languor. It seemed set very close beneath the Indian-summer sky. When she turned back she found Brooks' gaze on her.

"Come to think of it," observed Cleeburg, glance traveling from one to the other, "you don't look any too chipper yourself, old man. Didn't notice it when you got in this morning, but you're both played out."

"Gloria had a little smash-up after the performance last night. Been working at top speed. But I'm O. K. Both tired, that's all. There wasn't a breath of air in the train, either." Brooks lifted his glass of cider, and a dry smile

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When Gloria Appeared Between the Black Drapes He Sighed and a Smile of Anticipation Spread Across His Face

EXCESS BAGGAGE

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MEMPHIS, let me miss you! Feet, see kin you trod de good-by jazz! Lily, le's go!" The Wildcat had several reasons for leaving town. One of them, by the name of Honey Tone Boone, weighed about two hundred pounds, including cutlery. Through the Wildcat's contrivance Honey Tone Boone was at the moment in jail, but with the poet the Wildcat had learned that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage. He wasted no time in verbal expressions of his belief.

"Lily, git in step. Come on heah befo' Ah jerks yo' head loose f'm yo' horns."

Lily lagged. No guilty conscience impelled the mascot goat. In addition to this, lacking mental momentum, her progress was considerably impeded by a parade uniform consisting of an O. D. army shirt, which dangled loosely about the mascot's forelegs. Half a block down the street Lily's parade raiment slipped. Her hobbles tripped her. The galloping Wildcat felt an added drag on the leading string. He glanced backward in his flight.

"Goat, how come you lose de cadence? Dog-gone you, see kin you skid till you gits in step!"

Lily bought the next fifty yards with an expenditure of some epidermis and two ounces of goat hair.

She regained her feet, staggering under a ponderous ambition for revenge. Forty feet from the Calhoun Street curb she took careful aim at the Wildcat and stepped on the accelerator. The Wildcat coasted into Calhoun Street with the parade-leading Prince Albert flapping straight out behind him. He skidded over the curb in a pose which cost his army pants half their seating capacity. Inertia claimed him. He rolled his head slowly over his shoulder and gazed in bewilderment upon his prancing Nemesis

"Lily, at ease!" The goat ambled to him. "At res'!"

The Wildcat grabbed for the mascot's leading string.

"You an' me declares peace. Ah done wrong when Ah drug you, but now see kin you ramble. Ah craves to reach de Chicago Fliah, where at de ol' Backslid Baptis' is porteh, so us kin leave town without leading no mob."

"Blaa!" Lily answered.

"You Green Debbil! What You Mean Exercisin' Mah Mascot All Night?"

All the Wildcat Had Heard Was the Accents of His Bank Roll Bidding Him a Last Farewell

About the mascot's chest the Wildcat adjusted the O. D. shirt with its three service stripes. He tilted the little overseas cap, which Lily wore, to a rakish angle between the mascot's horns. With Lily cleking along at the Wildcat's heels, the pair entered the portals of the Grand Central Station. The Wildcat accosted a redcap of his own color.

"Whah at kin I find de Backslid Baptis' whut takes care o' de white gen'mun on de Chicago Fliah 'at leaves at two-forty?"

"I knows 'at boy dey calls Backslid, but dey ain't no Fliah leavin' at two-forty. 'At boy runs Pullman on de Mexico Limited leavin' heah at ten-ten to-night. Ol' Backslid neveh shows up till half past nine to take his cah out."

Confronted by seven intervening hours of life in Memphis, which might include the release of Honey Tone Boone, whose temporary confinement in the jail had just been accomplished, the Wildcat's ambition flopped. His sole desire for the moment was for a high-grade segment of camouflage or the sanctuary provided by a close-fitting black cave.

"Whah at kin me an' Lily hide out till mah fr'en' Backslid shows up?"

The redcap looked at him.

"What you done—outrun a bullet f'm some white man's gun, o' mebbe busted jail?"

The Wildcat's skin shrank a size or two at the mention of jail.

"I ain't done nuthin'. Fo'git dem jail words. All I got is business in Chicago, an' I aims to ride wid de Baptist."

The redcap came to realize that the Wildcat sought to avoid publicity.

"I knows a place whah you kin crawl undeh a five-dollah bill an' hide."

"Whah at's de place?"

"Whah at's de five-dollah bill?"

The Wildcat produced the greenback.

"C'mon heah wid me."

He led the Wildcat and Lily to the rooms where redcaps shifted from their civilian raiment to the uniform of their calling.

"Nobody but us boys neveh comes heah. Ah'll pass de word to de Backslid Baptis' to hunt you up when he 'rives f'm uptown to-night."

Until nine o'clock that night the Wildcat and Lily lay under cover. Shortly after nine o'clock the Backslid Baptist arrived at the station to board his Pullman, which would be cut into the Mexico Limited He encountered the Wildcat in the latter's retreat.

"How come? When Ah seed you dis aftehnoon you an' Lily wuz in de parade-leadin' business, followin' Honey Tone Boone on de mule."

"Us changed since den, Backslid. Ol' Honey Tone done unconsecrate hisse'f f'm de parade-leadin' mule."

"Whah at is he now?"

"Safe in jail, whah at Cuspido' Lee an' de otheh wild woman kain't claim de remains. Whut time does us leave?"

"How come de 'us'?"

"I craves to furlough mahself loose f'm Memphis fo' a while. Does ol' Honey Tone git free mebbe he uprises agin' me."

"Come on! Us is due out at ten-ten."

Before the Backslid Baptist was in his uniform a boy brought an order slip to him. He read it and handed it to the Wildcat.

The Wildcat looked at the paper.

"You knows Ah kain't read, Backslid. What 'at papeh say?"

"Ah switches to a N'O'leans cah—de Mazurka. Otheh boy's sick."

"How come he sick?"

"Some boys gits sick so as to miss Ol' Man Trouble. Might have made a cleanin' wid de bones. Might crave to meet up wid some fr'en's in Memphis. Kain't say how come. Us finishes de boy's run. Come on!"

The Backslid Baptist led the way to the platform in the long train shed.

"Don't know kin I deadhead 'at goat."

"Sho' kin, Baptis'. 'At mascot don't take up no room 'At goat traveled f'm N'Yawk to San F'mcisco in de vegetable bin on a dinin' cah. Lily ain't no rampager."

When the Mexico Limited roared into the train shed Lily cringed against the Wildcat's legs.

"Stan' up theh! How come you scared at de ol' train?"

Followed by the Wildcat and Lily, the Backslid Baptist sought his car.

"Whah at's de Mazurka?" he asked the first porter whom he encountered.

"Hello, Backslid. Is you runnin' Mazurka?"

"Aims to."

"Menagerie cah."

"How come?"

"Dogdest cahload of folks Ah evah see. Wait till mawnin' an' you sees yo' passengers. 'At's de ol' battleship five cahs back."

The Wildcat and Lily in the wake of the Backslid Baptist presently boarded the Mazurka. Once inside the car the porter sniffed heavily.

"Gin trip. Thank de Lawd ain't no kids! Don' smell no bananas. Lissen! Heah dat boy snore?"

"Snores lak he's chokin' to death."

"Ain't chokin'. 'At's a fat boy wid de alcohol snorts."

The Backslid Baptist sniffed again.

"Sho' is!"

"Is what?"

"Chorus-girl lady, o' mebbe one of dem movin'-picture ladies."

"Ah'll say you does!"

"Does what?"

"Sees an' heahs wid yo' nose. Did anybody bust you in de beak dey'd knock you deaf an' blind."

"Wilecat, Ah run Puliman ten yeahs. Boy sho' gits deprived of a lot of ignorance in dat time. Sho' gits so he knows de folks on his cah quick. Gits to be a reg'lar mind readeh."

The Wildcat looked at the Backslid Baptist.

"Whut dat fat boy wid de alcohol snorts thinkin' about?"

The mind-reading porter looked at the Wildcat. A slow smile cut a red gash in his face.

"Same as you—de half bottle what's left."

"Ah'll say you's a mind reader! Read an' see does de half bottle need a guardeen."

"Fo'git dat guardeen business. To-morrow mawnin' he gives it to you does you crave it. 'At boy wouldn't look cross-eyed at you in town, but when you weahs de unifawm mos' likely does you crave a dram o' his liquor he be proud to give it to you. When him an' de headache wakes up to-morrow ——"

Zing! From above the Wildcat's head an electric bell rang with the suddenness of a striking rattlesnake.

"Whut dat?"

"Ca'm yo'se'f. Some passengeh ringin' fo' de porteh. Store dat goat in heah befo' de ol' train conductor comes th'oo."

The Backslid Baptist opened the door of the linen closet. Lily the mascot was ushered into a dark cave beneath the shelves.

"Lily, at res'! See kin you sleep whilst Ah learns de porter business."

The Wildcat began to absorb the free ice water.

Zing! The annunciator rang again with an impatient note.

"Put dis white coat on you whilst I sees who wants whut."

The Backslid Baptist handed the Wildcat a white linen coat. The Wildcat removed his long parade-leading Prince Albert with the red plush sash and the yellow epaulets and donned the white jacket. The Backslid Baptist returned from the far end of the car.

"Fat boy in Loweh Seven wid de alcohol snorts craves ice wateh. Fill a papeh cup an' carry it back to him."

The Wildcat filled a paper cup with ice water and started down the aisle of the car. He returned presently.

"Kain't find whah at is 'at boy."

"You looks till you sees Seven on de curtains. 'At's whah he is."

The Wildcat essayed a second attempt with his life-saving ice water. He had proceeded half the length of the car when above the muffled rattles and creaks of its fabric there lifted a wild, shrieking laughter.

The paper cup in the Wildcat's clutching hand was crushed flat. From the cup there gushed a geyser of ice water straight for the parted curtains of Lower Seven. The wild laughter from somewhere across the aisle continued, but now it was punctuated by three voices.

"F'r land's sake, dearie, be quiet!"

"Spluff! What th' "

"Lady Lucy, whah at is you!"

The Wildcat galloped back along the swaying aisle to the protection of the Backslid Baptist. The high-pitched laughter pursued him.

"Pull de stoppin' string, Baptis'! Ah craves to git off."

"Ca'm yo'se'f! Whut ails you?"

"Heah dat laffin'? Heah dat crazy man ——"

Zing! Zing! Zing!

"Dog-gone 'at Loweh Seven. Did you wateh dat boy?"

The Wildcat looked at the crushed cup in his hand.

"Ah'll say so! Missed 'at boy's neck, but de ol' ice wateh sho' baptized him."

"See whut he wants agai'."

"You betteh see, Baptis'. Ise just learnin'."

"Dearie, be quiet before I wring your neck!" A strident feminine voice addressed the author of the laughter. "Shut up! There, there, dearie. Oh, you feen, leggo! My stars, he bit me!"

"Purty, purty burd! Purty, purty burd!"

"You feen!"

"Quawk!"

Down the length of the car, from between the berth curtains, there began to appear an assortment of human heads. Above the scene there sounded the flutter of beating wings. The Backslid Baptist dived into the center of the Pullman.

"What is it, porter?"

"Jes' gittin' into Carbon City."

The porter's calm voice dispelled the terrors of the night.

"Leggo! Dog-gone you! Backslid! Come heah!"

A furor of acrobatic groaning marked a scene wherein the Wildcat was doing the best he could to pry himself loose from something that clung to various parts of his anatomy with a beak and eight sharp claws.

"Come heah! Light de light! Some varmint's got me!"

The Backslid Baptist retraced his steps.

"Ain't no varmint. One of dem parrot birds."

The Backslid Baptist made a grab for the parrot, and from the bird's throat into the night again there lifted the wild laughter. The porter opened the door of the linen closet, wherein Lily the mascot goat was quietly eating her third pillowcase. He cast the parrot from him into the darkness of the linen closet.

"Wilecat, tell de lady in Lo' Ten Ah'll take keer de parrot till mawnin'."

The parrot landed on Lily's neck. From behind the slammed door came a muffled "Blaa!" followed by the subdued noises of a large number-nine-sized ruckus.

Zing! Zing! Zing!

"Ise coming! Ise coming!"

The Backslid Baptist filled two cups with ice water and started toward Lower Seven with them.

"Heah you is! Yessuh. No, suh. Yessuh, Ah'll git you some mo'."

"Here's a half bottle of that blasted stuff. Take it away where I can't smell it. That ice water sure is good. Were you ever zippo on gin?"

"No, suh. Ah'll git you some mo' ice wateh."

The Backslid Baptist, convoying half a bottle of gin, neglected to state that he had never been able to accumulate enough gin at one time to get himself zippo. He encountered the Wildcat in the smoking room. He handed the Wildcat the half bottle of gin.

"Ah'll say Ise a mind reader!"

"See whut de good Lawd done sent!"

"Afteh de storm comes de quiet waters."

"Comes de gin, you means. Ol' fat boy drink de watchs. Us drinks de gin. Gin, how is you?"

The Wildcat soothed himself with three strenuous gulps

"Whuf! Liquor, how de do!"

The Backslid Baptist departed with the third cargo of ice water for the gentleman in Lower Seven. He returned after a little while. Dangling from his fingers and carried in his arms were a dozen pairs of shoes. He threw the shoes down on the end seat in the smoking room. "Start to work on de shoes, Wilecat. Don' do nothin' to de new shoes—much—an' hit de ol' ones light. De middle-grade shoes gits a good shinin'. Folks whut weahs middle-grade shoes is old-time travelers, an' gin'ally comes up strong wid de income tax fo' us boys."

The bell in the passageway sounded its summons.

"Dog-gone! See who dat is."

The apprenticed Wildcat read the indicator

"Ain't no numbeh. De little hand turned on de letters."

"Whut de letters say?"

"Backslid, you knows I kain't read."

The Backslid Baptist set the nearly empty bottle of gin on the washstand and walked into the passageway.

"'Partment B," he announced upon his return. "Dey's two 'partments, A and B, and a drawin'-room. You knows B when you sees it. Knock at de do' an' ask whut is it."

The Wildcat departed on his mission. At the door of Compartment B he encountered a bald-headed gentleman clad in violent-pink pyjamas. The gentleman's face was festooned with a long blond mustache. He thrust a coat, a vest and a pair of trousers through the door at the Wildcat.

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"Cap'n, Suh, You Means Me an' Lily is Californy Bound?"

PAWNING THE HEIRLOOMS

By EMERSON HOUGH

Mud Flats of Jackson Lake From the Irrigation Dam. Tetons in the Distance

HE WAS an old, old man, who looked like Father Time, and his occupation had given him a wisdom belonging to any age of the world you like. He dealt in articles of value, precious things, rare gems. When I asked him, in his old Southern city, where he found his stock in trade he smiled in his own large wisdom regarding human nature.

"They bring these things to me," he said—"things you would think no one would want to sell. I live on their folly. The great part of my best things are remnants of earlier possessions. There are sons of old families, gone down at the heel, who do not want to work, and who have little left of what their families once owned. Look here!"

He showed me a beautiful miniature, done on ivory by some artist of long ago, who had painted with care the features of a beautiful woman.

"A young man brought that in to me. He was old looking, though still young. All his sap, all his ambition, had left him. He came here with a cigarette hanging out of his lips, and offered me this miniature of his great-grandmother. Look at the frame! It is set with old pearls and diamonds. This was a family heirloom, a thing to prize forever, but he had no more compunction in offering it for sale than I would have in parting with a cake of soap."

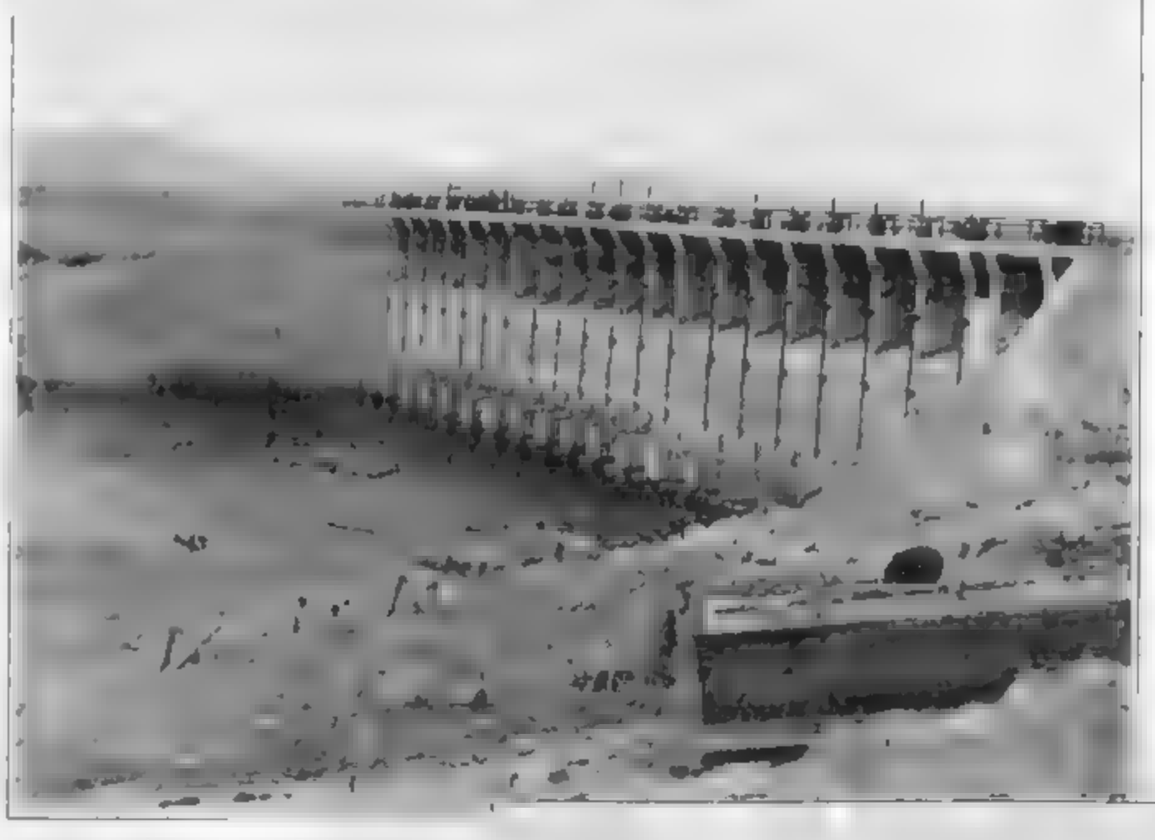
Very well. This is not a story of jeweled picture frames, or of rare gems in ancient settings, though it has to do with possessions which you and I ought to regard as apples of gold in pictures of silver. This is a story about the national parks, owned by the American republic as heirlooms to be held sacred forever. Perhaps it is a sermon of a sort; I do not know. But I do know that it is something that every real American should soberly take to heart to-day.

America's Ancestral Possessions

I SHOULD like to tell this story by means of a grouping of accepted facts; mostly by means of two or three large pictures, though no man can paint the glory of the great canvases that you and I own as our heirlooms, and no man can write their story large enough. As to these pictures, we can measure best from that portrait which the old art dealer indicated—of a pasty-faced, senile young man, flabby, soft, indifferently offering for pawn the jewel-set miniature of his ancestress. Do you have difficulty in visualizing that young man, old before his time? Suppose we all look studiously into our own mirrors.

Let us start with none but admitted facts, and deal in nothing except logical reasoning. That will be quite merciless enough. The proposition is that America is about to pawn the last of her ancestral possessions.

There was a golden wedding anniversary on September 19, 1920. That was the fiftieth annual milestone marking the creation of our first national park—that known as Yellowstone National Park. In fifty years a new America has come, not a better America. At the current rate of change the people of America in another ten years will have little left of land and of their national parks. There is now a deliberate assault upon them. The story of the Yellowstone Park, large and valid of itself, will serve perfectly well to indicate the danger that now exists against all the national parks, this one more especially.



Jackson Lake Dam, July, 1919

Fifty years ago a party of Montana men who retained a large vision and a sound patriotism, men who smoked pipes and rode horses as they came, determined upon a certain tour of exploration in the fabulous region round the headwaters of the Yellowstone River. That country then was partially known, though for the most part only Munchausen tales had come out regarding it. It was an unknown land fifty years ago—not so long when you stop to think of it. This party of explorers was made up among the early mining settlements of Montana, the city of Helena, successor of Alder Gulch, being the center of organization, and Fort Ellis being the point of departure. The actual journey was made in the summer of 1870, and the total number of the explorers of all sorts and ranks was only nineteen men. Because they were all Americans of the old sort let us set down their names here.

Early Explorers of the Yellowstone

THE party was under the charge of General Henry D. Washburn, then surveyor-general of Montana. The historian of the party and its real originator was Nathaniel P. Langford, one of the best known of the old Montana men, at that time United States collector of internal revenue. He was the first superintendent of the park, and served five years without pay. His friend, Samuel T Hauser, later governor of Montana, civil engineer and bank president, was another prominent member. Thus might be rated also Judge Cornelius Hedges, a prominent citizen of Helena. Lieut. G. C. Doane was scientist and governmental historian of the party. William C. Gillette and Benjamin Stickney were pioneer merchants. Mr. Walter Trumbull was assistant assessor of internal revenue. Mr. Truman E. Everts, the man who was lost for forty-seven days in that wild country, held the office of assessor of internal revenue for his state. There was also one Jacob Smith, who joined the party at a late hour. A military escort of five soldiers was sent along—Sergeant William Baker and the enlisted men, George W. McConnell, William Leipler, Charles Moore and John Williamson. There were two packers, Reynolds and Henry Bean, and two negro cooks.

This party, generally known as the Washburn expedition of 1870, entered what is now Yellowstone Park by way of Trail Creek, which took them to the Yellowstone River at the northern end of the present park limitations. There was known to be danger of the Indians, and indeed this threatened danger had prevented earlier exploration of the country of the Upper Yellowstone.

The party stood their first night guard on August twenty-third. They came up the Yellowstone River, passing the point where the town of Gardiner now is located; passed beyond the Tower Falls and the second cañon of the Yellowstone, until they came to the Grand Canyon

Jackson Lake, Once the Most Beautiful of Mountain Lakes, in July, 1919. The Bottom of the Picture is the Old Shore Line. It is Perhaps One-Half Mile to the New Shore Line

of the Yellowstone, of which they already knew something. Thence they passed entirely east of Yellowstone Lake on their way south, circumventing that lake below its lower arms; headed northwest, and twice crossed the Continental Divide

They did not know very well where they were, or how they were to get out; but from the western edge of the Yellowstone Lake they headed northwest for the Firehole River. They saw a large lake, no doubt Shoshone Lake, which some took to be the head of the Firehole and some the head of the Snake River. It was, as we now know, tributary to the latter stream. At length they did find the Firehole River, and broke down into that historic country known as the Upper Geyser Basin of the Yellowstone Park of to-day.

As they passed through the country they gave many names to the great features of natural interest. Having engaged in a real mountain exploration with horse and pack train, they had met hardships and dangers. Soon the winter would come, for by the middle of September snow threatened any day in those high altitudes. From these tremendous geyser basins, now for the first time well seen and well described, they headed down the Firehole and Madison, which they knew would lead them out somewhere not far from Helena.

The Land of Wonders

ALL of this is merely by the way. We need no historic review of their trip. To-day we can see, in all ease and comfort, everything which through hardship and danger they saw, and far more. But now in the review of the simple story of their wanderings we come to one incident, to one picture, which I wish could be engraved on the mind of every American to-day, especially on the mind of every man holding a position of public trust and honor. Let us restore that picture to view, so far as possible.

Great Fall of the Yellowstone

Our men, our old Montana citizens, followed down the Firehole to what is now known as the junction of the Firehole and the Gibbon rivers. There is a beautiful little valley here, fenced high about with bold escarpments. It is crossed by the splendid stream known as the Madison from this point down—one of the three sources of the Missouri River. At this place our explorers held what might be called their farewell camp. The diary of Langford describes all of these events perfectly and in detail.

By this time it was of course obvious to all these men that they had found a marvelous region. They were all Americans who had come West to secure their fortunes. Here lay fortunes for each of them close at hand. They were no fools, and they knew they had found resources which could be sold; realized well enough the wealth that they could make out of their knowledge. It was discussed among them how easy it would be to locate claims at all of the great points of interest and so take into private possession all of this land of wonders. It was even suggested that they might pool their interests, each man putting his homestead claim into the general pool.

An All-American Vision

BUT then there spoke up a man whose name we ought never to forget. He was an early American, a real American, by the name of Cornelius Hedges. He listened to what the others said, and then made his own speech. It ran in effect somewhat thus:

"God made this region for all the people and all the world to see and enjoy forever. It is impossible that any individual should think that he could own any of this country for his own and in fee. This great wilderness does not belong to us, but to America. Let us make a public park of it and set it aside for America, never to be changed, but kept sacred always just as it is now, so that Americans always may know how splendid this early America was, how beautiful, how wonderful."

Make the picture again for yourselves, if you can—the green circle of the valley, the bold mountains about, the river. Paint for yourself the camp fire, with the horses standing about. Make again for yourself, if you can, all the wild, old adorable picture of the mountains and the West of fifty years ago. Especially paint in for yourself carefully the portraits in that circle of bearded men, now that you know their names. They sat with their hands on their knees, or crouched on the grass, or leaned against

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Jackson Lake Under the Grand Tetons

MARY OTTERY

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THAT Mary Ottery lived in the village of Ottery St. Mary is not the strange and poetic coincidence it would appear to be, but rather the result of great deliberations on her part and the desire for a kind of harmless and fragrant notoriety. For Mary was born with a soul that bubbled warm springs of romance, united to an unfailing sense of the charming, fostered and aggravated by a continuous study of the writings of James Barrie, idealist.

Romance was the breath of life to her, which perhaps is the reason why Fate, with a turn of irony, had led her along pathways sterile of incident and barren of love.

At the age of forty nothing had ever happened to Mary Ottery, if we omit her secret thoughts, which moved tiptoe in the most delightful regions, and unknown. For twenty years she had done service in the general post office—service of unrelieved similarity. For twenty years she had taken a frugal lunch, value seven pence, at an A B C in Cheapside, and at the close of each day's work had walked home through St. James's Park and scattered a few crumbs to the stately ducks which basked by the waterside. At her lodging she prepared a modest meal, banished from her mind all thoughts of stamps and postal orders, and disappeared behind the white-vellum clouds of whichsoever of Mr. Barrie's books she might be reading again.

Only once did she and reality go side by side, but that was so far away as to be pleasantly forgotten. He was a young man who did something in the city, and she was not a little piqued that she never thought to ask what that something might be. Mary was very pretty in those days, so at least the young man thought, and on the strength of it hired two bicycles whereby they should ride together to Newlands Corner.

God had a hand in the weather that particular Sunday morning. The flowers shone like many-colored suns in the cottage gardens at Clandon, and the sky had golden streaks across it like sand bars showing misty in the sea.

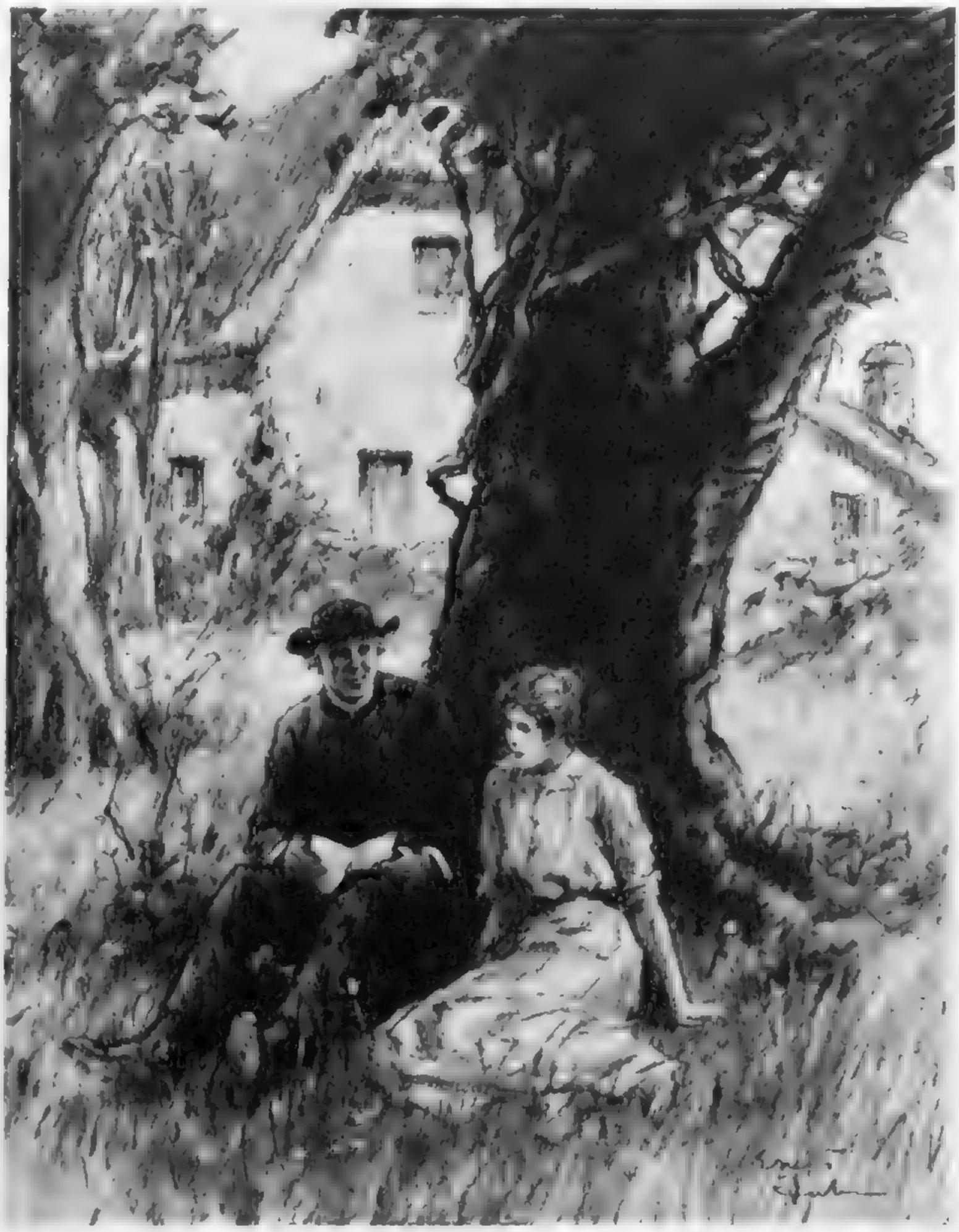
And as she pedaled Mary snuffed the scents and let her eyes drowse rapturously over the sleeping meadows, and she thought it good to ride at the elbow of a cavalier. It gave one lovely little trembles in the throat.

The young man did not intend to propose until they reached Newlands Corner, because there was a steep hill to negotiate, and it would be expedient to get that behind them before turning to thoughts of love. So he kept the conversation going with talk of cycling, such as was all the fashion in those days. He spoke of accidents he had been glad to witness, and of his desire for a chain case with a little oil bath at the bottom of it. He spoke of many other such matters, and Mary wished he would leave off, whereby she might esteem him the more. It is difficult to tremble in one's throat for a man whose mind is revolving through a little oil bath.

Probably the chief cause of Mary Ottery's refusal to accept the young man's hand in marriage was due to an avoidable circumstance. He wore his cap hind side before. It may have been very foolish of her, for he was honorable, but she argued that anyone who reversed his cap for no better reason than to comply with the ethics of some vague holiday mood would be likely to contract other habits even less endurable. And Mary knew that when habits enter in, romance gathers up its skirts and goes its way. Wherefore she returned to the post office and the years wore on.

Mary was forty-one when she came into a fortune, and quite a substantial fortune too. There was no bother about it, for the investments were tied up and gilt-edged. They yielded a profit of fifteen hundred a year. Also there was old furniture and silver too, and a comfortable lump sum.

Being a philosopher, she expected it was all a mistake, until the solicitors finally convinced her to the contrary. Then she smiled and said: "Thank you, I think I shall know what to do with it."



"So, You See, I'm Not Really Happy, Because, After All, I Shall Never Have a Wedding From the House"

She handed in her resignation at the post office, bought a map of England and dreamed over its limitless possibilities. And that is the way Mary Ottery came to the romantic setting, Ottery St. Mary.

"For," as she said to herself, "it's bound to make people say: 'What an odd and sweet coincidence.'"

Mary's house was built of pink bricks that turned to claret in the light of the setting sun. Tea roses and honeysuckle bunched and vined above the gabled porch. She was waited upon by a cherry-lipped handmaid and an apple-cheeked cook, while the grounds were kept in the way of growth by an ancient gardener who had watched the sap rise and fall for seventy seasons.

There was something twilit and autumnal about Ottery St. Mary and Mary Ottery's house. They seemed to come into their kingdom with the fall of day. Beyond the white fence at the garden end was a slope of meadow, ripe in buttercups and shaded by the spread of oaks a century old. Under the greatest of these was a fairy ballroom, a circle of dark grass among the green. And since she came to be mistress of a fairy ring, Mary did not mind having paid more for the property than its actual worth.

"One can't buy a fairy ring," she said. "So one shouldn't mind how much one gives."

It took a year to set the scene and banish the sense of new arrival, and then Mary Ottery, after surveying her possessions, asked herself if she were truly happy, and found to her great dismay that she was not. Something all important was lacking or forgotten, and thinking with half-closed eyes what that something might be, the word "romance" came whispering down the breeze. For here was a setting without a jewel—a frame without a picture. Wherefore, being very devout, she tiptoed forth, and sitting in the center of the ring invoked the fairies to give her aid and counsel.

"I've done my best," she said. "Everything is quite ready, and now I want a romance—a real romance."

And a magpie, which was listening in the branches overhead, flew off to carry the tidings over the countryside.

It is a wonder that the knights of Honiton Clyst of Rockbeare and Colyton did not shine their armor and spur to the house of Mary Ottery, but none came in answer to the call. Your magpie is an untrustworthy messenger, and the memories of fairy folk are as light as their toe tips dancing on midsummer's eve.

The county called and she returned their calls, but that was all. Tangible romance does not fold bread and butter and balance it in the saucer of a teacup or leave a visiting card in the brass plate by the front door. Romance comes in at the window or stays outside.

One day a clergyman who lived in the neighborhood came upon Mary at her devotions in the fairy ring. Being a person of some curiosity, he stayed to watch and eventually to interrogate.

"If You Lift Your Voice You're Done For!" "But I Never Do," Said Mary. "I Was Only Going to Ask if You Wouldn't Take a Check Instead"

"Might I ask," he inquired, "what you are at?"

"I was praying," returned Mary, in no way abashed.

The clergyman nodded, and observed with a touch of humor: "I am acquainted with most of the usual forms of prayer, but have yet to learn that the names of Mab or Tinkabell occur in any such."

"I was praying to the fairies," said Mary.

"That would seem a very pagan thing to do."

"It isn't at all. I go to church too."

"And yet believe in the potency of false gods."

"Of fairies," she corrected.

"And what precisely do you expect the fairies to bring?"

"Romance."

"Dear me," said the clergyman. "And does not the pulpit provide that?"

"Have you ever provided it from the pulpit?" she countered.

He paused before answering, then said: "Now you ask me, I don't suppose I ever have."

"And yet," said Mary Ottery, "is there anything better?"

"That is a leading question."

"Then have you found anything better?"

His eyes wandered to the rose-splashed porch and blushing bricks of Mary's house.

"Spiritual exaltation," he began.

"No; romance," she insisted. "Romance."

"I can remember an evening I walked with my dear wife—before we were engaged it was ——"

"Sit here and go on remembering," said Mary very gently.

And he did—the fairies opening long-locked doors of memory. At length:

"I don't know when last I talked like that," he said. "Something seemed to draw me out."

Mary made a little circular movement with her forefinger.

"Oh, nonsense, my dear lady! Everyone knows that a fairy ring is only due to the spreading growth of fungus."

"Well, they sit on toadstools, don't they?" said Mary.

The Rev. Pethwick Barnes rose and dusted the grass from his coat tails.

"Is it for yourself that you seek romance?" he asked.

"I'm forty-two," she answered. "It's just the wish to have it near me—to be part of it."

"H'm! Well, good afternoon. Yours is a very sweet nature, I think, if you do not account the saying so an impertinence."

"No; I liked it," said Mary. "Good-by."

He hesitated and looked at her.

"Perhaps I may come and see you again."

"My windows are always open," said she.

And that was true, too, as a certain notorious gentleman of Exeter whose person was earnestly desired by the police had reason to observe. His name was Morriton, and he inspected Mary's possessions by the simple expedient of doing a faint before her front gate. Mary thought very highly of men, possibly for the reason that she knew so little about them, and invited Mr. Morriton to refresh himself and recuperate in the pleasant coolth of her dining room. And Mr. Morriton was greatly impressed both by her hospitality and the old Georgian silver shining upon the sideboard. He booked the following Thursday for his official visit, and at the appointed hour drove from Honiton in a small greengrocer's cart, which he left at the bend of the lane. As it happened, Mary was lying awake, for a nightingale was singing near by, and she never had listened to a nightingale before.

"I think," she said, "something rather beautiful is going to happen."

Then she heard a clink as Mr. Morriton, who could not have been expected to know the top of the sugar dredger was loose, allowed the base to fall to the floor. Mary, who was not frightened of anything, lit a candle and went downstairs. She found Mr. Morriton packing the silver very carefully indeed.

"Oh!" said she. "Do you have to take all those away?"

Mr. Morriton produced a life preserver and made it hum threateningly.

"If you lift your voice you're done for!" he warned.

"But I never do," said Mary. "I was only going to ask if you wouldn't take a check instead."

"Stand still!"

"Don't be silly!" she replied, occupying a chair. "And I do think it's rude of you to keep your cap on."

Mr. Morriton was not used to this type of womanhood. He made a despairing effort to recover his prestige.

"Any larks," he said, "and there'll be a funeral from this house."

"Oh, dear!" said Mary. "How horrid that sounds, for I was hoping there might be a wedding!"

And at this he laughed somewhat unpleasantly.

"Then I should marry off one of the maids," he said, "for it's your only chance."

Mary blushed at the laugh.

"I didn't say my own," she explained, "but I've set my heart on a wedding. There is something very sweet about a wedding, but a funeral is horribly comic."

To offer violence against a person who sees nothing but comedy in a funeral is sheer waste of time. Mr. Morriton fell back on discourtesy and rudely invited her to turn off the gas.

"There was a time," she said, "when burglars and highwaymen were chivalrous folks, but you're neither one nor the other. If you'd behaved at all nicely I might have let you take a little of the silver, but now you'll have to go with nothing."

"Think it's likely?" asked Mr. Morriton.

Mary tilted her head to a listening attitude. Down in the road eighty yards away sounded the crunch-crunch of official boots.

"I think it's certain," she replied.

Mr. Morriton thought so too.

She was busy quite a while after his departure putting back the silver. When she mounted the stairs the windows were still wide open to the night.

"Everything has its uses," she thought, "but I wonder what he was for?"

And lying in bed she reviewed the situation. Perhaps he was a messenger of sorts, and if so what was the message? He had talked of funerals and laughed at weddings—but then he imagined it was her wedding she spoke of. And that was funny to him—and he was a man—the first man in the house! It was a beautiful phrase, "A man in the house," but it wasn't very likely there would ever be one in hers.

"What did he come for?" she puzzled. "He didn't take anything away, so he must have left something behind. An idea perhaps."

And all of a sudden she remembered his remark: "Then I should marry off one of the maids."

Mary sat up in bed and clasped her hands.

(Continued on Page 112)

WHY DON'T THEY QUIT?

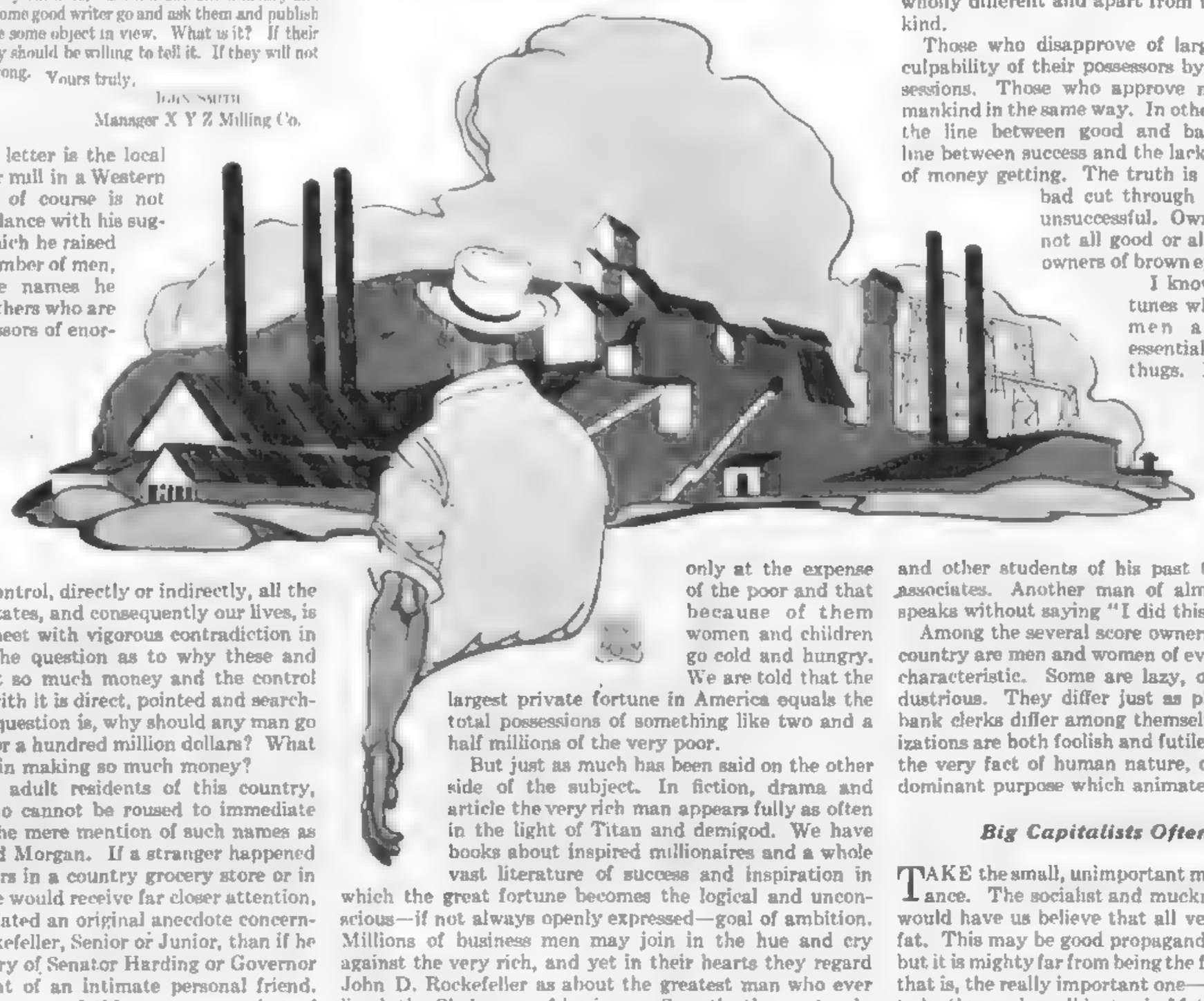
By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dear Sir: For a number of years I have been curious to know why Rockefeller, Morgan, Armour and all the other big moneyed men who own or control, directly or indirectly, all the money in the United States, and consequently our lives, want this amount of money and this control. Why not have some good writer go and ask them and publish the article? They must have some object in view. What is it? If their object is not wrong, then they should be willing to tell it. If they will not tell, then their objective is wrong. Yours truly,

JOHN SMITH
Manager X Y Z Milling Co.



THE writer of this letter is the local manager of a flour mill in a Western state. His name of course is not John Smith. In accordance with his suggestion the question which he raised has been put up to a number of men, including those whose names he mentioned, as well as others who are known to be the possessors of enormous fortunes. This article contains some of the results of the inquiry.

One may or may not agree with the assumptions and implications in Mr. Smith's letter. That Rockefeller, Morgan, Armour and the other big moneyed men own or control, directly or indirectly, all the money in the United States, and consequently our lives, is a statement that will meet with vigorous contradiction in many quarters. But the question as to why these and other men should want so much money and the control that is assumed to go with it is direct, pointed and searching. Boiled down, the question is, why should any man go about it to make fifty or a hundred million dollars? What object have these men in making so much money?

Few indeed are the adult residents of this country, especially the men, who cannot be roused to immediate and vivid interest by the mere mention of such names as those of Rockefeller and Morgan. If a stranger happened upon a group of loungers in a country grocery store or in an exclusive city club he would receive far closer attention, I am confident, if he related an original anecdote concerning either John D. Rockefeller, Senior or Junior, than if he told the entire life history of Senator Harding or Governor Cox from the viewpoint of an intimate personal friend. No subject so stirs the men of this country as that of plutocracy.

The truth is that the supposed supermen of America are its great captains of industry, its owners of notably large fortunes, its multimillionaires and billionaires, if there are any such. These are the figures that stir our imaginations and rouse our emotions, not the politicians or statesmen or artists or even the inventors and scientists. Such a situation makes this article an easy one to write in one sense and a very difficult undertaking in another sense. It is easy enough to rouse interest in the question of why rich men want more money, but it is hard to steer a clear, straight path through the prejudices, passions, sentiments and preconceptions which encumber the subject.

The Millionaire as Others See Him

IT MATTERS little what these men of great wealth say in explanation of themselves, or what others may say of them; the great mass of people already have a completely equipped outfit of opinions on the subject. Theodore Roosevelt told us all about malefactors of great wealth, and he was followed and accompanied by a host of muckrakers who painted none too flattering portraits of the same gentlemen. Soon thereafter multitudes of government suits and investigations filled out these pictures of our industrial and financial monsters.

The socialists have kept right on adding to the portrayal. We have become used to such sinister phrases as the menace of concentrated wealth, the money trust, the plunderbund, the vested interests, capitalistic feudalism, the grave social danger of huge fortunes, and the like. We have been told all about it and them in fiction, drama and cartoons, not to mention innumerable newspaper and magazine articles.

The violent denunciation of the extreme socialist has been echoed by more conservative critics, and it would be idle to deny that a sense of sting, of wrong, has been one response to the enormous accumulations of private wealth. There has been a feeling that these fortunes wrung from the people indirectly if not directly have been possible only at the expense of the poor and that because of them women and children go cold and hungry. We are told that the largest private fortune in America equals the total possessions of something like two and a half millions of the very poor.

But just as much has been said on the other side of the subject. In fiction, drama and article the very rich man appears fully as often in the light of Titan and demigod. We have books about inspired millionaires and a whole vast literature of success and inspiration in which the great fortune becomes the logical and unconscious—if not always openly expressed—goal of ambition. Millions of business men may join in the hue and cry against the very rich, and yet in their hearts they regard John D. Rockefeller as about the greatest man who ever lived, the Shakspere of business. Secretly they not only envy but admire almost to the point of devotion.

Then, too, the builders of great fortunes have in many cases also been the builders of industries which have developed the country immeasurably and added billions to the national wealth. Everyone is conscious that such pioneers as James J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller rendered incalculable service to mankind when they threw open an empire of territory or enlarged the production and cheapened the price of steel and oil. Perhaps they were paid too much; the public really has no means of knowing. But people at large cannot but prize the qualities which led to such achievement and at times are slow to condemn the reward.

Success in business is measured largely by its monetary reward. Is it not then a unique situation that the goal which all are striving for, that the men who succeed in what nearly all are after, should be despised and hated? There is a distinct element of the illogical and inconsistent in branding a man as iniquitous who secures what nearly all his fellows are trying to get. In the attitude toward the very rich man there is a curious conflict of cross currents, of feelings, prejudices, ambitions and ideas. We at once worship him and hate him. We envy, applaud and muckrake. To set down a clear, sensible statement of why men desire to make great fortunes with this welter of conflicting ideas in the heads of the American people is no easy task.

But if we start with the assumption that the very rich man is human like the rest of us we will have taken a long stride forward. Or to be more exact, there are just as many differences among men of great wealth as there are among boot and shoe salesmen, dentists, school-teachers and gardeners. Somehow the public has a settled conviction that the owners of large fortunes are a peculiar race, set apart, singular, exceptional, above all different from men who do not have such fortunes.

Just why the public has this idea, this notion, is difficult to understand. One set of thinkers, or rather one set of people with prejudices, seems to think the very rich are all bad; another smaller group with an opposite set of prejudices regards them as all good; while the largest group of all, in fact the majority of people, though not very clear as to whether the rich man is either good or bad, is perfectly clear that he is somehow a prodigy, a marvel, a monstrosity, to be gazed at, wholly different and apart from the common run of mankind.

Those who disapprove of large fortunes measure the culpability of their possessors by the extent of these possessions. Those who approve measure their service to mankind in the same way. In other words, the public draws the line between good and bad just as it draws the line between success and the lack of it in the mere matter of money getting. The truth is of course that good and bad cut through both the successful and unsuccessful. Owners of great fortunes are not all good or all bad any more than the owners of brown eyes are all good or all bad.

I know of owners of huge fortunes who are essentially gentlemen and others who are essentially toughs, rotters and thugs. Many are modest; others are vain to the point of the ludicrous. One of the richest men in the world, perhaps the richest, never uses the first personal pronoun in discussing his affairs. He always urges writers and other students of his past to do full justice to his associates. Another man of almost equal wealth never speaks without saying "I did this" or "I did that."

Among the several score owners of vast fortunes in this country are men and women of every conceivable personal characteristic. Some are lazy, others are by nature industrious. They differ just as plumbers, clergymen and bank clerks differ among themselves. Rules and generalizations are both foolish and futile. There is not and, from the very fact of human nature, cannot be any one great dominant purpose which animates them all.

Big Capitalists Often Small Men

TAKE the small, unimportant matter of personal appearance. The socialist and muckraking type of cartoonist would have us believe that all very rich men are big and fat. This may be good propaganda and shrewd crusading, but it is mighty far from being the fact. The big capitalist that is, the really important one—is just as likely of course to be thin and small instead of fat. I have in mind four of the richest men in the country. Two are very tall and strong, one especially so for his years; a third is small, compact and unimpressive looking; the fourth, perhaps the most active of all in business, is thin, in fact skinny, and though fairly pleasing in appearance, also is most unimpressive. Only one is at all fat.

The tastes, motives and inclinations which lead these men differ just as much as do their physical characteristics. Moreover, their tastes and motives change from time to time as they grow older, just as do those of other people. The public has been skeptical for a long time of the frequently repeated assertion that John D. Rockefeller is no longer interested in making money, though he is now eighty-one years old. Yet the same public would not be skeptical if told that Tom Mooney, who also is eighty-one, was most interested in sports when he was a boy, in girls when he was twenty, in his livery business and saloon when he was thirty-five and forty, in his children when he was fifty and in his grandchildren when he was sixty. Why this difference in standards for the very rich?

"Mister So-and-So is all vanity, egotism and selfishness," said an associate of one of the richest men in the country, an old codger whose income is said in certain years to have amounted to thirty or forty millions. "He is all pride and vanity. He constantly tells you he is self-made, and everything he does seems to be actuated by these motives."

Now this picture may not be wholly accurate, though I suspect it is, but it is near enough to the truth to be worth repeating. The subject of the sketch certainly is not an attractive person. I have seen him often and know that both his tastes and manners are exceedingly bad.

Let us turn to another figure, much better known to the public, a man both of great wealth and restless activity in the country's industrial enterprises. Unlike the older man who has just been described, he is far from being wholly self-made, though his undoubted abilities and personal qualities would make him successful in any walk in life. His motive does not seem to be so much vanity and pride as sheer restlessness and love of novelty. Experiment drives him on to one achievement after another. Anything new appeals to him—a new business project or a

new and pretty face or figure. His associates say that he sticks to nothing overlong.

These unlovely examples are picked out, not because they are in the least typical but because of their very difference from many others. Nor do the tastes and motives of these men of enormous fortune seem to depend upon whether they were born rich or poor. Some who were born rich and of distinguished and powerful lineage are essentially rotters and thugs and some who were born poor are also of the same liver. On the other hand those who are real gentlemen at heart sprang in numbers of cases from the poorest and humblest or from the wealthiest and most aristocratic beginnings. There simply is no rule or generalization that will apply.

As for ostentation, display, extravagance and conspicuous waste, some of the very rich are guilty, while many are not in the least involved or even interested in that sort of thing. Indeed the public has for the most part followed a false trail in the matter of conspicuous display.

The persons most guilty of pretension, of squandering money and of offensive display have been the moderately or even only slightly well off rather than the very rich. It has been the son of the department-store or soap-factory or furniture-factory proprietor, worth one or two millions or much less, who has gone sporty, not the son of John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, J. P. Morgan or Philip Armour.

Much has been written about the theory of the leisure class and their conspicuous waste and display, but the simple fact is that everything which has been said about such people applies with far greater force and point to a large, miscellaneous collection of persons with just enough spare money to waste than it does to the owners of fortunes so large that their very size imposes a sense of decency, obligation and responsibility. Industrial engineers tell us that the most offensively assertive type of person they have to deal with is not the great owner bowed down with the care of millions, but the fresh young executive with an income of from fifteen thousand dollars upward who is feeling his oats.

The Ostentation of Undue Simplicity

INDEED if there is any ostentation on the part of the enormously rich it inclines in most cases toward undue simplicity, a leaning over backward in the matter of despising Society with a big S, and of working hard at night conferences with business associates. I refer of course to men with fortunes so big that critics refer to them as sinister, not to the scores of thousands who have enough to make an unholy show of, but whom no one would ever dream of as controlling anything. In far more cases than not the idle rich and the very rich are quite separate classes, with absolutely nothing in common, except that they both have enough to eat and to wear, which is also true of many scores of millions in other classes. Frankly, the owners of really great fortunes, with a few notorious exceptions, both despise and look down upon the merely idle rich.

Nor have the important moneyed men of the country shown an undue tendency toward dissipation or domestic unhappiness. Some of them have such inclinations, of course, but then so have very poor men, moderately poor men, men in middle circumstances and plenty of the merely rich and well-to-do. Many names come to mind, on the other hand, of those whose fortunes are the wonders of the age whose chief satisfactions have been and are in the tranquil domestic circle, John D. Rockefeller, Senior and Junior, the late railroad rivals, Hill and Harriman, J. P. Morgan, the head of the banking house, and J. Ogden Armour. Merely to mention them may seem invidious, but they are simply a few of the most conspicuous.

One may disapprove of great fortunes and yet, I am confident, be forced to admit in justice that the public attitude toward these accumulations is very much as if the police arrested the knife instead of the assassin who uses it. The public judges too much by the size of the fortune and not enough by the qualities and spirit of the man who happens to own it. Indeed for that matter it identifies great fortunes largely with the names of a few men, chiefly with those of Rockefeller and Morgan. These names, especially that of Rockefeller, personify money. We emphasize them far too much, and meanwhile other men nearly as rich, or perhaps just as rich, go scot-free from all blame or even notice.

Moreover, one man most often thought of in connection with great fortunes, financial control and power, the elder J. P. Morgan, really never cared about money at all, relatively speaking. He could have made several fortunes, perhaps many times what he did, if he had cared to, but literally he wasn't interested. Yet other men who have made far more, and who sold their souls perhaps in the process, have never come in for criticism, because the public did not happen to know about them.

Once a name becomes synonymous in the public mind with wealth and money, no change in conditions and circumstances seems able to erase the impression. The money may be lost, through bad investments; it may be given away; or death, the greatest distributor and solvent of all, may gradually wipe out the entire accumulation. The public loves to attach certain names to certain phenomena and it hates to change its ideas.

Nor can we answer the question of why a man should want to make a great fortune unless we know with what size fortune he happens to start. John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford started with nothing. Should they have stopped when they made their first hundred thousand, or at a million, or at ten millions, or where? Should Rockefeller have sold out his refineries when he reached a few hundred gallons a day, or when? Should Ford have sold out when he was making ten cars a day, or thirty? And if they had sold out, should they have lived a life of leisure, or given their money away to the first person who asked for it, or taken up the collection of stamps, or what?

The question is somewhat different with Armour and Morgan. They inherited in each case a going business and a fortune partly in and partly out of the business of perhaps fifty million dollars apiece. Should they have sold out immediately and spent the rest of their lives doing nothing? Should they have stayed in business a year to show what they could do and then have sold out? And after they sold out, what were they to do—paint china, collect coins or play polo?

Now it might as well be understood to start with that the mere love of money, the miser's love of gold, formerly so much exploited in melodrama, plays practically no part in the erection of great fortunes. Most men possess to some extent, it is true, this instinct of accumulation, collection, acquisition. But it plays a minor part in the lives of all of us and is not worth bothering about. If the misers alone made large fortunes there would be nothing for me to write about.

But what do the owners of these fortunes themselves say in reply to the question at the head of this article? It was put to a man, among others, of vigorous middle life who will inherit a substantial part of one of the world's great and famous fortunes. He personally is but little known to the public, though no family name is better known. He is active in many corporations, striking out in new lines, energetic, farsighted, enterprising. Coatless, he came out of his private office, where a hot midsummer conference was under way, and grabbed the memorandum which I held out to him. He read it with a serious face and fired his reply straight at me without a moment's hesitation.

"What does this man want me to be—a bum? We were put here on earth to work. We must work if we have any religious beliefs at all."

"Then you enjoy your work with large corporations?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I would rather loaf. I'm like everyone else. I'd rather go home and read a book or go fishing or riding. But I am afraid if I did these things all the time they would soon pall. So, you see, working with me is partly selfish and partly a matter of conscience."

Nothing to Do But Work

INSTEAD of explaining our man of large wealth in such a human and direct way as this particular gentleman analyzes himself, and which, indeed, is characteristic enough of most of his fellows, let us look at him for a moment through the eyes of the historical and economic student. In recent years a number of studies of historical and psychological nature have been made of the nature of capitalism and capitalists by such eminent European and American scholars as Sombart, Hobson, Veblen and Taussig.

These men, of course, do not reach identical conclusions in every case, but they pretty well agree that the captain of industry, the accumulator of a great fortune, is driven on by certain fundamental instincts. Taussig speaks of five major instincts—contrivance or construction; accumulation, acquisition, collection; domination, the conqueror strain, lord-of-the-herd stuff; emulation; and sympathy, devotion, altruism. He seems to lay the chief stress upon the instinct of domination—that is, the bold, daring, adventurous spirit.

Now nothing is farther from my own instinct of adventure than to tilt a lance with these distinguished scholars. I haven't that much temerity. No doubt the very rich man of to-day is a lineal descendant in spirit of the vikings, the Norsemen, the Genoese, the Romans and the early English and German traders. Possibly, also, what he calls his enterprise is merely a biological and psychological reproduction of the forays of earlier chiefs who rushed on ahead of their clans with battle-ax and broadsword. But as a practical matter, just where does this take us? To forget the polite language of scholarship, what ice does it cut, anyway?

It may seem too simple and commonplace an answer, but the literal fact seems to be that men make huge fortunes, first, because they are just as anxious to be successful as anyone else, and second, because once under way they can't stop. The question they ask, and I have heard some of them ask it with a searching, pitiful earnestness, is this:

"What else can I do?"

A very rich young man went to one of the most resourceful and intelligent of his friends and said: "Will someone write out exact specifications of what else there is to do for a man in my circumstances besides making money?" And the friend was stumped.

Men do not keep on making money primarily because they resemble Alexander the Great or Napoleon, but because it's all in the day's work; because there is nothing else for them to do. In other words, they are perfectly human, not in any awe-inspiring, different way, but in precisely the same way as other men. Let us be perfectly specific and concrete. Take the case of Frank Woolworth, who built up the chain of stores bearing his name and who died last year leaving a fortune of some fifty million dollars. Mr. Woolworth started a new enterprise, one for which there was a definite need, one which had no end of possibilities of growth.

Just where was Mr. Woolworth to stop? Should he have stopped at a hundred stores just because he happened to have enough money at that time to support himself the rest of his life? Of course he was just as anxious to see the enterprise which he started successful at one stage as at another. Otherwise he would have been a freak or a lunatic. He was just as anxious to make good when there were many stores as when there was one. Is a man to be deprived of the sense of achievement, of making good, of overcoming obstacles, of success just because his personal income happens to be large?

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THE PERFECT CRIME

For Once in His Life Halliday Had an Opportunity to Air His Views Upon a Subject With Which He Was Only Slightly Familiar, and He Made the Most of the Opportunity

By CARL CLAUSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE duties of a bank messenger are many, though not varied. He makes from thirty to forty trips daily about town, often to widely different points on widely different errands. But each errand is a financial transaction of some sort—clearing-house reports, exchanges, collections, the calling upon some firm or other whose check needs verifying for one of the many different reasons that banks employ to protect their depositors, and the sending of money to outlying points—often very large sums—by express. This last-named is perhaps the most important of the bank messenger's duties. He often carries staggering sums about with him for a considerable distance through a crowded city. For this reason he is heavily bonded.

Now it would seem that for a position of trust involving not infrequently sums running into four, five or even six figures, the salary would be excellent. If a man risks his life daily by carrying upon his person funds not belonging to himself, he ought to be paid well for the risk. This, however, is far from the case. Bank messengers are usually poorly paid. Men who have grown middle-aged, even old, in the service of the bank; who have by some sport of fortune been delegated to handle the money that fortune has bestowed upon others; men who eke out a meager existence on a salary that a ditch digger would spurn, handle, yearly, sums that would cancel the national debt of many a small European nation.

You meet these men on the street every day—prematurely gray men in uniform, hurrying upon their errands with a detached, preoccupied air. They seem to belong to an era long since past, the era of horse cars and puff sleeves.

Such a man was Walter Griggs. He was known as Wally at the institution which employed him—the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank. In his young, ambitious days Wally had studied law at a small college in the Middle West. At the age of twenty-one he forsook his alma mater for a very good reason: his slender funds gave out. For ten years he drifted about aimlessly from job to job. At the age of thirty-one his wanderings took him to Lawrenceton. He saw the advertisement of the Oil and Grain Commercial in the Help-Wanted column of the morning paper. He answered the advertisement and qualified.

For four years now he had been messenger for the Oil and Grain Commercial, bonded by the Evermore Surety Company. Previous to that he had served the bank for six years in the double capacity of janitor and floor man. This was before the Oil and Grain Commercial moved to its present large marbled quarters down town from the North End. The growth of the city had made this move necessary. Lawrenceton was growing south and west. The North End was no longer the hub of commerce.

When the move had been consummated Wally was promoted to messenger, a higher job, at the same pay. President Halliday, of the Oil and Grain Commercial, felt that the promotion to a higher and more desirable position was sufficient evidence of appreciation for a man who had done menial work for six years. President Halliday never omitted to mention to Wally the good will the bank felt toward him. A new janitor was hired, a big husky Scandinavian, who could handle a mop with abandon and who looked impressive in a uniform.

Wally had never looked impressive in his floor man's uniform. He was a small, slightly built man with a fringe of coarse gray hair that hung loosely about his temples like a wig. He was quite nearsighted and never went anywhere without his spectacles. His eyes were pale blue and mildly inquiring. They gave one the impression of being abnormally large, which they were not, the illusion being induced by the magnifying propensities of the heavy-crystalled glasses he wore.

Wally lived alone. Men of his kind always live alone. He had a modest bachelor apartment on Semple Street just west of the courthouse, a rear downstairs apartment in an old house that had once been the residence of a family whose name had been closely connected with the progress of the city.

Wally's apartment was the most undesirable one in the house. It had been the maid's room in the palmy days of the old house, a small cell-like room with one narrow Roman window and two doors. The room was furnished in the plainest manner—a cot bed, a washstand, two chairs, one of them a rocker, and a few colored prints tacked to the faded wall paper in lieu of framed pictures. One of the doors communicated with the hall. Beyond the second door was a small screened inclosure with a two-burner gas plate nailed to a narrow pine shelf. Wally prepared his simple breakfast upon this gas plate. He took his two other meals at dairy lunches down town. An old deal cupboard containing a few battered dishes, cups and saucers stood in one corner facing the gas plate. The small screened-in inclosure traveled under the assumed name of kitchenette. The apartment had one advantage—a door opening on the alley which ran at the rear of the house. Wally could enter or leave the place at any time of the day or night without attracting attention.

Wally paid a weekly rent of three dollars for the apartment. It had been his home for a good many years. Though he was by far the oldest tenant in the house Wally did not know much about his fellow occupants. He classified them in two grand divisions—those who had bothersome children and quarreled continually over or with the children, and those who had none and quarreled for that reason. To Wally, used as he was to living in apartments with thin walls, marriage seemed like a sort of sublimated finish fight, with brief lulls immediately preceding the pay day of the male participant.

Wally's observant nature promptly sandbagged any vague desire for marriage that arose in his quieter moments. His observant nature also caused Wally to speculate upon other things. In his plodding, methodical way he found food for thought and speculation in many things. For instance, bank officials have a habit of leaving small sums of money lying about conspicuously on blotters and shelves in the tellers' cages. Sometimes it was only a quarter or a half dollar, at other times a bill or a gold piece. Wally knew them for what they were—plants to trap him. In his capacity as janitor he was being tested.

At first a vague resentment at these crude methods to make a thief out of him had taken possession of him, but as time passed he became used to the insult and returned the money to the chief teller with something like the following words: "Found this in Window Twelve, sir. Mr. Jamieson on duty last, thank you, sir."

The chief teller would make a note on a slip of paper to the effect that Window Twelve, Mr. Jamieson, had overlooked a trifling sum when putting his cash away the night before. But the chief teller did not know that within the brain of the quiet little man who handed him the money something was at work. The chief teller was devoid of imagination. Wally's strong point was imagination. For months—years—he brooded over this oft-occurring insult to his integrity. He began to feel that men who suspect others are themselves not without guilt. The man, he reflected, who deliberately sets about to entrap another is one of two things—a thief himself or a fool. If a thief—then there'd be no moral sin in robbing him. If a fool—to execute a robbery would then be comparatively easy.

For months Wally pondered over this. He weighed carefully the possibilities of escape with a large sum of money. He decided that if he ever did commit a robbery he would profit by the mistakes of others. He would not run for it. Lawrenceton was a big town. To lose himself in the city was an easy matter.

It was at this time that his promotion to messenger took place. The bonding formalities gave Wally fresh food for thought. They were still suspicious of him.

He entered upon his new duties with a subtle sort of intoxication. He gave his imagination a free rein. He would in the future handle large sums of money. Well—he'd see! For months he thought about the matter. It was

with him day and night. It grew to be an obsession. He could not dismiss it from his thoughts. Time and again opportunities presented themselves. Still, he could not bring himself to take advantage of them. Months passed, a year, two, three. At the end of the third year Wally was still messenger for the Oil and Grain Commercial without a mark against his character.

It was then that a plan began to form in Wally's head. It was a fantastic plan, a product of his vivid imagination. The very unusual nature of the plan augured well for its success. For a month he went over the details carefully, omitting nothing, leaving nothing to chance. At the end of that time his plan was perfected.

It was perhaps his twin capacity as janitor and floor man that first gave him the idea of a double life. Men had lived such lives in large cities and got away with it. Why not he?

Wally proceeded to put his plans into operation. He must take a year to establish a new identity somewhere else, close to Lawrenceton. He went about it in his plodding, methodical way. The law studies of his younger days were to be turned to good account after all.

II

THE first thing Wally did was to visit Shoreham after asking a day off at the bank. Shoreham is a small seaport twenty miles distant from Lawrenceton. Shoreham is what Piræus is to Athens—its lungs. Through this port Lawrenceton draws its life breath, commerce. The port is served with a fifteen-minute fast interurban trolley.

This was one of the reasons for Wally's choice of Shoreham. Another reason was that the long breakwater which extended its sheltering arm for more than a mile into the Pacific Ocean was the favorite rendezvous of week-end devotees of rod and reel. President Halliday, of the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank, was an ardent deep-sea fisherman. Hardly a week-end passed that he did not spend at some beach town with his hamper and his tackle. The end of the Shoreham breakwater was his favorite spot during the running season of mackerel

Halliday was a dapper, little, easy-mannered man. He was nearly fifty years old, but he did not look a day over thirty-five. He was slightly gray at the temples, as a man of thirty-five might easily be. His face was full, shaved to the nth degree of smoothness, and his complexion was what is known as healthy ruddy. His eyes were gray, keen and alert. He had a genius for being able to get through the greatest amount of work in the shortest possible time. He could dispose of, in the space of three or four hours, as much business as the average man could in eight. He was a human dynamo, a perfectly adjusted mechanism of flesh and blood; and like a dynamo he worked silently, swiftly, without seeming effort.

Efficiency was Halliday's religion. He carried this efficiency into his hours of play—into his hobby, fishing. He studied the habits of fish, the effect upon them of ocean currents, of winds, and the preference of certain species for certain kinds of bait. Consequently he never had to resort to fish stores. He never failed to bring home the bacon.

On the cliffs near Point Carvin, Wally found what he was looking for—a little old shack of a place hidden from the road by a grove of pines. The house had stood vacant for a long time. He sought out the agent whose for-rent sign was tacked to the gate. After a few minutes of negotiation he secured a three-year lease of the premises at a rental of five dollars a month, in the name of James Brown.

His next step was a visit to the Marine Bank of Shoreham, where he opened an account of three hundred and fifty dollars, also in the name of James Brown. He chatted pleasantly with the clerk while the man made out his pass book and asked Wally the usual questions put to new customers. The clerk was courteously interested in Mr. Brown's statement that he intended to make California his future home. Yes, Chicago was a disagreeable place in winter, the clerk agreed, and the humidity of the summers—stifling! The clerk had spent a few weeks there himself once. He quite agreed with Mr. Brown upon the wisdom of selecting that section as his future home. Would he please sign his name in full at the top and bottom of the card and fill in the space left for the address?

Wally did as requested. He fumbled the pen uncertainly at the operation. The clerk again indicated with his finger the places on the card to be signed. Was Mr. Brown nearsighted? He ought to have his eyes fitted carefully. The clerk knew an excellent optician near by. He would be glad to introduce Mr. Brown to him personally. The optician had fitted his eyes very satisfactorily.

Mr. Brown shook his head. He had never worn glasses in his life. He got along very well without them. He did not intend to begin wearing them now. It was an admission of old age.

The clerk smiled sympathetically, picked up the card and glanced at the address.

"You have bought the old Markley place?" he inquired.

Wally shook his head. "I leased it for three years. I may buy it if I like it," he answered.

The clerk tossed the just signed card into a wire basket on a small table behind him.

"It is a very good buy," he volunteered. "The Government is planning expensive fortifications of the hills overlooking the harbor. They will be glad to pay the owners of the water frontage well some day. I own a few vacant lots near there myself. I picked them up for a song a year or so ago."

"I may consider it," Wally said, turning to go. The clerk held out his hand. Wally shook it.

"If we can be of any service to you in the future don't hesitate to call on us," said the clerk, smiling. "We want our customers to feel at home here."

Wally smiled back.

"I shall probably take advantage of your kindness some day," he said, and left the bank.

In a secondhand store on the water front Wally purchased a few simple furnishings, paying for them with a check on the Marine Bank. He requested that the furniture be sent that same afternoon to the house.

When the delivery truck stopped outside the house Wally was there to receive the goods. He spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in arranging the furniture.

(Continued on Page 124)

The First Thing Wally Did Was to Take a Walk Down the Path to the Edge of the Cliffs

Tuesday and Thursday Evenings

By BLANCHE BRACE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"It's Awful to Think How Many Folks Make a Failure of Marriage When It's So Simple to Make It a Go, Isn't It?"

JUDITH BEST and Tommy Morgan were two of the most up-to-the-moment young persons on all that breathless Isle of Manhattan, which many think is as week-after-next a place as you may find upon the latest map of the world still wet from the press.

They drank in modernity—rather noisily at times. One inclined to be faithful to an old joke might almost say that they gargled it. Nothing farther back than day after to-morrow had any meaning for them at all. If they had lived next door to the Egyptian sphinx they would have tried undoubtedly to persuade that wise and silent woman to put on narrow skirts, after the prevailing mode, and learn the fox trot and give outinterviews on feminism and the reds and spiritualism and Tagore and Tanguay

"What's the use of being in this dance of circumstance at all unless a fellow can be a step or two ahead of the crowd?" Tommy would declaim, barely concealing his gusto, for he fancied himself in a philosophical mood.

"Sure enough," Judy would agree. "I'd rather be a screw in the carburetor of Now than both wheels on the chariot of Then."

Flippancy was the style that week.

Both Tommy and Judith had come from demure little backwaters of existence, so it was only natural that they should want to shoot the chutes, now that they had the chance. Judy had hailed from a village where the one progressive custom was progressive euchre. She had four patiently unmarried sisters—yes, of course, in Maine—and she had looked on with resentful, childish eyes while their unused hope chests grew into memory-deposit boxes, opened only in secret. Not one of them was thirty yet, but they had the air of having laid their dreams away in camphor.

"No moth balls for mine!" Judy had announced on the eve of her twentieth birthday with firm belligerency. "I won't hang life away in the closet as if it were a wedding garment of no real use to a woman unless a bridegroom chances to happen along! I mean to wear it every day!"

The four unmarried sisters dropped eight shy, shocked maiden eyes to the faded Axminster carpet that had somehow the look of being a spinster too.

"In my day girls didn't admit they were so anxious to get married," rebuked Judith's mother.

"Maybe they didn't admit it," countered Judy. "That was the difference, I guess, between then and now."

She knew that she couldn't make the family understand—who ever can entirely? She wanted matrimony perhaps—well then, probably—but she wanted so much more than that! She wanted a little niche in the world of men and deeds; she wanted a finger on the pulse of things; she wanted life itself and the fullness thereof! Not being accustomed to translating her feelings into English at that time, she said only that she simply had to be in the swim.

"None of our other girls ever acted like this," reproached Judith's parents when she had made them understand her firm determination to find work in New York.

"Yes, and look at them now!" muttered Judy, speaking very low, however, for she loved them and would not have hurt their feelings for the world.

So early one morning Judy leaned over the rail of the Fall River boat to throw a kiss to the Goddess of Liberty and salute her as a sister.

"Cheer up, honey!" murmured Judy gayly. "I've come to help you with that little old torch act of yours, you know! Count on me!"

As an extreme modernist, Judy's disguise was good that April morning. Outwardly she was the finished product of the village dressmaker, who had been seized with a heady thrill at the thought that through Judy she could compete at last with the great Manhattan designers. A frock of hers would stroll down Fifth Avenue with the best of them! So she had stitched all her repressed longings and outgrown dreams into a creation in black-and-white stripe—black and white was always good, the little dressmaker said—with yards and yards of red pipings, for pipings were to her soul what sonnets are to a poet. It had gathers here and there, and a general effect of amplitude in the midst of an exceedingly skimpy season. It ended in a ruffle of lace round the throat and in a wide hem just below the ankles. When it was all done, and the little dressmaker saw it on Judy, she had whispered radiantly to God that now at last she could be willing to die.

With this dress Judy wore common-sense shoes and a white chip hat trimmed with a large pink rose. She also clung to a straw suitcase as to her last hope of salvation. Her family had wrought its affectionate will upon her, and Judy had not had the heart to oppose them.

"I can wait," she had told herself. "But not long," she had added impatiently.

No one but an extreme modernist could have called it long. For on an evening not a week from that day Judy, in the slinkiest of sophisticated frocks and the knowingest toque in the room, sat discussing a thousand theories—of which she had never heard four days before—at the Black Cat in Greenwich Village. She was a little dizzy with the rapid whirl of events, and in her most joyous mood.

Into the room there adventured suddenly a tall, tanned young man in conventional blue serge. His lips were curved in a slight smile, not exactly bored, not quite cynical, lazily tolerant of everything, the rubber-stamp smile of the man about town. But to the very careful observer his eyes, which were eager and boyish, might have given him away—his eyes and something about his tread. He had a quick and certain walk, yet there was a wariness about his step ever so faintly reminiscent of that of one who in the deep woods listens for the crackling of twigs which may proclaim danger.

Judy looked up. It was her moment. She felt ready to try her wings at last. At the Black Cat it is the custom to speak to whom one will—fie upon finicky insistence upon the artificiality of introductions! At the crucial moment the old-maidenly Axminster rose up in Judy's mind to smite her, so that her voice trembled when she spoke.

"Don't you like Debussy?" she asked.

The tall, tanned stranger glanced interestedly at her, and then at the food on her plate. They would have called it stew back in Maine, but here it figured on the menu as ragout, and was felt to lend atmosphere, as well as nourishment, for city stew must often lead a double life.

"I think I will try that," he said, smiling. "As you say, the Debussy here is very good."

A trickle of laughter greeted the remark. For no greater a crime than that, could he have known it, he was to be condemned forever to serving time as a wit in Greenwich Village. But Judy had seen by the sudden change in his eyes that he had meant no joke, and he had perceived by the change in hers that she saw.

"Sorry," he murmured abjectly. Then he squared his chin, and then immediately spoiled the effect by a sudden boyish grin. "But, anyhow, I do like Debussy, whatever it is!" he declared.

With a warm little thrill Judy recognized that here was her own creed of life put into words. He liked it, whatever it was, just because it was new! Here, then, was another earnest disciple of the up to date, like herself, an adventurer into the enticing wilderness of extreme modernity! She smiled at him.

"If I thought it wouldn't seem personal I might say that I like you, whoever you are," he added.

"It isn't good form to be afraid of being personal any more," Judy instructed him. "It's like not taking chicken bones up in your fingers, don't you know?"

"I see," he returned gravely. "I shall remember that. Probably it isn't good form any more to give your right name either, but I'm Tommy Morgan."

Judy admitted her identity, and for good measure threw in something of her viewpoint, not only toward knowing the latest wrinkles but even toward doing a bit of the wrinkling. In return he expressed such a vigorous distaste for the cobwebs of life and keen relish for the mushrooms thereof that he made her feel like an apologetic antiquarian. Together they ate the stew that wasn't Debussy; and so began the romance of the neoteric two, Judith Best, from a village in Maine, and Thomas Morgan, from the tall timber of Oregon.

The whole affair dashed onward with a gay velocity that would have dazed the spinster sisters at home. It went so

fast that now you saw it and now you didn't, like the rabbits in the magician's hat. One week the two were meeting for the first time at the Black Cat. The next they were spending practically all their time—aside from the little they wasted in sleep and that swallowed by their relentless but essentially unimportant jobs—in plumbing each other's depths of up-to-dateness. They tried each other out on everything, from taxation to transmigration of souls, in neither of which they believed. They discussed the ins and outs of Emma Goldman and Leonard Merrick, undaunted by the fact that a fortnight before neither of these had yet swum into their ken. They talked about they talked about Bolshevism and the latest Oriental perfume; about lobsters and contract marriages; about free love and free verse—both of which they felt were entirely too passé—and free gas, which they thought the city should install.

They buzzed from one Manhattan distraction to another like insatiable bees which had made up their minds to have a go at every flower in the world, and most of the weeds

"Let's do something different to-night!" was their unfailing, joyous battle cry.

They always did it. One night it was a musical comedy in the Times Square neighborhood, which they condemned because they felt that the suggestion of apple blossoms in the lyrics made it mid-Victorian. The next it was a séance on Tenth Street, which they also criticized because of the tendency of the spirits toward old-fashioned raps. The night after they heard an I. W. W. soap-box orator at Madison Square, and the evening after they attended a very, very new and highly colored play at the Greenwich Village Theater. Their intellectual nourishment was no more varied than their actual food, for they never went to the same restaurant twice.

"Lots of folks say that they'll try anything once," laughed Tommy. "That's old stuff. We've advanced beyond that. We never try anything twice."

Judy tested him with frocks whose simplicity would have pained the little dressmaker back home and whose sheer smartness would have put them in the criminal class in the village in Maine. Tommy praised them. He went into detail concerning theories that the Oregon tall-timber dwellers would have termed talk through the hat, and Judy glowed at the right places. They looked upon each other and found each other modern, and so they loved.

If Judith had been altogether her normal self when the great evening came she might very justly have been disappointed in Tommy's proposal. Shorn of cynicism, unepigrammatic, unoriginal, unmodern, Adam himself could not very well have made a bolder proffer of undying affection to the one woman in the world for him than Tommy was guilty of that night. They were sitting on one of the little benches in Washington Square, their backs firmly turned upon the clock in Jefferson Market. It was late enough and chilly enough so that they had the square to themselves, a brief desert island in the great metropolis. The roar of the Sixth Avenue Elevated was no more than the beating of the surf against their haven, and the Fifth Avenue busses that ambled into their solitude at stated intervals were obligingly impersonal about it

Tommy did all the traditional things. He fidgeted. He cleared his throat. He appeared impatient of Judy's rather quavering chatter. And when he spoke at last he made use of the identical time-worn words that have served as the home base for so much of the sorrow and practically all the joy of the world for uncounted generations.

"I love you, darling. Will you marry me?" stammered Tommy, the modernist.

Judy wasn't her normal self that evening, I suppose. At any rate she gave no evidence of artistic disappointment as she burrowed her nose in Tommy's shoulder.

"Yes, dearest," said Judy, the up-to-date.

Naturally, two or three days later, when the first ecstasy had abated a little, they tried to pretend that they hadn't done it that way at all. Gallantly striving to regain their lost modernity, they spoke disparagingly of the matrimonial customs of the present time, such as having the woman give up her own name. The whole thing was on the wrong lines, they considered.

"So many things about the love making and marriage of the day are mere moth-eaten relics of ancient absurdities," proclaimed Tommy. "Take, for instance, that asinine custom of telling a woman that you will love her forever. How can a man possibly forecast how he will feel in one year or ten—to say nothing of forever? Nothing could be more ridiculous."

"Ye-es," agreed Judy rather hesitatingly. "But you will me, won't you, Tommy?" she added instantly.

"Certainly," vowed Tommy, kissing her. "But the general proposition is all wrong"

"Yes, indeed," echoed Judith more briskly, and appeared to meditate. "I suppose we had better have a contract marriage?" she asked suddenly

"A contr ——" began Tommy blankly. Then he swallowed hard and made a valiant effort to remember that he was up-to-date. He won the struggle. "Oh, yes, I dare say that's the method that's least insulting to one's common sense," he said casually, though his face was wistful.

"Yes," agreed Judy dubiously

There was silence between them for a little time—the myriad-tongued Manhattan silence. Presently Judy's troubled face lit up with an errant gleam. She gave a little triumphant laugh before she spoke.

"Still, I suppose we ought to consider our families," she ventured.

"That's a great idea!" said Tommy almost with a jubilant whoop. "Yes, we've got to consider the families We'd better go ahead and have a regular wedding—for their sakes. After all, when folks are really broad-minded and modern at heart, a few ceremonies can't hurt them."

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They Failed to Embrace the Opportunity—They Took Every Hurdle, Even "Obey"

"The Economic Consequences of the Peace"

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

IN A PREVIOUS article was set forth the general attitude of Europeans to the propositions made by Mr. Keynes in his book The Economic Consequences of the Peace. We will now consider them more in detail.

Keynes' proposals relative to coal are adversely criticized on technical grounds in both France and Germany. The statistical tabulation is not the correct method of approach to the coal problem. The problem is engineering rather than statistical. And the one factor in the coal situation in Germany upon which German engineers rely most, lignite, Keynes dismisses in an inconsequential footnote.

Keynes employs the prewar figures of production. It is proper to employ the figures of production before or during the war and to make use of war experiences in the development of production. The highest figure for the production of black coal in one year was two hundred and five million tons; of lignite one hundred and seven million tons, with a black-coal value of seventy million tons. As employed to-day in Germany, sixty-five tons of lignite are equivalent to one hundred tons of average-quality black coal.

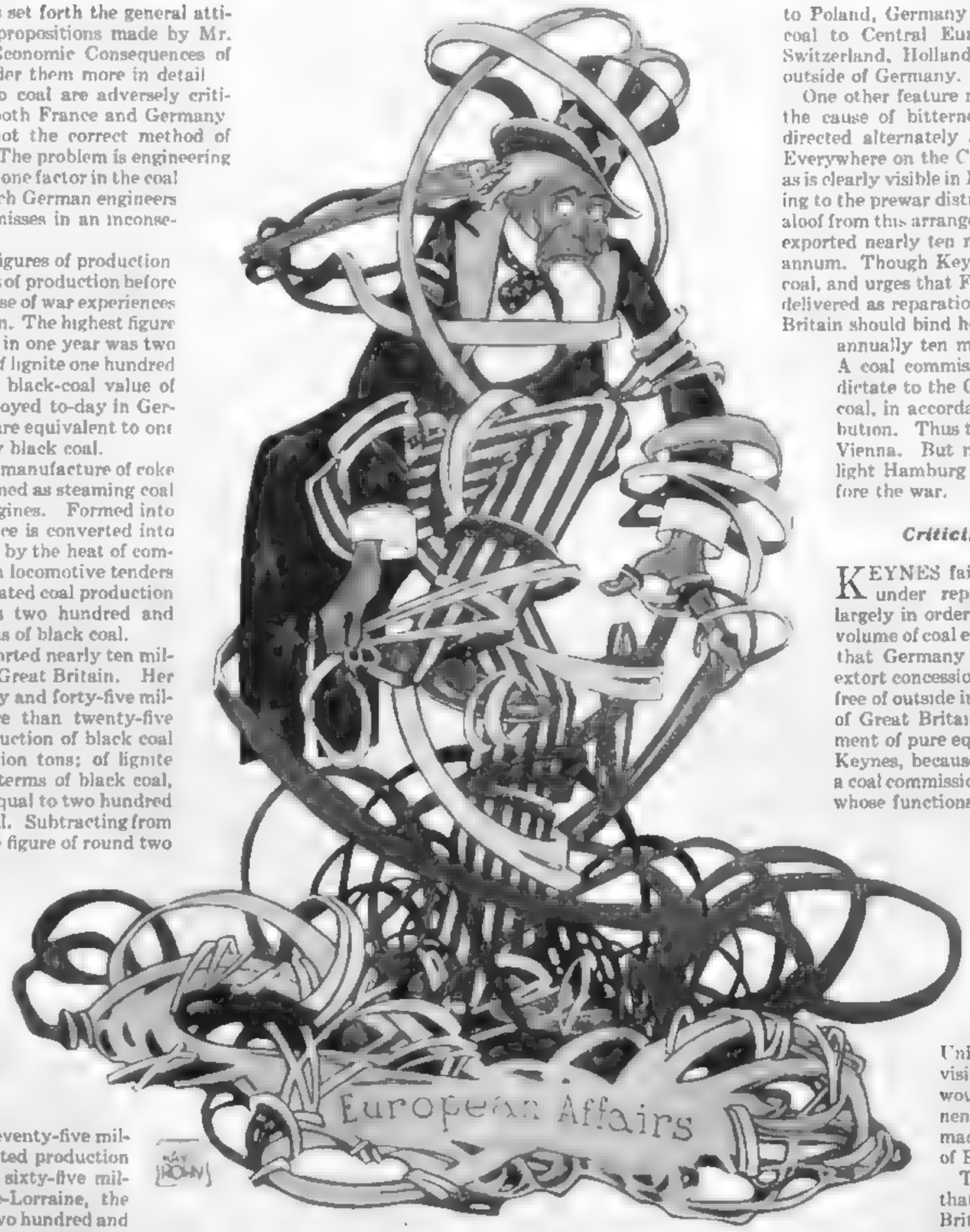
Lignite cannot be used for the manufacture of coke or illuminating gas, but it is burned as steaming coal in fire boxes of all kinds of engines. Formed into briquettes, the superficial surface is converted into almost anthracite-like hardness by the heat of compression, and this fuel is seen on locomotive tenders all over Europe. The demonstrated coal production was therefore in round figures two hundred and seventy-five million tons in terms of black coal.

Before the war Germany imported nearly ten million tons of coal annually from Great Britain. Her total exports were between forty and forty-five million tons, her net exports more than twenty-five million tons. In 1913 the production of black coal was two hundred and five million tons; of lignite seventy-three million tons—in terms of black coal, forty-five million tons; a total equal to two hundred and fifty million tons of black coal. Subtracting from this the net export, we reach the figure of round two hundred and twenty-five million tons, representing the coal consumption of Germany in that year in terms of black coal. Her highest production during the war rose to two hundred and eighty-five million tons, in terms of black coal two hundred and fifty million tons, as compared with her 1913 consumption of some two hundred and twenty-five million.

From the two hundred and seventy-five million tons, the highest demonstrated production of Germany, we must subtract sixty-five million, the production of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar and Upper Silesia, leaving two hundred and ten million tons, in terms of black coal, as the productive capacity of the operated mines of the present Germany. The treaty provides that up to twenty million tons a year during the next five years and up to eight million tons a year the following five years shall go as compensation for the destruction of the mines of Northern France. In addition, as items in reparation, Germany has obligated herself to deliver annually an amount that averages nearly twenty-five million tons. Subtracting these items in maximum would leave one hundred and seventy million tons, in terms of black coal, for the internal use of the present Germany.

Speeding Up Lignite Production

THE coal consumption of the mines, railways, industries and households in the areas separated from Germany are to be set at forty-five million tons. Subtracting this figure from that for consumption in 1913, we have one hundred and eighty million tons, representing the consumption of the present Germany. It is clear from these figures that if the highest demonstrated production of black coal and lignite were maintained, the present Germany would have almost as much coal as the prewar Germany had for consumption. Keynes, in taking the prewar production of black coal and disregarding the lignite, reaches the figure of a deficit of fifty million tons. The real deficit is only ten million tons.



As is well known to engineers, production of black coal in Germany can be increased materially beyond two hundred million tons only with difficulty. The bituminous mines of Germany do not lend themselves well to machine operation. Production of lignite, however, is easily increased. Most of the brown coal mines are superficial. Many of them lend themselves to strip mining, and machine operation is readily installed. Production of electrical current in Germany at the lignite mines, with machine mining and mechanical stoking, produces power at very low cost. There is no technical reason why the lignite mines should not be rapidly developed to yield coal to a value of one hundred million tons black coal per annum.

That this is fact and not theory is shown by the recent figures for coal production. The output in April was 10,043,000 tons of black coal, or about 70 per cent of the average monthly output of 1913. During the same month the output of lignite was 8,899,000 tons, or 145 per cent of the average monthly output of 1913. In 1913, 43,000 men were mining lignite in Germany; this summer 120,000 are thus engaged.

During the four years of the war the output of lignite was increased nearly fifty per cent. If the same amount of increase could be duplicated again, and this would be an ordinary technical achievement, the coal deficit of Germany would disappear, and this without resumption of imports of coal from Great Britain. If Upper Silesia passes to Poland, Germany would need to make no exports of coal to Central Europe. This, however, would leave Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia to look for coal outside of Germany.

One other feature remains to be elucidated, and this is the cause of bitterness in Czechoslovakia and Poland, directed alternately against France and Great Britain. Everywhere on the Continent the attempt is being made, as is clearly visible in Keynes' book, to allocate coal according to the prewar distribution. Great Britain holds herself aloof from this arrangement. Before the war Great Britain exported nearly ten million tons of coal to Germany per annum. Though Keynes is discussing Germany's need of coal, and urges that France and Italy relinquish coal to be delivered as reparation, there is no suggestion that Great Britain should bind herself to allow Germany to purchase annually ten million tons of coal in Great Britain. A coal commission in Central Europe attempts to dictate to the Czechs what they shall do with their coal, in accordance with prewar direction of distribution. Thus they insist that the Czechs must light Vienna. But no one insists that the British must light Hamburg and Stettin, as they always did before the war.

Criticism of the Coal Clauses

KEYNES fails to mention that the coal clauses under reparation for France were inserted largely in order to insure a continuation of prewar volume of coal exports to France, since France feared that Germany would hold back coal in order to extort concessions. To-day the only coal in Europe free of outside interference in distribution is the coal of Great Britain. That this is unjust in an argument of pure equity appears to be acknowledged by Keynes, because he pleads for the establishment of a coal commission attached to the League of Nations, whose functions, advisory only, should extend over the distribution of the coal supplies of Germany, Poland and the constituent parts of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, and of the exportable surplus of the United Kingdom.

The observant reader will note that, whereas the internal consumption of Continental Europe is placed under the commission, only the exportable surplus of the United Kingdom is subjected to supervision. This means that the attempt would be made to allocate all Continental coal, but no attempt would be made to control internal consumption of British coal.

The writer does not wish to suggest that the vital national interests of Great Britain could tolerate an interference with the internal coal supply; but having been in Bohemia several times since the war, he is in position to confirm the statement of the Czechs that their vital national interests are not enhanced by outside interference in their internal consumption of coal.

The present coal situation in Europe has nothing to do with the coal clauses of the treaty. These were based upon the assumption of normal output, or of such increases as normal experience has shown to be practical and expedient. With the present coal production of Europe no user can be satisfied, no system of allocation will be successful and the treaty and the Reparations Commission are not to be judged by the present experience. The German press is diligently exploiting the present situation as proof that the Keynes criticism of the coal clauses is correct. This does not follow at all. The writer is convinced from inquiries in Germany that when the production returns to normal Germany can deliver the stated quantities of coal and cover her own needs, certainly with her share of the exportable surplus of Great Britain.

If coal production were normal in Germany, delivery to the Allies of five million tons monthly would be easier than two millions at the present rate of output. In the opinion of the writer, the transfer of the Saar was a colossal political blunder for France. If Upper Silesia goes to Poland, this will mean little loss of coal to Germany, because Germany will thereby be relieved of all exportation of coal to the east and southeast, and the output of Upper Silesia was

not much more than the requirements of the area and the export to the east and southeast.

But the Poles will produce less coal there than the Germans have done. When the mines at Pécs were turned over to Croatia the Hungarian managers, foremen and miners left the country. Something of the same sort may be expected to occur in Upper Silesia if the Poles win the plebiscite.

The low output of coal in Europe is due basically to the fact that the class consciousness of the miners has advanced more rapidly than their standard of living. The conditions in housing of miners in England, Wales and Germany are very poor. Until improvements are realized, restoration of output is not to be expected. Such housing reforms, however, will be difficult, expensive and cannot be hurried. The subsistence of the German miners is deficient, and in the meantime other industries will compete for the miners in a man-wasted continent.

There are two methods for computing the reparation obligations of Germany: One is to follow the exact text of the armistice terms; the other to follow the Treaty of Versailles. The principal difference lies in the inclusion of pensions and allowances—in general, all damage as defined in Annex I. From the beginning the German negotiators protested that the terms of the treaty exceeded those of the armistice. According to Keynes, the German position is correct. The insertion of claims for pensions and allowances and for other war costs in the final draft—Annex I—even with the powers of abatement vested in the Reparations Commission, constituted an act of despoilment.

The blunt arraignment of Keynes is that the Allied and Associated Governments induced the Germans, through the mediation of specific armistice terms, to accept an armistice under conditions that rendered them helpless to resume war; and then in the treaty of peace disregarded the armistice terms, treated Germany as though she had surrendered without conditions and imposed upon her financial terms designed to aggrandize the Allied and Associated Powers and pauperize Germany.

Ways to Compute Reparations

KEYNES computes the reparation obligations of Germany under the armistice terms as certain to fall below fifteen billion dollars. French and Belgian estimates have run much higher—twenty-five to forty billions. The latest official German figure to cover the devastation in Northern France is one billion nine hundred million dollars, at prewar prices; the latest French estimate is thirty billion dollars, at present prices of cost of replacement. Keynes computes the reparation obligations of Germany under the treaty as forty billion dollars. Belgian and French estimates run much higher. That of Klotz, late Minister of Finance, was seventy-five billions

It was obviously the purpose of Germany to pay as little as possible and emerge from the period of payment as strong as possible. The policy of the Allied and Associated Powers was to procure from Germany as much as possible and have her emerge from the period of payment as weak as possible. Under these circumstances it was the policy of Germany to pay a fixed sum in cancellation of all claims for reparation. It was the policy of the Allies to have the sum indeterminate and leave the Reparations Commission during a period of years practically in control of German industry and finance, so as to procure the maximum proportion of the national earnings of the country.

The final treaty followed the viewpoint of the Allies, with a few modifications procured by Germany, which always protested that the problem was one for experts, and that the board of experts must consist of Germans as well as Allies, and should not make an ex-parte investigation. From the very beginning, therefore, the discussion really revolved about the question: What amount is Germany able to pay?

In this amount naturally the time element was an important factor. The Germans contended that humanitarian considerations, as well as the most elementary precepts of policy, would limit the period of collection to the present generation of adults, since a new generation would not pay tribute to foreign exaction. The position of the Allies was that the causation and conduct of the war were so intimately and directly an expression of German blood and character as to make it incumbent upon the Allies to extract full reparation for damage done, even to the extent of taxing the next German generation, in order that the nation might be given a final and effective lesson in international morality. Since the funding of the German internal war debt must extend into the next generation, the Allies could see no reason why the external war debt, the reparations, should not extend into the next generation. As finally adopted, it lies within the power of the Reparations Commission to extend the operation of payment of reparation over a period of forty-eight years. The common-sense judge of human nature, even the Frenchman who had suffered most, now realizes that this is impossible.

It is difficult to calculate the figures of an indemnity. One must itemize the damages that the reparation is supposed to cover. This is not an easy proposition, since the expression "compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and to their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea and from the air" leaves itemization difficult enough. It is clear that the clause does not include the costs of the war to the nations of the victorious side or losses and expenditures of governments or citizens dependent thereon.

The line between different kinds of losses cannot be drawn in the case of occupied territory. In the case of a country like Belgium, how is her enforced withdrawal from participation in the trade of the world for a period of five years, the nation being viewed as entrepreneur, to be computed? This is a point as important as it is difficult. Keynes is inclined to exclude entirely indirect damage due to loss of trade.

Let us take the case of a mill in Northern France. If the mill had been left intact, so that it was ready for reoperation following the armistice, it might reasonably be held that military occupation, like blockade, did not impose an obligation for indemnity for the loss of function. But where machinery of a purely civilian character is taken from a mill, mine or furnace for the purpose of crippling its postwar functions, and the Germans have agreed to return the machinery and do not do so for a year or two, or do not do so at all, is the case to be settled by the mere payment of the cost of machinery?

The palsy of industry in Belgium and Northern France due to looting, and extending over months after the armistice, is not compensated for by the return of the loot or the payment of the cost of replacement at some future date. Even after the itemization is completed the unit of value remains to be determined. Shall a ruined house be paid for on the basis of its valuation in the year of its destruction, or shall the figure represent the replacement cost after the war, with the present high cost of labor and building material? Shall the owner be indemnified for loss of use of his property from the date of destruction until replacement? In the case of business houses, shall good will, trade-mark, patent rights and trade connections be estimated? Shall levies, fines and requisitions be returned at face value or with compound interest, or with a reasonable addendum for contingent losses of dispossession? How is the value of standing timber to be appraised?

It would lead too far to enter into a discussion of the itemization of damage. The total figure of Keynes is given as not to exceed fifteen billion dollars, and he suggests that it would have been a wise and just act at the beginning of the peace negotiations to have offered to accept ten billion dollars. Before the appearance of Keynes' book German statisticians suggested the figure of fifteen billion dollars. When the book of Keynes first appeared his figure for indemnity was generally applauded in Germany. Now German writers pretend to regard the figure as excessive, as clearly illustrated in a recent article by Fernau.

As finally adopted the treaty specified no definite figure, but established a series of rather complicated propositions, including certain abatements and granting latitude to the Reparations Commission. Five billion dollars must be paid before May, 1921. By the same date Germany is required to deliver gold bonds for an additional ten billion dollars, carrying interest at two and a half per cent until 1925 and at five per cent thereafter, plus one per cent for amortization.

How Much Can Germany Pay?

WHEN later the Reparations Commission has convinced itself of Germany's ability to carry the load it is empowered to exact five per cent gold bonds for an additional ten billion dollars. When these transactions shall have been completed the Reparations Commission is empowered to exact further installments of bonds up to the figure of its interpretation of total enemy liability under Annex I of the treaty. Provisions are established providing for a compounding of interest of the bonds; also powers of abatement are vested in the Reparations Commission.

Assuming that during the next fifteen years Germany could not make larger payments than seven hundred and fifty million dollars a year—the interest on fifteen billion dollars the payment of the full capital sum would require during the following thirty years the annual payment of three billion nine hundred million dollars. Under the assumption that Germany could pay from the outset the full charge for interest and sinking fund, the annual payment would fall to practically two billion dollars. Such payments seem impossible.

The conference at Boulogne adopted the following tentative program: Two series of indemnity payments were to be established—forty-two fixed annual payments of 750,000,000 dollars, and thirty-seven annual payments on a sliding scale, depending on circumstances of solvency. The first series of payments would yield 31,500,000,000 dollars; the second in maximum, 20,000,000,000 dollars. Such a program seems illusory. At the later conference, in Spa, indemnity was not formally discussed, if the newspaper reports of the transactions of this conference are to be believed.

When it comes to computing the amount that Germany can pay divergent viewpoints rise, not only as between the two sides of the late conflict but also between the Allies.

Germany's capacity to pay may be tested by her prewar accomplishment. There are two ways of interpreting this. One would be to take the figure for annual growth in national wealth, with correction for unearned increment. This was, according to Helfferich, in the years directly preceding the war, about two billion dollars. At that time the nation was wasting a great

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THE ROSE DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

Nobody Uttered a Syllable the Whole Distance. The Silence Was Unbroken Except for the Creak and Rattle of the Buckboard

XLVIII

THE four blocks' walk to the Frémont was a bitter one. Kenneth's confidence had been so great that all that would be necessary would be to make his father understand the situation that he would rather have died than face his friends with a confession of failure. And worse than this, he would have to acknowledge before them that his father, his own father, was capable of actions that he himself could not approve. Ken's feeling of family loyalty fought hard. Was he to turn against his own father? Should he not stick to him, right or wrong? His affectional instincts tore at his decision. Slower and slower became his steps as he pondered.

At the square devoted to the beginnings of a city park he turned in one of the paths and sat down on a bench beneath a pepper tree, and there fought the matter out with himself. So absorbed was he that for twenty minutes his attitude did not change by so much as a hair's breadth. At last he rose, his mind made up. The immediate—the insistent thing was to serve justice. If he could do anything to help Colonel Peyton he must do it. He must be personally loyal to his father, and must make that evident.

He found the situation unexpectedly easy. The members of the Sociedad glanced at his face, nodded gravely to his constrained statement that his father seemed too deeply involved with Eastern men to abandon the scheme, and dismissed that aspect of the subject.

"We've been getting a few details while you were away," Corbell told him. "We know the amount of the notes and how much in arrears the interest is. Also, we know that the mortgage is to be made over to Mr. Boyd the first of the month. That gives us four days. Now it remains to see if we can do anything."

"I've been thinking," suggested Kenneth, "that if I only had time to make the arrangements I could get hold of my own property. That might help in some way."

"Own property?" "How much?" "What do you mean?" cried Corbell, Carlson and Moore in a breath.

"I have an inheritance—from my mother," said Kenneth. "It would take care of about half of this thing if I could realize on it. Perhaps we could fix up the other half somehow."

"You mean you'd use this?" asked Corbell.

"Why, of course!"

"On what basis?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean how would you invest it here? How would you expect it to be secured at the ranch?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't care much. That could be fixed in any way, just so the colonel was all right."

"Well, what's the use of talking? You haven't got it," grumbled Frank Moore.

"I know it!" cried Ken. "If we only had more time! I suppose it would take ten days, anyway, even if we wired."

"You could realize in ten days? Your property is in securities?" struck in Corbell keenly.

"Yes," replied Kenneth to both questions

"And you'd do it?"

"Of course I would! But we haven't got but four days." Corbell turned to Big Bill Hunter.

"Here's where you have your innings, old hippopotamus," he said. "No, listen!" he commanded as the others started to speak. "I think we can pull this off. Ken will send for his money—that makes half. We'll get busy at the banks and raise what we can. That leaves only about thirty thousand dollars shy. Hell, we'll either raise that somehow—or leave it!"

"But we've only got four days," objected Frank Moore.

"We've got until Patrick Boyd goes down to complete the transaction."

"Well, he'll be there on the minute," began Bill Hunter. But the quicker-witted practical joker in Frank Moore caught the point.

"Kidnap him!" he cried. "Great! That's where you come in, Bill!"

"And hold him nice and safe and peaceful and mad until we've completed the deal and got the thing tied down," added Corbell.

"The bank has voted to sell to Boyd," interposed Ravenscroft with one of his common-sense flashes. "Suppose it will not sell to us?"

"It will to Kenneth if he works it right. They can be gently led to believe he's acting for his father."

"Will you do that, old man?" asked Ravenscroft.

"I suppose so," said Kenneth miserably, "if it's the only way."

"You're all right, kid," rumbled Big Bill.

Ravenscroft, who was near him, patted him on the shoulder. Such a demonstration from the usually self-contained Englishman caused a lump to form in Kenneth's throat.

"We'll make it as easy as we know how," said Frank Moore, and at this amend Ken had to wink hard.

The strain had been relieved and the old atmosphere of trust and good-fellowship reestablished. A little warmth of comfort crept into Kenneth's miserable heart. He could not but feel himself a traitor in some way, and the whole situation a disaster. He was going through with his duty, but dully, and after it was performed he could not see how the future was to help him.

Corbell briskly brought the conference back to practical considerations:

"The agreement with the bank was that these notes were to be bought in four days, as I understand it. Suppose they stick tight on that and refuse to extend the time? We've got to think of everything, you know."

But Frank Moore could see no difficulty here.

"Ken will go ahead at the proper day," said he, "and then he can insist on an abstract and search title and fiddle round a while. Get a lawyer—that's what these lawyers are for."

"I guess you're right. All right. Now let's get this straight. Ken is to wire for his money at once. We are to raise ours right away."

"How about the remaining thirty thousand?" "On what basis is this money to be put in?" asked Carlson and Frank in a breath.

"We've got ten days to figure all those details," Corbell reminded them. His black eyes were dancing and the sharp waxed points of his mustache seemed to stick out as though quivering with eagerness. "I'm paying out present activities. Kenneth goes into the bank Monday and fixes it up in his name. In the meantime we see that Mr. Boyd has a good pigeon shoot over the mountains. That all clear?"

"Oh, I feel like a traitor!" burst out Kenneth. "My own father!"

"You mustn't feel that way, Ken," said the poet gently. "We all know that your father is honestly acting according to his lights. But there isn't time to convince him. It's a matter of education. We have to adopt measures to fit an immediate need. You must keep in mind all the time through this that we know you are doing what is right against all your natural instincts and affections, and that we honor and admire you for it from the bottom of our hearts."

"Hear! Hear!" applauded Ravenscroft.

"And that we understand how your father looks at it, and we understand that it is not himself nor his business we disapprove of, but only the fact that those methods cannot fit this case. And we realize that this case is so different from your father's experience that he simply cannot understand it as we do who have been brought up here. We esteem your father as much as you do really."

"The hell we do!" growled Frank Moore, but he said it under his breath—and he received a kick in the shin from Corbell for his pains.

Kenneth looked measurably relieved at this speech. He was in the frame of mind when a little comfort goes a long way.

"Now perhaps you'd better get downtown to the telegraph office," Corbell suggested to Ken. "Nothing like the present."

The moment the young man had departed Corbell drew the group closer together.

"Now to get hold of Boyd," said he; "we can't precisely storm his house, and we can't precisely abduct him off the streets in broad daylight."

"Ask him to go somewhere with us, and then nail him," suggested Moore carelessly.

Corbell thought for some moments.

"I've got it! Get some letter paper, someone. I'll tell him we want his opinion as a banker on the value of that old hog wallow Frank bought in the boom, and ask him to drive out there in the morning."

But Frank, who had gone out for the paper, came hurrying back.

"He's out there in the office now!" he cried. "Barney says he comes over every evening about this time after his mail."

"He probably goes straight home from here," surmised the quick-witted Corbell. "He wouldn't carry a lot of mail round with him otherwise."

"The park is a nice dark place," observed Bill Hunter. "He must pass that."

Corbell leaped delightedly on the big man and rumpled up his hair.

"Bill, at times you are without price!" he cried. "Quick, Frank, you run round and get the buckboard and drive to the southeast corner of the park and wait there. Go on! Git! You want to hurry!

"Come on, Bill, get up your muscle. We'll need you for this work!"

They all trooped out through the bar and disappeared into the night.

At about the same instant another individual to whom Boyd's habits had become accurately known descended at the edge of town from a ramshackle vegetable wagon and took his leisurely way toward the park. He held his arms folded placidly across his stomach.

In one of his flowing sleeves he carried a .45 revolver with the barrel sawed off short.

XLIX

ARRIVED at the park, the men sat down to await Patrick Boyd's arrival. There was no reason to conceal themselves—Boyd would have no suspicion—so they merely sat on one of the benches so placed as to give them a view of the corner with the street lamp. After five minutes a dark figure came into view. It was obviously not Boyd, so the Sociedad sat tight. The newcomer, instead of passing, looked up and down the street, and then slipped into the shadow of a cassia, where he waited. This was interesting. The Sociedad sat up and took notice.

"Looks like a hold-up," breathed Corbell to Shot Sheridan

Big Bill Hunter was stooped over busily unlacing his shoes. He leaned toward his companions.

"Watch me get him!" he whispered, and started across the soft grass.

They watched him, fascinated. Here was where Big Bill excelled. An inch at a time he moved, without abrupt motions. His huge body seemed to melt from one shadow to another. The shrill chorus of the tree toads overlaid any slight noises that his movements might have caused. If those sitting on the bench had not seen him start and had not followed closely his progress, they would not have been able to guess his whereabouts or, indeed, to suspect that he existed at all. Certainly the watcher under the cassia bush, his back to his danger, his attention riveted on the street, had no faintest warning. A great black bulk rose silently behind him. There was a muffled cry as though a rat had squeaked, a brief upheaval, and then the black bulk, considerably augmented, turned toward them openly across the grass.

"Wonderful work, Bill!" they congratulated him. "What you got?"

"Chink," grunted Bill, who was carrying his captive bodily. "Hatchet man, I guess. Anyway, he's got a gun. Layin' for some other highbinder, I reckon. Seems to be a popular hold-up ground here."

"Set him down and let's take a look at him," said Corbell.

Shot lighted a match and held it up.

"Sing Toy!" cried someone out of a stupefied silence.

"Here comes Boyd!" warned Carlson.

They turned down the slanting walk in a close group, holding Sing Toy among them. Just outside the light from the street lamp they stopped and allowed the financier to approach. Boyd peered at the group, trying to make them out.

"Ah, gentlemen, good evening." He recognized them at last.

As they occupied the whole of the sidewalk and did not give way he perforce came to a halt.

"We have been waiting for you, Mr. Boyd," said Corbell. "We are driving back to the ranch to-night and we want you to go with us. There are plenty of pigeons just now"

"Why, that's very kind of you, gentlemen," laughed Boyd, "but you see I am not prepared. I could hardly go at such short notice." He thought them perhaps a little drunk, and so to be humored.

"We can supply you with all the necessities," continued Corbell. "We must really insist on your accompanying us."

"Well, come over to the house and have a drink and we'll talk it over," said Boyd. There is no bigger nuisance than an insistent drunken man.

"You do not understand. You must go with us now."

Boyd looked up in surprise at the tone of Corbell's voice. Big Bill Hunter had edged round behind him. Shot Sheridan and Ravenscroft stood at either elbow—all three big, strong men. Carlson was in the background holding Sing Toy above the elbow. But to Boyd they looked like two more available combatants. He suddenly became deadly serious.

"May I ask you gentlemen what this joke means?" he inquired.

"We will have all the time in the world for explanations later," replied Corbell. "At the present you are to go with us over the mountains. You can go voluntarily and comfortably, or you can refuse and simply be taken. You are a man of common sense, and you realize you will be taken if we choose to take you."

Boyd was silent for several moments.

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At Last He Fell Into a Fiercely Sullen Fit, Like a Resentful, Impotent, Teased Bear

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

XVIII

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE cave to which Miss Boggs conveyed her contented kidnapee was what is known as a studio. Obviously it was not what Ben Merriweather understood that term to signify, since it contained no camera or *ersatz* canary bird to make little children look pleasant. It was the lodging of Miss Millicent Milliken, teacher of voice. Miss Milliken had taught some of the worst voices in New York, as well as some not so bad. She was, take her by and large—quite large indeed—a reasonably efficient exponent of the art of vocal harmony. When she got hold of a voice that gave promise of favorable development she did her best to cultivate it, for her own as well as for art's sake. But she was not very prosperous.

She was both weighty and heighty, and possessed a deep chest, a pair of ample chins and an amiable disposition. She played good accompaniments and belonged to the Mozart-Wagner Sorority, one of those big singing clubs much affected by New York ladies who take music seriously and like to purchase it by the choir. This affiliation benefited Miss Milliken, because occasionally one of the ladies discovered—not always without Miss Milliken's aid—that she needed a few private lessons on the side. It also enabled the voice teacher to speak familiarly of some of the heaviest collections of diamonds in town.

Miss Milliken also claimed fellowship with what she called a coterie of interesting people, a highly informal group of somebodies, near-somebodies and just-anybodies, whose members had at least one thing in common—a healthy appetite for tea, cakes and other comestibles characteristic of hospitable Bohemia. They were all willing workers at the business of conversation, but poorly qualified as listeners. A burglar in their midst, confessing his crimes through a megaphone, could not have got himself arrested.

"Oh, Climbing Stairs Is Good Exercise—It Will Help to Keep Me Slender"

Imagine Benjamin F. Merriweather now dumped rudely into this den of toy-shop lions like a bashful Daniel come to judgment.

"How d'y' do, folks," said Angela Boggs. "This gentleman's name is Merriweather, and he is a good friend of mine. Please be nice to him."

The coterie bowed sweetly and murmured a composite greeting, after which it went on with its talk.

"Isn't there anything to eat?" demanded Angela. "We're hungry."

"There's heaps of tea," replied Miss Milliken, "and a whole lot of those delicious biscuits and things you sent me the other day. My goodness, I shouldn't have been able to give any party without them! I made some sandwiches, but these human vacuum cleaners said presto fourteen different ways, and they were gone like the draft up the chimney. Listen! There's some cooking sherry in a bottle in the kitchen cupboard. Sneak out and have some. I didn't let the wolf pack know I owned it. What did you say this gentleman's name was—Merriman? Oh, Merriweather! I'm sure we're delighted to welcome you to our little coterie, Mr. Merriweather. Do you sing or paint or write or something? I like your tie."

Merry's hand flew to his cravat as if it had been stolen.

"Mr. Merriweather's a photographer, one of the cleverest in New York," explained Angela, selling her protégé assiduously. "He's done some beautiful work—you know, along the same lines as Valmar's, only much more interesting."

"Oh, I see," acquiesced Millicent, who visualized a photographer as a fussy little man who made flashlights at banquets. "Perhaps Mr. Merriweather would like some of the sherry. You take him out in the kitchen, Angela, and do the honors, while I hold the populace in check. If they see you go they'll suspect something. Billy Scollard is going to sing. You can duck while he's doing it."

Ben Merriweather was puzzled by the stout voice culturist's amazing flow of words, her pseudo intimacy, her somewhat kittenish I'm-going-to-make-you-feel-at-home-if-it-kills-you attitude. He felt she would be calling him Ben before escaping time came round.

While his hostess and patroness were exchanging a queer kind of small talk he looked about. The studio was a fairly big room, part of a suite on the second floor of what had once been a fine old Victorian dwelling. There was a marble mantel with a grate, but no fire. At the back of the room a pair of tall windows gave upon a court or alleyway so gloomy that candles had been lighted. Candles! Why, electric current was awfully cheap and you could see something! But candles! Maybe Miss Milliken hadn't paid her last month's bill.

The room was so scantily furnished as to carry out perfectly the illusion of poverty conveyed by the candles. Of these there were two on the mantel ends, two more on Miss Milliken's grand piano—the only sign of prosperity in the place—and three or four more distributed about on bookcases, sconces and a reading table. The walls were quite bare, the floor almost equally so, except for three or four badly worn, pinched-looking little rugs. "Cave" was right, thought Ben.

But the people interested him more than the room—until he had a good opportunity to realize that they were almost commonplace. There wasn't a frock coat in the bunch. Was this one of those society teas he had heard about all his life? Could those folks be Vanderbincks, Stuyvernecks and Asterburys? They didn't look it. Merry didn't remember reading Miss Milliken's name in the Sunday supplement, or seeing her picture there. It shook his confidence in human nature and the great American institution of the press to have the reality so different from the feature pages. Angela Boggs was easily the best looking and the most fashionably dressed of all the women present. She was a peach, that's what she was!

Over in a far corner a young woman sat in a low chair by a table which supported a little kettle over an alcohol flame. This girl was making tea as fast as she could work, and as she made it people came and got it. Her method was to fill a cup with boiling water and then wiggle a silver ball on a chain up and down in the water. Afterward she added a bit of lemon. Ben did not think much of her, though he couldn't judge her fairly, since the candlelight threw her face into the dense shadows of a wide-brimmed hat with a huge feather drooping over the edge.

The rest of the guests draped themselves about on the furniture. Six sat on a mission-style divan intended for four. Another half dozen lounged against the piano, which would have reminded Ben of the bar in a saloon if a brass rail had been provided for the habitués. A tall, pale young man clung to the mantelpiece and talked to a dumpy girl, meanwhile agitating a thin hand at his side as if testing the heat of an imaginary blaze in the grate.

"I have to play Billy's accompaniment," announced Miss Milliken. "You people wait until the crowd's watching the way he works his mouth, and then you know the rest. Look on the second shelf, round behind some cans of string beans. That cupboard has no secrets from you, Angela dear."

She moved ponderously toward the piano. One of the loungers straightened up and took a position behind Miss Milliken, who twirled the stool and gave the keys a preparatory setting-up exercise.

"Do you care for the sherry?" asked Angela softly.

"No, thanks," negatived Ben. "Let's listen to this bird sing. Kind of funny looking."

Mr. Scollard, the soloist, did not know that he was kind of funny looking, and would have been tremendously surprised if he had discovered that anyone else thought so. He was a large young man with a chest like those of the physical-culture teachers in the health magazines. He had thin hair and thick lips, a roving eye and no chin. To emphasize this lack he wore a collar which stood up all the way round the back of his neck but flared coyly away from his Adam's apple, an appendage of uncanny prominence. It was unbelievable that so thin a neck could sprout from so heroic a torso.

"He's quite famous," explained Angela. "He sang some parts in grand opera this winter."

He sang rather well, Ben thought. The voice was a smooth barytone, melodious and clear. Scollard went up several pegs in Ben's respect. You couldn't judge a man by his appearance after all. This one had the goods, sure enough. When Scollard finished Ben applauded a little louder than anyone else, so that Scollard's attention was attracted his way.

"Glad I've one sincere admirer in this crew," he cried, nodding cheerily and gratefully at Ben.

"You said something!" remarked Ben heartily.

Everyone stared at Ben. He began to squirm, not knowing whether he had made a bad break and queered himself, or merely advertised his presence in quite the approved manner.

He did not hear the mantel-leaning young man observe in his companion's ear, "Who's Angela picked up this time? Rather uncouth, I must say, but—well, Angela will do that sort of thing. If she didn't she wouldn't be Angela."

"Wonder which chestnut he's rescuing from the flames for her?" hazarded the other.

At this point Mr. Scollard consented to sing again.

"I may as well tell you," announced Miss Milliken from her seat at the piano, "that Billy Scollard's a special pet of mine. I gave him the first music lesson he ever had in his life. Let me see. How long ago was it, Billy? Never mind, don't tell 'em. It was sometime in the Paleozoic age, I guess."

She rattled into her accompaniment.

"Who's the lanky chap over by the fireplace?" demanded Ben.

"Mumford, editor of the Gridiron. He thinks he's literary."

"Looks it "

"But he isn't—very. I had him write some buttermilk-wafer copy for me once, and it wasn't good at all. The girl is Hilda Vyal. She really is literary, and makes charming verses. Then that stout man over beyond Miss Milliken is Papa McWatt, who does dramatic criticisms for the Cloak & Suit Crier. Hush a minute!"

When Scollard had done singing Ben pressed Miss Boggs for more personal data concerning his fellow guests.

"You said that fat lad was McSwat ——"

"McWatt, of the Cloak & Suit Crier. You see, hundreds of buyers from all over the country come to New York in the season to select their stocks, and they all read the Crier. Of course while they're here they take in the theaters, and so the managers advertise in it to reach these out-of-town patrons. Papa McWatt goes round and solicits their advertising, and part of the consideration for their custom is that their offerings shall be favorably noticed in the reading columns without extra charge. Papa writes these reviews, and of course gets free tickets to all the shows. Rather neat, I should say."

"Sounds like graft to me. I wouldn't call him a real dramatic critic. The real ones pan a lot of shows. They don't agree to praise every play just to get free tickets "

Angela smiled.

"The theatrical managers would rather have one Papa McWatt than ten ordinary critics. They can rely on him."

"How does he happen to horn in among these swell people?"

"Swell people? Aren't you amusing, Mr. Merriweather. Papa McWatt sees that Millicent Milliken gets occasional tickets to plays. Isn't that entrée enough?"

"Maybe he could steer some actresses and actors my way to have their pictures taken."

"Don't!" shuddered Angela. "How can you?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Boggs. I ought to have known better. You know I didn't mean it. But folks seem to make one hand wash the other, even in exclusive circles. I didn't suppose ——"

"Do you see that rather nice looking chap sitting on the end of the bench talking to a girl with brown eyes and a red hat? It's Snellmer."

"Who?"

"Snellmer, the illustrator. He's really very good. Has things in some of the best magazines right along. He did a series for me once. And the girl is Miss Creed, who makes miniatures. She's a sweet little thing, and awfully talented."

"I'm glad there's a few talented people here besides ourselves," said Ben, grinning. "I kind of like that singer, in spite of his turkey neck."

"Come and get acquainted with Mr. Snellmer," prompted Angela. "You ought to know more people like him—it's broadening."

Ben looked sidewise at his self-appointed mentor. By golly, she wanted him to get broad, did she? What was she doing—trying some of Marjie Paul's tactics? Well, he guessed the women were all alike. They'd got to boss you or they weren't happy. It was all right, too, when they were as attractive as Angela. He rather relished being bossed by her.

In the back of his head the image of Marjie Paul swam hazily.

Marjie would hardly get by in a company like this. He was a little pained at discovering that society wasn't half so exclusive as he had expected. They certainly ought to draw the line at people like McSwat, the phony critic.

He trailed along behind Miss Boggs. Anyhow, she was the real article, that was a sure thing. She stopped in front of the tea-pouring young woman, and Ben presently had opportunity to scald his mouth—and embraced it fatuously. Damn! He'd rather have a good cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie. Besides, wouldn't people spoil their appetites for supper, eating a lunch at this late hour? He didn't get them at all.

XIX

"WELL," remarked Ben Merriweather on the day following the kidnaping episode, "I've busted right into society "

"What d'you mean, society?" demanded Marjie. "Joined the Third District Grover Cleveland Social and Marching Club? I heard they were drumming up members."

"Marching club your eye! This was the real thing - afternoon tea just before supper time, highbrow talk, grand-opera singing and everything. What they called a music kale, I think."

"Where was all this?"

"Uptown at a studio. Belongs to a way-up singing teacher—name's Milliken. About twenty of us intellectual giants all crowded into one room, and a three-cornered piano. What d'you know about that?"

"Who left the door open?"

"Oh, rats, Marje, what's the use of getting sarcastic? I was introduced all perfectly regular and day rigger, as the French say. Miss Angela Boggs took me up there—in a limousine as big as a house, let me tell you."

"Oh, I see! How'd she happen to do that—if it's any of my business?"

Ben related the beginnings of the episode.

"Say, it was the funniest place I ever got into, Marjie. I had no notion society people were like that."

"Like what? Have you got an idea that Angela Boggs cuts any ice in New York's smart set? Forget it!"

"What, with all her money and good looks and swell clothes? Don't fool yourself! She's there! They couldn't keep her out even if they wanted to; and let me tell you, she's popular with 'em!"

"Who? Name some of 'em."

"Well, there was a chap named Bill Scollard, Metropolitan Opera singer. He chirped a few, and he certainly owns one grand voice. Then I met several literary people, an editor named Mumford, and a poetry writer—lady and a dramatic critic. Rummy old joker, I thought, but he seemed to stand in all right with the crowd. Snellmer was there."

"Who's Snellmer?"

"Don't you know who Snellmer is? Big illustrator?"

"Oh, I guess he's the one Ted was talking about the other night. He does catalogue covers for Mr. Budd, Ted says."

(Continued on Page 62)

You Couldn't Judge a Man by His Appearance After All. This One Had the Goods, Sure Enough

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Stinnesization

THE word is new in the German language. It means doing things according to Hugo Stinnes. Stinnes is called by his admirers the wizard of German reconstruction. By his enemies he is anathematized as the profiteer-in-chief of Europe. At the conference at Spa he showed that he has a "rough neck" as well as a "strong arm." Certainly he is a phenomenon to be studied as well as watched.

Before the war Hugo Stinnes was a leader among the younger magnates of Germany. He was a coal operator who had developed an extensive and efficient system of inland water transport of coal and heavy goods. From coal he went into coke, from coke into iron ore. He established foundries for the production of pig iron; mills for turning out raw steel and semifinished parts; and finishing plants for manufacture of all manner of metal commodities. His river fleet grew into a Baltic fleet, this in turn into a transatlantic fleet. Through the pressure of his competition he was able to compel admission into the Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd and Woerman companies, in which he acquired large blocks of stock. He was a pioneer in the manufacture of fuel oil and producer gas, and was one of the first to study and develop distillation of lignite. With the fuels in hand he undertook the development of the Diesel engine and established large plants for the manufacture of internal combustion engines for large boats. Many submarine engines bear his name.

With the outbreak of the war the driving power and efficiency of Stinnes soon made themselves manifest. The Emperor and the General Staff favored men who delivered the goods. Soon the Krupps lost leadership in the manufacture of implements of war; men like Mühlon diluted the war spirit of the great organization, and the youthful husband of Bertha Krupp lacked force. The leadership passed to men like Stinnes. He turned his attention to the fabrication of war substitutes. He established plants for the manufacture of aluminum, cellulose and sulphuric acid. Large power plants were erected by him at the lignite pits. When Ludendorff came to power Stinnes became supreme. These were men after the hearts of each other—relentless drivers, efficient organizers, ruthless in the pursuit of the envisioned objectives.

After the armistice Stinnes kept right on. Whenever a German lost his nerve and put up a good plant for sale Stinnes bought it. Soon a motivated development of his affairs became manifest. Instead of operating industries through banks he began to control banks through his industries. Starting with his cellulose factories he entered the paper business, acquired large forests to safeguard his supply of raw material, and became a large producer of newsprint. Then followed the setting up of printing houses. Finally came the purchase of newspapers—dailies, weeklies and monthlies. At the head of the Stinnes press brigade stand several of the old conservative dailies. The press as a whole resents the movement, but is too vulnerable to protest effectively. Stinnes controls news and the sources of news, and uses his papers to influence public opinion. Everywhere he preaches the doctrine of work.

Hotels came last. Among other large hostelries Stinnes owns the Atlanta in Hamburg and the Esplanada in Berlin. How these fit in with his other affairs is not clear at this distance. He may feel the need of losing money!

The affairs of Stinnes represent concentration of capital and industry beyond the dream of Karl Marx. His is the type of concentration that Rathenau had prophesied before the war. Germans of the traditional type follow the movements of Stinnes with unalloyed anticipation. This is the Phœnix that shall arise from the ashes of the war! The socialists of Germany, who have been unable to effect the socialization of industries, view the Stinnesization of the same industries with mingled admiration and apprehension. Opposed to Stinnes stands Legien, at the head of some twelve million organized wage earners. There has been no clash yet. Stinnes pays the highest wages in Germany and avoids quarrels with labor. One group of socialists wants to clip the wings of Stinnes with capital tax levies. The other group seems to prefer to allow him to develop, in the hope that when his projects are highly perfected the plants may be taken over by the state. In other words, they want to let Stinnes do the socialization, then they will nationalize. Stinnes is evidently willing to let them try to dispossess him when the time comes, provided they give him free scope now. His reputed motto, "Business has no boundaries," may represent world vision; but it will have to stand the acid test of practice.

The American Standard

INDUSTRIAL problems are rarely discussed or tariff schedules prepared or labor planks built into political platforms without reference and obeisance to that respectable shibboleth, The American Standard of Living. The phrase is as much taken for granted as the wetness of water, the rule of three or other eternal verities of mathematics. No one, seemingly, looks into the specifications so labeled to see what they call for and to ascertain if they are still as reasonable and sensible as they were when the mint mark of Americanism was stamped upon them.

The original specifications, though higher than those of any other people, were modest enough when set over against our natural resources, the characteristics of our older racial strains and the early ideals of our democracy. Physically, they were an expansion of good French Henry's wish that every peasant in the land might have a fowl in his pot each Sunday. They called for meat every day, a full dinner pail, sanitary housing and warm winter clothing. Intellectually, they specified good schooling for the children and opportunities for their parents to remedy educational defects traceable to parental poverty or youthful idleness. Spiritually, the requirements prescribed a self-respecting existence. Socially, they demanded conditions that would allow every man to rise as high as his industry, his capacity and his God-given talents would permit. Financially, every man was to have his chance, so that after an active life of industry, thrift and good management no wolf should howl at the door of old Darby and Joan.

Such, in a general way, was the bundle of ideas that we tied together thirty or forty years ago and ticketed The American Standard of Living. These were, and are, sound ideas; and no American had reason to regret that he believed in them. The old specifications are still in force; but every newspaper reader, every man who keeps his eyes open, every woman who indulges in back-fence confidences with her neighbors knows full well that the structure of the eighties and nineties is scarcely to be identified among the newly added wings, ells, cupolas, pergolas, terraces and turrets that have sprung up round it. The snug little cottage of other days has become a great and ill-proportioned mansion afflicted with all the gewgaws, curlicues and gingerbreads that unrestrained fancy could suggest.

It is not to be asserted that The American Standard should be an invariable thing, like the foot or the pound. It should, on the contrary, so react to every advance in science, manufacture, transportation and medicine that each of them shall confer its due share of benefits upon the whole body of the people. As civilization makes new conquests their fruits should be enjoyed by the many rather than by the few. No man doubts that The American Standard has been so modified. The question is: Have recent changes been along lines that make for the greatest good of the greatest number, in this generation and the next?

Before we resolve that the existing American Standard should be maintained at any cost we should scrutinize clause by clause every item of the 1920 specifications. After thoughtful examination we may quite conceivably decide that they call for too much play and too little work; too many flivvers and too few babies; an oversupply of front and very little back. It may strike us that the insistence on jazz is out of proportion to the demand for education; that there is too much about spending and not enough about saving; that a striped silk shirt clause has been substituted for the paragraph about thrift.

By all means let us have an American Standard. Let it be the highest in the world; but let it be also the sanest and the wisest and let it be expressed not in terms of consumable luxuries but in terms of wholesome living, self-respect and the greatest future welfare of the rising generation.

The Bum Sports Club

THE time is now ripe, overripe in fact, for the formal organization of an adjunct to the political parties of this country, to be called The Bum Sports Club, and to include in its membership the large number of bum sports that infest our politics. The idea is not new, but the work of organization and designation of brethren who are bad losers has been desultory, casual and somewhat local.

We nominate for membership all those egoistic and egotistic politicians who, when they find that their own ideas cannot prevail, threaten to bolt and wreck their party—if they can—because they cannot have just what they want; and in making this nomination we specify the mouthers who bluff instead of bolt, and who despite their continuous threats to bolt never get on their way.

We nominate for membership all those politicians who, having lost the prize themselves, refuse to come forward and support the winner, but sneer at his abilities and fitness for the place he seeks, and sulk under the mantle of their own egregious self-appreciation.

We nominate for membership all those politicians who consider any methods used to win with justified if they win themselves, but instantly claim a foul if the same methods, used by their opponents, win for those opponents.

We nominate for membership all those politicians who inject personal matters into public campaigns.

We nominate for membership all those politicians who consider the use of money by themselves and to promote their own candidacies as legitimate and necessary expenditure for the advancement of the cause and the establishment of their own consecrated claims to preference and denounce the use of money by other candidates as venal and corrupt debauchery of the suffrages of the people.

We nominate for membership those politicians who, when beaten, cry that the voters who selected their antagonists over themselves were intimidated by their employers, by the interests and by the financiers.

We nominate for membership those politicians who, failing in their attempts to procure the support of the interests, try to gain support for themselves by denouncing those whose favor they failed to procure.

These are a few of the types that should be included in the membership of the organization. There are many others. The fact of it is that a good loser in politics is so rare in these days of self-exaltation and self-righteousness that the roster of The Bum Sports Club will be very long and widely inclusive.

New Paths for Country Bankers

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

AS HARVEST was approaching, the owner of a quarter section of fertile land out in the wheat belt visited the People's State Bank, where he had done business for years, stopped at the writing desk to make out a note for a thousand dollars and shoved it through the window to the cashier He had done it times enough and knew the process. The interest would be figured up, subtracted from the principal, and the balance entered in his pass book as a deposit. He and the cashier would talk a little about crops, and the transaction would be over.

But this time it was different.

"Come back in the office," was the comment, and when the bewildered customer had been seated in one of the directors' chairs the question came: "Henry, what are you going to do with this money?"

"I don't know as it is any of your business," was the brisk reply, "but I'll tell you: I am going to buy two new binders."

"But you bought two a year or so ago. Sold them?"

"No, but they are out of order and new ones will work a lot better."

"You can't have the money. Now let me tell you what to do—go home and repair your machinery and put it in shape and cut your wheat. You don't need any new machinery this year. I am not going to help you waste money if I know it."

The customer went out somewhat peeved, but after thinking it over he took the banker's advice. He cut his wheat with the old machines and returned to thank the cashier for the counsel.

That sort of conference took place all over the agricultural states during the past late spring and through the summer. The country banker has for years been most accommodating. He was making loans whenever asked, looking only at the security. Suddenly he came to a problem that has given a new direction to his methods and has placed him in a changed relation to the community. It has been no fault of his; it came because of happenings entirely beyond his control, yet it has revolutionized his attitude toward the borrowing public and turned the current of finance.

The Problem of Frozen Loans

IN FRONT of a country elevator out in the wheat belt in late summer sat the proprietor, gazing lonesomely at dusty roads leading to the prairie farms. On those highways should have been long strings of teams bringing in the bountiful crop just harvested. Wheat was worth two dollars and fifty cents a bushel, the highest price at primary markets in the farmer's history; the producers were eager to sell.

"Have not bought a bushel in a week," dejectedly volunteered the manager. "My elevator is full to the roof, mostly with last year's wheat. Only three cars have been sent out here in three months, and heaven knows when I'll get any more. Until I get them here I'll sit and wait, and the farmers will have to wait too."

He was only one of several thousand elevator men, mill owners and shippers scattered over the agricultural states, all in the same situation.

With the car shortage intensified by strikes, such foodstuffs as were shipped suffered interminable delays. One Kansas City firm waited seven months to move two hundred and fifty thousand barrels of flour to Gulf ports, and then sold it to nearer points where it could be delivered. Interior banks waited two months for the cashing of drafts with bills of lading on the flour to be delivered at New York but delayed en route.

In the meantime local customers were borrowing money for the usual transactions of trade, millers were shipping out flour whenever cars were available, and expecting the banks to loan the funds with which to pay for the wheat. The end came when the banks' active resources dwindled and too great a portion of the assets were tied up in what bankers aptly term frozen loans.

The United States has twenty-six thousand two hundred and seventy-five banking institutions of various kinds. About twenty thousand of them are in the smaller cities, towns and villages, classed as country banks. From the aspiring institution housed in artistic brick or stone in the thriving trade center to the tiny frame high-front in the hamlet of a dozen houses, a store and garage, they are the centers of interest for their communities. The [illegible] pictured drama visualize the banker as a sleek, side-whiskered plutocrat, who grinds his patrons out of the

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"That's a Lovely Design, But How About the Seat of My Pants?"

STEPSONS OF LIGHT

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Say, Old Man, If You Want This Friend of Yours to Get Away I'm Willing to Get Down and Stay All Night. You're Pretty Overbearing With Your Little Old Shotgun"

VIII

IT IS a hard world," sighed Charlie See. "Life is first one thing and then it is a broom factory." They made a gay cavalcade of laughter and shining life, those four young people. They had been to show Charlie over the gristmill and the broom factory, new jewels in Garfield's crown, and now they turned from deed to dream, rode merry for a glimpsing of to-morrow, where Hobby Lull planned a conquest more lasting than Cæsar's. Their way led now beyond the mother ditch to lands yet unredeemed, which in the years to come would lie under a high ditch yet to be. So they said and thought. But what in truth they rode forth for to see was east of the sun and west of the moon—not to be told here. Where youth rides with youth under a singing sky the chronicle should be broad-spaced between the lines; a double story, word and silence. To what far-off divine event we move, there shall be no rapture keener than hoping time.

The embankments of the mother ditch were head-high to them as they rode. They paused on the high bridge between the desert and the sown. Behind lay the broad and level clearings, orchard, kempt steading and alfalfa; a step beyond was the raw wilderness, the yucca and the sand, dark mesquite in hummocks and mottes and clumps, a brown winding belt between the mother ditch and the first low bench land. The air came brisk and sweet; it rippled the fields to undulant shimmer of flashing purple and green and gold.

"Your *'cequia madre* is sure brimful this evenin'," remarked the guest.

"Always is—when we don't need it. In dry weather she gets pretty low enough," said Hobby. "Colorado people get the first whack at the water, and New Mexico takes what is left. Never high water here except at flood time. Fix that different some day. We got to fight flood and drought now, one down, another come on. Some day we'll save the flood water. Sure! No floods, no drought. Easy as lying! *Vamonos!*"

The road followed the curving ditch; their voices were tuned to lipping water and the drone of bees. Lull pointed out the line where his high ditch was to run at the base of the bench land, with flume at gully and cañon steeps. As eye and mapping hand turned toward Redgate a man came down Redgate road to meet them, a man on a Maltese horse. He rode briskly, poised, sure-swaying as ever bird on bough. Charlie See warmed to the lithe youth of him.

"There, fellow citizens," he said, "there is what I'd call a good rider!"

As the good rider came abreast he swept off his hat. His eyes were merry; he nodded greeting and shook back a mop of blackest hair. The sun had looked upon him. He checked the blue horse in his stride—not to stop, but to slow him; he spoke to Lull in passing.

"Garfield post office?" He jerked a thumb toward the bridge; for indeed, seen across the ramparts of the ditch, there was small distinction between visible Garfield and the scattered farmsteads. "This way?"

"Yes."

"Just across the bridge," added Lyn. The story scorns to suppress the truth—she smiled her dimpliest.

"Thanks," said the stranger; and then, as he came abreast of Charlie See: "And the road to Hillsboro? Back this way—or straight on?"

"Straight through. Take the right hand at the post office—straight to the ford. You'll have to swim, I reckon."

"Yes," said the stranger indifferently. He was well beyond See and Edith Harkey now, and the blue horse came back into the road and into his reaching stride. "Thanks." The stranger looked back with the last word; at the same time Miss Dyer turned her head. They smiled.

"And they turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt!" said Mr. Lull bitterly.

"He had such smiling eyes," urged Lyn.

"Ruin and destruction! See! Edith! Spread out—head her off!" Hobby grabbed Lyn's bridle rein and led his captive away at a triumphant trot.

They turned aside to inspect the doubtful passage where the future ditch must clamber and twist to cross Deadman; Hobby Lull explained, defended, expounded; he bristled with estimates, alternative levels and acre costs; here was the inevitable way, but yonder there was a choosing; at that long gray point, miles away, the ditch must leave the river to gain the needed grades. He sparkled with enthusiasm, he overbore opposition.

"Look here, folks!" said Hobby. "See those thunderheads? It's clouding up fast. It's going to rain and there's not a man in town can stop it. I aimed to take you up and show you the place we picked to make the ditch head, but I judge we best go home. We can see the ditch head another day."

"Now was I convinced or only persuaded?" Charlie See made the grumbling demand of Edith as they set their faces homeward.

Yet he was secretly impressed; he paused by jungle and sandy swale or ribbed and gullied slope for admiration of orchards unplanted and friendly homesteads yet to be; he drew rein by a pear thicket and peered half enviously into its thorny impenetrable keeps.

"Who lives there, Edith?

"That's the best place we've seen. Big fine house and all, but it looks comfortable and homy, just the same—mighty pleasant and friendly. And them old-fashioned flower beds are right quaint."

"Hollyhocks," she breathed; "and marigolds, and four o'clocks. An old-fashioned woman lives here."

Charlie's voice grew wistful. "I might have had a place like this just as well as not—if I'd only had sense enough to hear and hark. Hobby Lull brought me out here and put me wise, years ago, but I wouldn't listen. There was a bunch of us. Hobby and—and—now who else was it? It was a merry crowd, I can remember that. Hobby did all the talking—but who were the others? And have they forgotten too? It was a long time ago, before the big ditch. Oh, I do wish I could remember who was with me!"

His voice trailed off to silence and a sigh that was only half assumed.

"You make it seem very real," she said, unconscious of her answering, deeper sigh.

"Real? It is real! Look there—and there—and there!"

"That is all Hobby's work," said Edith as her eyes followed his pointing finger and saw there what he saw—the city of his vision, the courts and palaces of love. "He has the builder's mind."

"Yes. It is a great gift." It was said ungrudgingly. "I wish I had it. That way lies happiness. Me—I am a spectator."

She shook her reins to go, with a last look at his phantom farmlands. "'An' I 'a' stubb'd Thurnaby waaste.' That's what they'll put on Hobby's tombstone."

She lifted up her eyes from the waste places and the seeming, and let them rest on the glowing mesas beyond the river and the long dim ridges of misty mountain beyond and over all; and saw them in the light that never was on sea or land. The heart of the good, warm, boisterous earth called to kindred clay, "and turned her sweet blood into wine."

Shy happiness tinged her pale cheek with color, a tint of wild rose and sea-shell delicacy, faint and all unnoted; he was half inattentive to her as she rode beside him, glowing in her splendid spring, a noble temple of life, a sanctuary ready for clean sacrifice.

"Yes. Hobby, he's all right. Him and his likes, they put up the brains and take the risks and do the work. But after it's all done some of these austere men we read about, they'll ooze in and gather the crops."

"He doesn't miss much worth having. What may be weighed and counted and stolen and piled in heaps—oh, yes, Hobby Lull may miss that. Not real things, like laughter and joy and—and love, Charlie."

Charlie See turned his head toward Redgate. She read his thought; in her face the glow of life faded behind the white skin. But he did not see it; nor the thread of pain in her eyes. In his thought she was linked with Adam Forbes, and at her word he smiled to think of his friend, and looked up to Redgate where even then "Nicanor lay dead in his harness."

Pete Harkey's buckboard stood by the platform in front of the little store, and the young people waited there for him and his marketing.

"Mail day?" asked Charlie.

(Continued on Page 32)

"The reason I'm bright as a dollar
Is 'cause I'm a Campbell's scholar
That soup is the stuff
Just give me enough
And I'll beat you fellers all holler"

It gives them real help

In more ways than one Campbell's delicious Tomato Soup helps your young people both in body and mind.

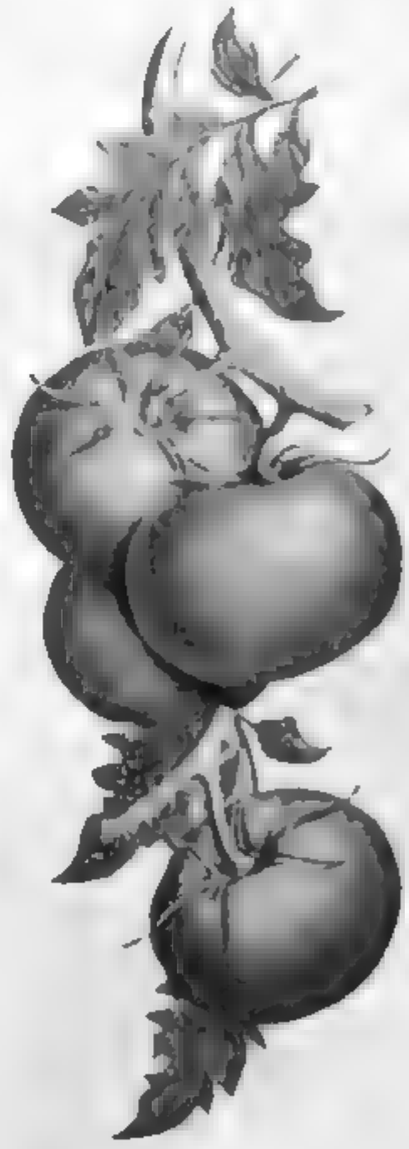
In three minutes' time you can give them simple and appetizing nourishment that is easy to digest and has a natural tonic and regulative value most important for their good condition. Give them Campbell's Tomato Soup.

We blend the pure juice of ripe fresh tomatoes with choice butter, sugar and other nutritious ingredients, making a soup as wholesome as it is inviting.

Give them all they want. Serve it as a Cream of Tomato for a change, or with croutons or noodles.

They may eat less of heavier food, but so much the better for them. What they do eat will digest easier and do them more good. That is the all-important thing.

Give them some today.



21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"Nope. To-morrow is the big day."

"We used to get it three times a week," said Lyn. "Now it's only twice."

"When I was a boy," said See thoughtfully, "I always wanted to rob a stage, just once. Somehow or other I never got round to it." His brow clouded.

"Why, Mr. See!"

"Charlie," said Mr. See. "Well, you needn't be shocked. Society is very unevenly divided between the criminal and the noncriminal classes."

"That," said Edith, "might be called a spiral remark. Would it be impertinent to ask you to specify?"

"Not at all. Superfluous. See for yourself. Old Sobersides, here—you might give him the benefit of the doubt—he's so durned practical. But Adam and me, Uncle Dan and your dad—there's no doubt about us, I'm afraid. It's right quaint to see how proud those old roosters are of the lurid past. When one of 'em gets on the peck all you got to do is to start relatin' how wild they used to be, and they'll be eatin' out of your hand in no time."

"How about the women?" asked Lyn.

"I've never been able to make a guess. But there's so few of you out here at the world's end, that you don't count for much either way."

"Lyn realizes that," said Hobby. "Here at the ragged edge of things she knows that the men outnumber the women five to one. So she tries to make up for it. She is a friendly soul."

Miss Lyn Dyer ignored this little speech and harked back to the last observation of Charlie See. "So you did manage to notice that, did you? I'm surprised. They've amused me for years—Uncle Dan and Uncle Pete; how mean they were, the wild old days and the chimes at midnight! But a girl—oh, dear me, how very different! No hoydens need apply! A notably unwild boy is reprosched as a sissy and regarded with suspicion, but a girl must not even play at being wild. 'Prunes, prisms and potatoes!' Podsnap! Pecksniff! Turveydrop! and Company! Doesn't anyone ever realize that it might be a tame business never to be wild at all?"

"'Tis better to be wild and weep ——"

"Now, Hobby Lull, you hush up! The answer is, No. Catechism. A man expects from his womankind a scrupulous decorum which he is far too broad-minded to require from himself or his mates—charitable soul! Laughter and applause. Cries of 'That's true!' Anything more grossly unfair ——"

Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub!

Three men thundered over the *'cequia* bridge. At the first drum of furious hoofs See wheeled his horse sharply.

"What's that? Trouble?" The three horsemen swooped from the bridge, pounding on the beaten road. "Trouble, sure!"

"You two girls light out of this! Ride!" said Lull. He spurred to the open door of the store. "Pete!" he called, and turned back.

"Adam?" said Charlie. "Something wrong up Redgate way. Adam's there, and no one else that we know of."

"I'm afraid so. Horse fell on him maybe—dynamite or something. Here they come. Big Ed and Jody Weir. I don't know the third man."

The horsemen were upon them. "Murder!" cried Caney. "Adam Forbes has been murdered! Up in Redgate. The murderer came this way. We trailed him to the bridge. His horse had lost a shoe."

"Adam Forbes!"

"Who is to tell Edith?" said Charlie See under his breath.

"Someone's going to hang for this. When we found him—I never had such a shock in my life!" said Jody Weir. "Shot from behind—three times. The powder burned his shirt. Adam never had a chance. Cold-blooded murder. Adam was holding fast to his rifle, wrong side up, just as he pulled it from the scabbard. That man came through here."

"Or stopped here," amended Caney. "Might have been a Garfield man of course. I've heard that Forbes was tol'able arbitrary."

"We met a stranger coming down from Redgate, something like an hour and a half ago," said Hobby. "But if he had just killed a man, I'll eat my hat. That man was feeling fine. Only a boy too. Someone else did it, I guess."

"And he'd been riding slow. No sweat on his horse," added Charlie.

"Couldn't have been anyone else. There wasn't any other tracks, except the tracks of Adam's horse. They turned off south as soon as he got out of the mouth of the cañon."

"How'd you know it was Adam's horse?" This was Pete Harkey, at the open door.

"Saw where the bridle reins dragged. Say! Any you fellows comin' with us? That man killed Forbes, I tell you—and we're goin' after him. Only about two hours till dark—two and a half at most—and a rain coming up. This is no time for talking. We can talk on the road."

"Anybody stay with Adam?" asked Pete.

"No. There was just the three of us. We came full chisel after the murderer, hard as we could ride. Come on—get some of your men together—let's ride," said Caney impatiently. "Get a wiggle on, can't you? Let's find out which way he went and what he looked like. He came here. No chance for mistake. The body was still warm."

"I saw him! I saw him!" cackled the storekeeper. "Little man, smaller than Charlie—and young. About twenty. Came in after you all left," he said, addressing Lull. "Mailed a letter. Ridin' a blue horse, he was—a *grullo*. That the man you met?"

"Yes. But riding a blue horse doesn't prove that a man has done murder. Nor yet mailing a letter. Or being young. We knew that man went through Garfield. That's nothing new. He told us he was going on to Hillsboro."

"That was a blind, I reckon. He can turn always back, soon as he gets out of sight," said Hales.

"He went that way," piped the storekeeper. "Mailed a letter here, bought a shoe and tacked it on his horse. I fished round to find out who he was, but he put me off. Finally I asked him, p'int-blank. 'You didn't say what your name was,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'I didn't.' And off he went, laughing, impydent as hell!"

"Did you notice the brand on his horse?" asked Charlie. "He passed on our right-hand side, so we didn't see it."

"No, I didn't. He took the Greenhorn road, and he was ridin' middlin' slow."

"If you had used your mouth less and your eyes more, you might have something to tell us," sneered Hales.

"Little man on a *grullo* horse—that's enough for us—we're goin'!" snapped Caney. "Say, you fellers make me plumb sick! The murderer's getting away, and all you do is blat. We're goin', and we're goin' now!"

"Something tells me you won't," said Pete Harkey.

He had mysteriously acquired a shotgun from his buckboard, and he cocked both hammers with the word. "Not till we talk a little. According to your tell, the killing was done in Sierra County. That's my county, and we figure we are plenty competent to skin our own skunks. Also, we want one good long look before we leap. You three are the only men who can tell us anything, and we want to know what you know, so we'll not lose time or make mistakes. We can't afford to shoot so as to hit if it's a deer and miss if it's a mule. You fellers are excited. What you need is a head. I'll be head."

(Continued on Page 34)

"Now, Mr. Ed Caney," He Said Sweetly, "Any Time You're Not Just Satisfied With the Way I Behave You Know What You Can Do. This Place is Here and This Time is Now. Fly to It!"

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Trade Mark Reg.

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STYLEPLUS — *The big name in clothes*

(Continued from Page 32)

"You just calm down a little. I'll be getting a posse together to go back and look into this. You can be fixing to give us some idea what's happened. After that these two boys can go with you. They've seen this stranger and they'll know him on a fresh horse. All you three know about his looks is a blue horse. I'm going up where Adam was killed. Where was it? Don't be nervous about this gun. I never shot a gun accidentally in my life. Where was Adam killed?"

"In Redgate. Near the upper end. We was looking ——"

"That's enough. You wait till I send for some friends of mine." Pete raised his voice: "Girls! Ride over here! Now you folks keep still till the girls get away. Toad Hales, is it? I've seen you before, Mr. Hales. . . . Edith, you go to the mill and tell Jerome I want him. Lyn, you go to Chuck Barefoot's and tell him to get Jim-Ike-Jones and come here and be quick about it. Then you go home."

"What is it, Uncle Pete? Adam?" said Lyn with a quivering lip.

"Yes, dear. Go on, now."

"Dead?"

"Murdered!"

"Adam!"

Both girls cried the name in an agony of horror and pity. Edith bent to her horse's mane, and Lyn rode straight to Hobby Lull.

"Oh, Hobby! Be careful—come back to me!" She raised her lips to his. He took her in his arms and kissed her; she clung to him, shaken with sobbing. "Oh, poor Adam!" she cried. "Poor Adam!"

Charlie See turned away. For one heartbeat of flinching his haunted soul looked from his eyes; then with a gray courage he set his lips to silence. If his face was bleak—why not, for Adam, his friend?

And Edith Harkey, on her sad errand, envied the happy dead. She alone of them all had seen that stricken face.

"Lyn, you go on," said Pete. "Get Barefoot. Then go home and find out where your Uncle Dan is and send him along just as fast as ever God'll let him come."

He turned back to the men.

"Now, then, you fellows! Begin at the beginning. Hales, you didn't know Adam, so you won't be so bad broke up as the others. Suppose you tell us what you know. Wait a minute. Sam, you be saddling up a horse for me. Now, Mr. Hales."

"We were looking out for that gang of saddle thieves. Went up 'Pache Cañon. Along in the park we saw tracks where two shod horses turned down into Redgate and we followed them up. One of 'em had been chasing a bunch of cattle—or so we thought, though we didn't notice that part very close, having no particular reason for it then. We'd looked through two-three bunches of cattle ourselves earlier for Jody's stuff."

"Yes, and you had breakfast, likely; but what do I care? You get on with your story."

"Say, old man," said Hales in some exasperation, "if you don't want this man caught I'm satisfied. It's nothing to me. I didn't know Forbes. If you want this friend of yours to get away I'm willing to get down and stay all night. You're pretty overbearing with your little old shotgun."

He made as if to dismount.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Pete mildly. "Look at your friends first. They're just as overborne as you are, likely—but you notice they are not making any complaints. They know me, you see. They know how Adam Forbes stood in Garfield and what kind of folks live in Garfield; and they know that whoever killed Adam is in trouble up to his neck. You mustn't mind our little ways. However, as the witness is peeved, we'll try another. Jody, speak up and tell us."

"You act like we was under suspicion," sneered Hales.

"Sure you're under suspicion! What do you expect? Everybody's under suspicion till we find the right man. I'm going to send word up and down to hold all strangers. That part is all right. Hello, Jerome! You missed most of the evidence! I'll tell you about it as we go up."

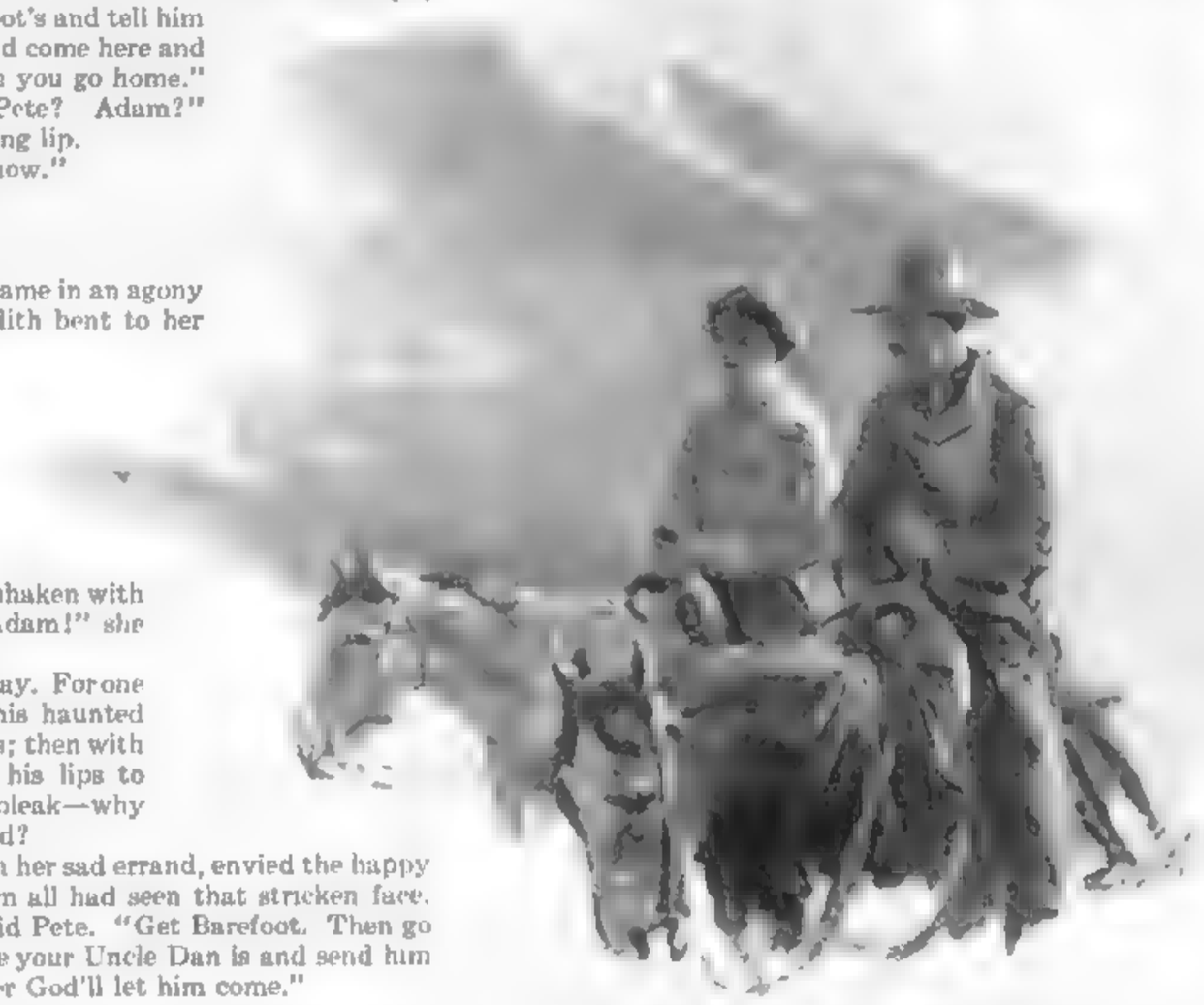
"Now why the little gun?" said Jerome Martin, tranquilly.

"Been holding an election. Now, Jody—your little piece."

"There's not much to tell. We found Adam's body a little ways down the cañon, maybe a quarter or a little more; and just this side of it we found where a yearling had been branded, or a big calf; ashes still warm. Looks just like this fellow had been stealing one of Adam's calves and Adam had caught him at it."

"But you said Adam was shot in the back at close range," objected Charlie. "Adam Forbes wouldn't turn his back to any man under those circumstances. That won't work."

"Yes, we thought of that," said Caney. "More likely he saw Adam coming and killed him before he got to the calf—pretending to be friendly. Anyhow, Adam's horse went off down the cañon and the other man went down the cañon, and we came after him. Oh, yes! His horse lost a shoe—as we told you before—the murderer's. Must have lost it chasing that calf. Tracks didn't show it in the soft ground in the park, anyhow—though we didn't look very close till we found Adam. But after he left



"Yes. It is a Great Gift. I Wish I Had It. That Way Lies Happiness. Me—I am a Spectator"

Adam's body his tracks showed one shoe gone. That's all. Adam's horse bore off to the left. He had a larger foot than the other and we could see where the bridle dragged."

"I'll send someone to find him. You didn't hear any shots?"

"Oh, no—we just thought maybe we'd meet up with some puncher ridin' the range and ask him had he seen any strangers. This gang of saddle thieves ——"

"Yes, I know about them. Thankee, gentlemen. You can ride now. If you catch your man beyond the river you might as well take him on to Hillsboro. Be mighty sure to remember not to forget to be particular to take this young man alive. We want to hang the man that killed Adam Forbes. That's all."

"Here, I want some cartridges," said Hobby. He leaped off and jingled into the store. "Hi, Sam! Get me a box of forty-fives," he called. Then to Harkey, in a guarded voice: "Pete, this looks fishy as hell! Those ashes were warm, they said. Look what time it is now—half past four! The way they were riding, this bunch made it from Redgate in half an hour. We met this stranger near two hours ago. That don't hold together. If the stranger man built that fire the ashes would have been cold when Caney's bunch found them. And they say there are no other tracks. Wrong all wrong!"

"And all the rest of it. Son, I didn't miss a bet. Neither did Charlie See. He looked hard at me. Save your breath. Say nothing and see everything. You do your part and I'll do mine. I'll know more before dark if it don't rain and rub out the tracks. Our Father which is in Garfield hates a lie, and he's fixed up this here solar system so there is no safe place in it for a lie. Sh-sh! Here comes Caney!" He raised his voice: "What the devil do you need of more men? Five to one—what more do you want?"

"Well, but we may lose track of him and want to spread out to look and ask while some of us go on ——"

"Where can I find drinking water?" asked Caney.

"Back there," said Pete, pointing. Then to Hobby: "Well, pick up someone in Arrey, then, or on the way. I want the men round here to go with me and look round before it gets dark. Say, Sam—you send someone up with a wagon to bring Adam back, will you? I'm off—me and Jerome. Tell Jones and Barefoot to come right on. Take care of my team for me."

He went out on the platform. Lull and Caney followed.

"Well, so long, you fellows," said Pete. "Send word back if you find your man. Because there's going to be a lot of irritated strangers when we start to picking them up."

"We had some plunder—grub and a blanket apiece tied behind our saddles, and we dumped 'em, to ride light, where we found Adam—just kept our slickers," said Caney. "Have 'em bring 'em in, will you, Harkey?"

"Sure," said Pete.

IX

THE five pursuers rode swiftly, with inquiry at several farms about the man on the blue horse. Some had seen him; some had not. He had been riding slowly and had kept the main road to Greenhorn. They took the Greenhorn Island ford and found good swimming. The quarry had passed through Donahue's an hour and a half before, taking the road to Arrey. They pushed on furiously. See and Lull fell behind a little.

"Say, this is a rotten deal!" said Charlie. "That man ain't running away. Not on your life. He no more killed Adam Forbes than I did. You know how long ago we met him. If he was the man that built that branding fire how does it happen the ashes were still hot when these fellows found it? By their tell and our timing that was near three hours later. We met him about three; if he made that fire it couldn't have been later than two o'clock, by the looks of his horse. And he's keeping the same steady gait and going straight for Hillsboro, just as he told us. We're gaining on him right along. He's not trying to get away. Either he's innocent or he's got the devil's own nerve."

"Innocent. Pete thinks so too. This crowd tells a fishy story. Did you notice how prompt Caney was to explain why they was there, and why they went down Redgate, and why the stranger shot Adam, and how Adam gave him a chance to shoot him in the back? Always Caney! Say, Charlie, that man was too willing by half!"

"And that excitement. I wasn't surprised at Jody, and I don't know this man Hales—but wouldn't you think Ed Caney had seen enough men killed not to fight his head like that? He didn't have much use for Adam either. Adam backed him down once. It was kept quiet, but Anastacio told me, on the dead. It tickled Anastacio. No, sir—those three fellows acted like they might be wishin' to start a stampede. I'm not satisfied a little bit."

"A grudge? But if one of these ducks is in, they're all in. This is something else. Or, of course, it may have been some other person altogether, and these people may have merely lost their heads. Do you reckon that placer hunt of Adam's might have had anything to do with it? Poor old Adam! We'll find time to grieve for him after we get the man that rubbed him out."

"I can't hardly realize it. It won't come home to us till we've seen him, I expect. I keep saying it over to myself—'Adam's dead'—but I don't believe it. And only last night Edith sang that nightingale song after him—poor kid. Say—look at that, will you? You'd think Caney didn't dare trust us to talk together."

Caney dropped back to them.

"Can't you two get any action out of them horses of yourn?" he snarled. "It'll soon be dark on us. Your horses are enough sight fresher than ours."

Charlie See jumped his horse up and reined him to his haunches beside Caney, eye to eye; he cocked his hat athwart.

"Now, Mr. Ed Caney," he said sweetly, "any time you're not just satisfied with the way I behave you know what you can do. This place is here and this time is now. Fly to it!"

"Why, what's eating you, Charlie? This spitfire-wildcat-wolf-and-my-night-to-howl thing is a new lay, isn't it? I always gave you credit for some sense."

"Your mistake," said Charlie. "You ride on. I don't like deputy sheriffs much; especially deputies from Dona Ana; and most extra special and particular, tall deputies from Dona Ana with their faces pitted with smallpox, going by the name of Ed Caney and butting into my private conversation. Me and old Stargazer will be in at the finish, and we don't need anybody to tell us how fast to go or nothing like that at all. So what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to ride on—that's what!" said Caney. "You can come along or you can go to hell—I don't care."

"It's a cruel world," said Charlie. "I've heard people call you a fool, but I know better now. Don't you worry about us not keeping up."

Caney drove home the spurs and drew ahead.

They galloped into Arrey.

Yes, they had seen a man on a blue horse. Filled his canteen here. Peart pair! . . . Which way? Oh, right up the big road to Hillsb'ro—him singin' and the horse dancin'. . . . Oh, maybe half an hour ago. He stayed

(Continued on Page 52)

Getting to your destination is one thing—enjoying every mile of the way is quite another. It's the rest and the pleasure which it crowds into the moments, and the hours, that make touring in the Cadillac singular and unusual.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Keeping Well

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

EACH time I have prepared a short story dealing with some particular phase of health preservation letters have come to me from readers suggesting an article on preventive medicine. One can approach this subject only with fear and trepidation because of the wide diversity of ideas on health matters prevailing everywhere. However, no problem is more important than that which concerns ways to keep well, and though probably more words of advice have been written on this subject than on any other it is a question that never grows old and that does not suffer overmuch through repetition.

Of all bodily enemies none is more to be feared than our own human willfulness. The unfortunate thing in this matter of health maintenance is that so many of the individual habits and practices that tend to destroy us are so pleasant in the doing, while the strict observance of accepted health rules frequently entails sacrifice and self-restraint. No preachments are more unpopular than those which are designed to curtail our enjoyments, and yet it often happens that none are more essential.

In former times the practice of medicine was regarded as a sort of dark art or mystery profession that the layman must accept in full faith and without question. Even to-day some physicians consider it somewhat of an impertinence if the patient expresses a desire to know something of the nature of the ingredients in the pills he is given or the prescription he has been asked to have filled and take. But the really modern doctor does not try to excite awe through any display of professional knowledge. He is aware that all intelligent people have more or less taken up the study of the human body, and its workings no longer baffle understanding as they once did.

As one noted physician said: "The fundamental fact lying at the foundation of preventive medicine is the healthy individual." Man is affected by his surroundings, by the accidents of life, and by the different forms of disease; however, it is his own body, with its growth and development, its resistant soil, its natural powers of defense, which forms the basis of health and scientific prevention of disease. The ordinary measures for health building have been preached at us from the pulpit and the press so persistently that it would seem as if all educated people should be possessed of the requisite knowledge on the subject.

Notwithstanding all this, we find countless intelligent persons neglecting the simplest and most fundamental rules of healthful living.

Though the general death rate in the United States has declined in recent years, the death rate from organic diseases has increased steadily since 1880. In infancy, childhood and early adult life the record is better, but vital statistics indicate a decline in the "expectancy of life" from forty years on. The mortality rate from several of the more common organic diseases has practically doubled during the past thirty years. Most of the diseases that are on the increase are those that might be termed "diseases of degeneration." They involve the kidneys, heart and blood vessels in the main, and are most common among people engaged in sedentary occupations.

The substitution of machines for men in industry is a natural and desirable outcome of our advancing civilization. However, this means that fewer people are employed at manual labor, and it is a well-known fact that workers in the sedentary occupations require less physical and more nervous energy. The waste products that should be eliminated through the skin and lungs by means of physical exercise overload the kidneys, and these organs as a consequence fail to function properly. The muscles used in hard physical work tend to assist the circulation of the blood. Furthermore, brain work cannot burn up food poisons as physical exertion does, and these poisons overload the arteries and render them weak and brittle. The heart muscles become flabby and are weakened by the same cause. While science, invention and engineering skill are making it possible for us to maintain production with less physical effort than was necessary heretofore, we shall pay heavily for this boon unless we substitute a moderate amount of daily exercise for the manual work previously performed.

City life creates a drain on our nervous energy and conduces to an existence of physical ease. Twenty-nine men out of every thirty who applied for admission to the marine service from the Manhattan District of New York City were rejected because of physical defects. The proportion of city inhabitants has increased more than one hundred and twenty per cent in the last forty-five years. One recent investigation showed that during the last decade our rural population has increased only eleven per cent, while our urban population has increased thirty-five per cent. The yearly consumption of patent medicines has increased more than three hundred per cent a person in thirty years; in fact, statistics show that here in the United States alone the population consumes approximately eighty million pounds of drugs annually, most of which is taken without a physician's advice.

As before stated, the general death rate in this country has shown a material decrease in recent years. Only a generation ago the death rate was thirty-one in one thousand, while now it is but a little more than sixteen a thousand. Yet statisticians estimate that six hundred thousand deaths occur annually in the United States which might have been prevented. The resulting waste from this avoidable illness and death amounts to more than a billion dollars every twelve months. Noted scientists contend that, notwithstanding the marvelous advances made in the science of medicine, the probable progress in this field during the next few decades will be more wonderful than it has been in all the centuries that have passed. It is believed that some way will be found to reconstruct man's primitive instinct for self-preservation. Though possessed of far superior intelligence, man has less defense against disease than the lower animals. Along with mental development came deterioration of various important senses that help animals in self-protection.

Among the things attracting much attention to-day are the vitamines, which are normally present in our diet, and the lack of which causes such "deficiency diseases" as scurvy, beriberi and rickets. There is much to be learned concerning these vitamines, for science has not yet definitely and finally established their nature and action. Only a few months ago one of the leading English authorities stated that the vitamines are dietetic ferments. "From one point of view," says he, "life is but a series of fermentations, and it is these fermentations that first develop us and later bring on old age." These ferments, commonly called vitamines, are present in every well-balanced diet. Some of them cause growth or bodily development and if this particular class of ferments is withheld development is arrested. Experiments on animals encourage the belief that if a diet is prepared that lacks the growth vitamines the animal fed on this diet will flourish for a long period of time, and instead of proceeding to the next stage in its life history it will remain in the stage of prematurity in which it is.

All this may seem not only amazing but unbelievable, yet a noted physician and scientific investigator whose work brought him international fame during the war has expressed the view that the discovery of "growth vitamines" is the epoch-making first step toward possibilities which can only be called infinite. He suggests: "Just as the discovery of radium has vindicated the alchemists, for it has led us on to the transmutation of the elements, so also our recent advances in knowledge concerning vitamines, which served at first only to explain one or two rare diseases, show us the way to the 'elixir of youth.' Ferments, either of dietetic origin or elaborated by the body for the body, with the aid of diet, are at the heart of the matter. To a small degree they can already be controlled, and I do not doubt that some day man will make himself, apart from accident and disease, practically immortal."

Stated plainly, this means that science expects to conquer old age and slowly but surely lengthen the span of human life. The average individual continues to grow and develop physically until he or she reaches the age of about twenty-one years. The expectation of science is that in the future when a youth has completed his growth and the age of maturity has commenced, a modification in the diet of the person will literally cause him to remain twenty-one for a period of years, and thereafter, on the resumption of an ordinary diet, to develop in the usual way as if he were still twenty-one. The lack of an infinitesimal something in the young man's diet would have presented him with many extra years of ever-blossoming youth.

Unfortunately, those of us who have arrived on the stage prematurely and who must therefore labor along without being able to partake of any elixir to stay decay and retard the coming of age, can only resort to health practices that are already understood and proved. It is claimed that the human race is now losing an average of fifteen years of life through lack of the use of readily obtainable knowledge concerning health and disease.

Bacteria are the agents of disease. Several methods of defense may be used against them. Many varieties of bacteria cannot live in sunlight, and high heat will kill all forms of germ life. This is the reason the surgeon cleanses his instruments by boiling. Disease germs may also be destroyed by chemicals in the form of liquids or gases. Formalin is an admirable disinfectant. Lime, either in the form of chloride or quicklime, is also a satisfactory destroyer of bacteria. It should be freshly prepared when used on feces, sewage and garbage. Alcohol is a good agent, for it can be used on the skin without injury to the tissues. The disinfecting power of most fumigating gases is slight. Formaldehyde gas is one of the most efficient fumigators. It should be used at a temperature of sixty-five degrees or higher, and with an initial humidity of sixty-five per cent.

Bacteria may be destroyed by indirect methods which deny them entrance to the normal habitats where they multiply rapidly. In this system conditions are made so unsatisfactory and unfavorable for the evil germs that they die without any reproduction of their kind. The introduction of individual drinking cups has reduced the spread of disease. There is now a growing movement to educate the public to use gauze or paper, which is later

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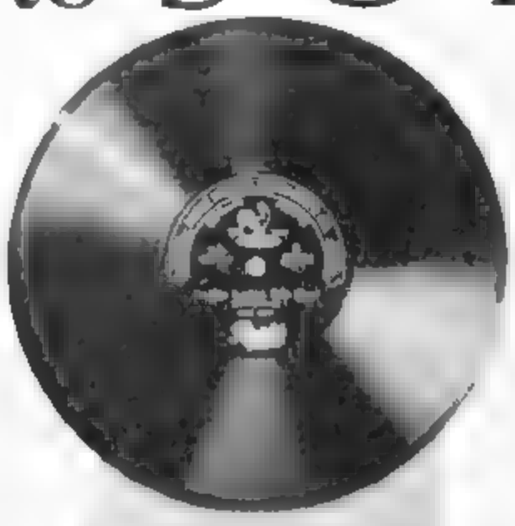

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burned, instead of handkerchiefs to receive sputum and nasal discharges from people who are ill with diseases caused by dangerous microörganisms. There are plenty of other uses for handkerchiefs than those to which they are now most frequently put. Much illness has resulted from the failure in many households to boil all bed and body clothes, towels, napkins and the like. In a home where someone is suffering from contagious disease all dishes should be boiled; useless articles in the sick room should be burned, and all other articles that will stand it should be treated by heat and the room later subjected to gaseous disinfection. Carpets and rugs should be exposed to strong sunlight, and the room itself should be opened as much as possible to sun and air.

Vaccination has been well proved, and merely consists in giving the individual, by means of virus, a mild form of the threatening disease, thus affording the person an acquired immunity. The very latest advance in the use of a preventive serum is in combating pneumonia, which has been so prevalent throughout the world in recent years. Statistics show that the common type of pneumonia, caused by the germ known as Pneumococcus, Type I, has normally a mortality of twenty-five per cent. Careful experiments conducted by members of the staff of the Army Medical School in Washington indicate that when this kind of pneumonia is treated with Type I pneumococcus serum the mortality is reduced from twenty-five to about seven per cent. If the serum is injected into the veins at frequent intervals early in the disease it will completely abort what would otherwise be a serious and often fatal illness. Even when started late, in very severe cases, the serum treatment may cure, though it will not appreciably shorten the course of the disease. Failure will most often result from an incorrect determination of the type of the pneumococcus that is responsible, starting the treatment too late, administering it in too small doses or not frequently enough to be of value. The experiments that resulted in these conclusions were made on monkeys, in which this type of pneumonia differs in no essential respect from the same disease in man.

In some diseases, such as pneumonia, one attack seems to predispose to another. The same holds good of colds, rheumatic fever, diphtheria and various other illnesses. One of the biggest puzzles confronting the medical fraternity relates to the natural protection against disease exhibited by the human body. This is not entirely explained by the fact that many of the bacteria which come into the body are fought and eaten by the white cells of the blood. Medical scientists now presuppose the existence in the blood of certain substances, not demonstrable chemically, but often demonstrable biologically, which they designate as antibodies. They presuppose and can demonstrate biologically a different set of antibodies for each dangerous microörganism.

The main avenues by which disease germs enter the body are the nose, throat and ears. Great is the loss in time and money through the common cold. A normal nose and throat are essential for the prevention of colds. The correction of abnormalities often rids a person of the tendency to frequent colds. Other common causes of colds are constipation, vitiated air, dust, drafts, sudden changes of temperature, overwork, loss of sleep, improper food and exposure. In this connection it should be observed that the foregoing are only contributing factors, for though they weaken bodily resistance and render the person vulnerable the actual cause of a cold is always bacteria. It is the best opinion that we should quarantine for ordinary colds, just as we do for measles and other forms of illness, for colds are often the beginning of such diseases.

It is an old story that adenoids cause backwardness in children and endanger the health of adults. It is likewise well understood that diseased tonsils are a source of danger, causing rheumatic fever, damaged kidneys and heart trouble. The Eustachian tubes connecting the throat and ears need occasional attention, for germs may travel through them, infect the ears and cause deafness. Nothing should ever be inserted in the ear; when wax interferes with the hearing it should be removed by a physician. Catarrh is not a disease but a symptom, and merely indicates that the mucous membrane of the nose and throat is not normal. The excessive use of nasal douches and gargles is unwise, for the antiseptic power of such liquids is slight. If they are made of sufficient strength to combat bacteria they will irritate and damage the tissues.

Pages might be written without doing more than scratch the surface of the subject of preventive medicine. It is possible, however, to set forth a few helpful rules that not only will be of benefit but will arouse greater interest in the subject.

The average person requires from two to four quarts of water a day. This includes the amount that is taken in the form of fruits, vegetables and other foods. The old idea that water is harmful when taken with each meal has been generally disproved. Constipation is frequently due to too little water.

Scrupulous care in a household is as important as Federal or state inspection. Parasites are killed by proper cooking. When food is correctly cooked, and not afterward contaminated, it cannot transmit disease.

All windows should be opened wide before using the room in which one lives or works. A temperature of not more than seventy degrees during the winter months is considered best. One window should be kept open at the top, and one at the bottom, to permit the exit of bad air and the entrance of good. A draft may easily be prevented by the use of a window board.

Loose clothing is best, for this permits the free circulation of air. A person should not wear more clothes than are necessary to keep him warm. During cold weather it is advisable to depend upon overcoats rather than heavyweight underclothing for additional warmth outdoors. Tight hats conduce to baldness by cutting off the blood supply from the skin of the head.

The important thing in eating is the kind of food taken rather than the quantity consumed. When very tired one should refrain from eating a hearty meal, and it is not best to eat between meals, for this tends to overload the stomach. Overeating has caused more sickness than undereating. People who do not perform muscular labor should place a curb on their appetites. Hard foods, such as toast, hard fruits and other eatables known as roughage, are necessary to health. The body does not require a great amount of protein, or repair food, and therefore an individual should be careful to limit the amount of eggs and meat to only what the body needs; otherwise the system will accumulate poisons. The weight of food is no gauge of its nutritive value. A pound of watermelon contains no more food value than a small square of butter weighing but the fraction of an ounce. The pressure and excitement of working fast tend to cause rapid eating, which is harmful in the extreme.

Stand, sit and walk erect; constipation is induced by a slouching position. Overwork lowers resistance. Keep away from crowds when you are tired, especially in time of a disease epidemic. Boil water when there is any doubt concerning its purity. Bacteria lurk under finger nails, and the washing of hands with a brush before meals is essential in disease prevention. Solomon praised the merry heart because he knew that play is an important factor in health preservation.

Eight hours is about the average person's needed quota of sleep. A lukewarm bath or a glass of warm milk often induces sleep. The state of the mind always affects the body for good or ill. The optimist has a better chance for health than the pessimist. The kind of exercise we take is not so important as regularity. Fatigue is Nature's warning. It is caused by poisons poured into the blood, which sometimes result from too violent and long-continued effort. Overfatigue often causes sleeplessness.

The so-called juvenile diseases should not be regarded lightly. The after results of these diseases are often disastrous.

Kidney disease, especially in young people, is often a sequel of scarlet fever. Nephritis and heart disease are also possible complications that may result. Measles is frequently followed by pneumonia. Nothing could be more foolish than the policy of some mothers in failing to guard a child from an infectious children's disease because "they have to have it sometime; why not now?"

The health of children in industry is now receiving attention and there has lately been organized by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor a permanent committee to determine the physical standards for children who work. A physical minimum for children entering employment was provided for in the standards adopted by Federal conferences held in 1919. It was then declared that a child must not be permitted to enter industry until he has submitted to a physical examination by a public-school physician or other authorized medical officer, and has been found to be of normal development for a child of his age and physically fit for the kind of employment he proposes to enter.

It should not be forgotten that private health and public health are so closely related that they are practically inseparable. For instance, in the case of typhoid fever the individual is quite helpless without the coöperation of the community, for the spread of the disease can be prevented only by giving careful attention to the purity of the water supply, adequate housing and the proper handling of food outside the home. Everyone should take an active interest in public health problems, for each citizen not only pays his individual doctor's bills but also his share of the community's medical expenses in taxes. Government investigations showed that two hundred and seventy million days are lost to employers every year from illness, and this does not take into account the losses resulting from inefficient labor and decreased production due to the physical defects of employees.

Very few people fully realize the rapid progress that has been made in disease prevention in recent years. Our mortality statistics show that during 1918 here in the United States there were seven hundred and thirty-three deaths at the age of one hundred years or over. This is not a bad showing when we consider that the course of civilization is carrying us farther away from Nature as the years pass. True, there are many diseases, such as infantile paralysis and cancer, we know little about. But even in such cases the search for additional knowledge is constant and each day adds new and helpful facts to those already in hand.

For instance, in the case of cancer, it was only a few years ago that the very thought that anyone had the disease created an atmosphere of despair and a sense of fatalism. Now, in spite of the fact that cancer causes ninety thousand deaths in the United States each year, the disease is no longer dreaded as equivalent to a death sentence. We may not understand just how it acts, but we do know that if it is treated early enough it may be removed by competent surgical or other treatment. It is not contagious, hereditary nor a blood disease. Continued irritation in some form is the usual cause of cancer. It rarely results from a sudden injury. Sixty per cent of cancers of the rectum are first regarded as piles. Sores, cracks, lacerations, lumps and ulcers which do not heal, and warts, moles or birthmarks which change in size, color or appearance, may turn into cancer unless treated and cured. Every lump in the breast should be examined by a competent doctor. Persistent abnormal discharge or bleeding is suspicious. This really sums up our present knowledge concerning cancer, but even such limited information, if remembered and acted upon promptly, would save thousands of lives.

One thing is sure: We cannot have a race of strong men and women unless we first have healthy babies. Great Britain is the foremost nation in recognizing this fact, and in 1918 her national government expended one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars solely in support of infant-welfare work in England and Wales. The number of health centers increased from eight hundred and fifty in 1917 to fifteen hundred and fifty in 1919, more than half of them supported entirely by public funds. Attendance at the centers has also shown a phenomenal increase. One welfare station in Gloucester, which in 1918 received two hundred and sixty-three expectant mothers, had nine hundred and thirty-two on its rolls in 1919. In 1918 the infant-mortality rate for England and Wales was ninety-four, while the rate in the United States was one hundred and one.

This business of keeping well is more a matter of increased individual effort through the more general use of the information we now possess, than of adding new knowledge to the supply already on hand.

Plans for More Homes

THE housing problem is still of great importance, and it is possible it will become increasingly serious because of the fact that deficient hauling and handling facilities are preventing early relief in the matter of home building. Not less than 450,000 dwellings should be built in the United States each year to supply the normal demand for housing. In 1918 only 20,000 new houses were built. In 1919 the best estimates indicate that about 70,000 dwellings were completed.

In 1890 each 100 homes were occupied by 110.5 families. To-day every 100 dwellings are occupied by 121 families. Strange as it may appear, the shortage of homes has not yet reduced the annual marriage rate. It is estimated that by 1925 there will be 27,900,000 families living in this country. If the present rate of building continues for the next five years we shall have constructed by the end of that period only about 425,000 dwellings and the congestion will be approximately 129 families for 100 homes, or about two families to every fourth house.

In order to keep pace with the increasing number of families in the United States during the coming five years we will have to construct 2,139,000 homes before the summer of 1926. If we are to return to conditions as favorable as existed in 1913, when 115 families occupied 100 homes, we will have to build more than 3,300,000 dwellings in the next sixty months.

In the meantime I am entirely ignoring the fact that our annual residential fire losses equal 13,000 homes, valued at $5000 each. We should also consider in such a survey that several thousand dwellings are demolished each year to make way for new building work. Wharton Clay, architectural engineer, has compiled the following interesting table showing how the number of families in the country has exceeded the number of dwellings during the past thirty years:

	FAMILIES	DWELLINGS
1890	12,690,152	11,468,318
1900	16,187,715	14,439,445
1910	20,255,555	17,806,845
1915	22,786,400	19,853,717
1916	23,202,887	20,263,051
1917	23,749,275	20,672,051
1918	24,405,962	20,868,562
1919	24,872,051	20,870,051
1920	25,341,443	20,900,000

The enormous task that confronts the nation in this matter of adequate housing facilities is clearly evident when we consider that 1,000,000 houses, if constructed right

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LIBERTY SIX

THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 25)

"I have no idea what this is all about," he snarled at last, "but I warn you, I see no humor in it at all; and I warn you that I shall take steps to see that you regret it. If it's a joke it is a poor one; if it is intimidation for some purpose I can't even guess at you've got the wrong man, for I can't be forced; if it is blackmail ——"

But at this point Corbell interrupted.

"Come, Mr. Boyd, there is no use in all that! The point is, you are going with us! The rest can wait. But let me in turn tell you this: So long as you go peaceably and quietly you will go comfortably, as you are. But the moment you attempt to struggle or cry out Mr. Hunter will take charge. You say you are not to be frightened by threats, but that is one you would do well to attend."

Without further parley the group moved compactly along the diagonal walk that led across the park. At the farther corner waited Frank Moore, with the buckboard and José, Corbell's horse wrangler. He peered at them interestedly as they approached, but said nothing.

"Now here's the plan," said Corbell. "José will drive you back to the ranch. Bill, you and Shot will occupy the back seat, with Mr. Boyd between you. I don't need to tell you what to do. The rest of us will be over by to-morrow evening or next day sometime. We've got to get things moving at this end. I suppose you got a fresh team, José, and some grub?"

"Sure," replied the Mexican.

"All right, you're off! See you later!"

No one spoke. Boyd at a signal mounted to the back seat in the buckboard, which presently drove off.

"If you're going to abduct, nothing like having a sensible man to abduct," observed Corbell.

"No trouble, eh?" asked Frank.

"Not a bit. At first he thought we were drunk. Then when he saw we were in earnest he came along like a lamb."

"Yellow, you think?"

"Not a little bit. Just cool and sensible. I'll bet he's doing a lot of wondering. Well, let's get back to the hotel and see what wires Ken has sent."

"Hold on," interposed Carlson, "what am I to do with this?"

"Hullo, who you got there?" cried Frank.

"Sing Toy, the colonel's Chink—sneaking round with a gun. Oh, Lord, I forgot all about him! And he saw it all! We've got to keep him quiet. Bring him along!"

2

THEY returned to their old gathering place, the little room back of the Frémont bar, Sing Toy padding contentedly alongside. He seated himself on the edge of a chair, tucked his feet demurely underneath it and proceeded at once to cross-question his captors.

"What you do with dat man?" he demanded.

"What you do with that gun?" countered Corbell.

"Dat allee light." Sing Toy brushed this minor detail aside. "I wan' know what you do with dat man?"

"Look here, Sing Toy," said Corbell earnestly, "we no hurt him. We take him across the mountain, keep him one week—two week—bring him back."

"What for?" demanded Sing Toy.

"That our pidgin," replied Corbell. "You good friend to us. You say nothing at all to anybody."

"What for you take him?" said Sing Toy.

He looked from one to the other with his beady eyes, but without moving his head.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Corbell in despair.

He knew the Chinese—everyone knew the Chinese in those days—and he recognized the bland persistency that would be neither swerved nor balked.

"Look here, Sing Toy," he explained with an elaborate appearance of patience, "you live long time with the colonel—good many year."

"Fo'teen year, tlee month," supplied Sing Toy.

"All right. You like Colonel Peyton very much?"

Sing Toy nodded, unblinking.

"Well, this man not good friend to colonel. So we take him over mountains because he do bad pidgin for the colonel, and we want to stop it."

"Aren't you giving this show away too much? He'll get us into trouble if he blabs," interposed Frank swiftly.

"He can get us into just as much trouble with what he saw to-night—if he wants to," Corbell pointed out. "Better let me run this."

Sing Toy waited until this byplay was finished, quite as though he had not understood a word of it.

"We want you to say nothing," continued Corbell. "We no hurt him."

Daphne Took His Arm in Both Hers. It Was the Dark of the Moon, But the Starlight Filled the Cup of Heaven Like Mist

"You kill him you want to," stated Sing Toy astonishingly. "I no care. I kill him myself, but you go stop me."

They stared at him in blank astonishment.

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Corbell. "So you were laying for Boyd with that baby cannon of yours, were you? What for you want kill him?"

"Same t'ing. He make bad pidgin for cunnel."

"What do you know about it?"

"Know all 'bout it. My second-uncle, he wo'k in bank."

Suddenly Sing Toy became voluble. His monosyllabic style of discourse gave way to a flood of apparently uncorrelated syllables. It did not sound exactly like Chinese. As a matter of fact it was Sing Toy's kind of English produced under excitement. Ravenscroft stared rather wildly, but the others smoked in placid calm. They knew the Chinese, and they were waiting for Sing Toy to run down. When this at length happened Corbell resumed his catechism. Patiently, by question, he elicited sentence by sentence what the oration had been about. Sing Toy's second-uncle seemed to have been possessed of astonishingly particularized information. Sing Toy knew more about the colonel's affairs, the amount and kind of his paper, and especially all the details of the directors' meeting, including its discussions and the nature of its agreements and resolutions, than any man present. The four white men listened with a growing respect.

"So you sorted out your gun and went after him. What you think you make by that?" commented Carlson, when he had finished.

"Ev'ybody say they solly, velly solly. Nobody do nothing at all—nobody," stated Sing Toy. "I try get money. All Chinaman know cunnel. They know he good man—that he pay sometime. They jus' soon lend cunnel money. No can get enough. So I go kill him."

"Sing Toy, you're all right!" cried Carlson warmly.

"What for you take him? What you do with dat man?" Sing Toy returned inexorably to his first question.

Corbell rolled a comical eye at his friends and began painstakingly to explain in words of one syllable. He was cut short.

"I savvy," said Sing Toy. "You got 'nuff money?"

"Well—no—not quite," confessed Corbell. "But we'll fix that somehow."

"How much you need?"

"Oh, quite a lot."

"How much?"

"Better tell him first as last," laughed Carlson. "He'll never let up on you."

"Thirty thousand dollars," said Corbell.

"All light," agreed Sing Toy placidly. "I ketch um."

"You'll get it? Thirty thousand dollars? Where can you raise that sum?" cried Corbell with scornful incredulity.

"Chinatown. I ketch um."

"But, Sing Toy, you can't take any such sum from your friends on this sort of thing. The security is not very good."

"You tell me some day he pay him back?" asked Sing Toy.

"Yes, if he can. But we can't be sure—it's very uncertain."

"All light," interrupted Sing Toy comfortably. "Cunnel my fiend, you my fiend, all fiends of Chinaman in Chinatown. You say pay him some day. Dat all light. I ketch um."

At that moment Kenneth's voice was heard in the barroom interrogating Barney.

"He's all right," said Corbell hurriedly. "He's good boy. He's not in this."

"I know. He all light," said Sing Toy, and the men looking on his kindly, carved old face confessed to respectful wonder. In him seemed to be embodied all the mysterious knowledge and wisdom of the Orient.

11

THE night drive over the mountains was without special incident. Boyd disgustedly thought his captors drunk and informed with one of the wild ideas for which they were famous—another prank for which they would be sorry and very apologetic in the morning—and he would see that they were good and sorry, he thought savagely. It was about time that someone showed this gang of hoodlums that they couldn't break laws and annoy peaceful citizens for their own amusement. There had been too much leniency, too much good-natured tolerance. These were men—not irresponsible boys. It was time they grew up.

With these and similar thoughts did Boyd pass the long, slow journey and keep himself warm in the cool night air of the valley. Nobody uttered a syllable the whole distance. The silence was unbroken except for the creak and rattle of the buckboard, the scrape of the brakes, the strain of the harness, the soft occasional snorting or blowing of the horses. On either side of Boyd the bulky forms of Bill Hunter and Sheridan were wedged in so tightly that movement was all but impossible. They did not act drunk.

The arrival at Corbell's ranch house was at a little after daybreak, that time just before the sun comes over the hill, when the air is shivery, the light gray and the rose-colored east is paling rapidly to the clarities of yellow and green. In the half light the men's faces looked gray and fatigued. The flame of Boyd's anger had sunk with his vitality. He had become viciously sullen. Sheridan and Hunter got out stiffly on either side the buckboard.

"We stop here," said Sheridan briefly.

They went into the central part of the ranch house, and after a moment's hesitation Boyd followed them. Hunter was rapidly constructing a fire in the big fireplace, while Sheridan was fussing with an alcohol coffee machine that stood ready on the side table. Presently the flames were leaping up the chimney. Hunter then went out, and a moment later his huge voice could be heard rousing the Chinese cook.

"We'll have breakfast in a few minutes," he observed, returning. "Better thaw out, Mr. Boyd."

Boyd drew near the grateful warmth. These men were cold sober. The prank, if it was a prank, was not the freak product of whim. It was being carried out deliberately. For what earthly purpose? A bet? That might well be. But in the last analysis this did not seem a convincing solution. These men were wild enough and

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careless enough of opinion, but they were gentlemen and good sportsmen and not likely to bet in cold blood on a feat that would bring so great a degree of discomfort and inconvenience to an outsider. Nor would it be a funny bet, as it might be were they to kidnap old Major Gaylord or somebody of like dignity. It seemed more serious, more planned than a joke.

If not a joke, then what the motive? Self-interest? What self-interest, and how was it to be served? Boyd's logical mind attacked these problems one at a time. Leaving for later consideration what the self-interest might be, how could kidnaping him in this fashion further it? Either they would try to intimidate him into some course of action, or they were getting him out of the way for a certain length of time for some purpose. What then was the self-interest? Boyd had certain definite interests in Arguello County, and he ran them over mentally to determine possible points of contact. The real-estate transactions were dead and buried; the water rights and works were entirely out of their ken. It was undoubtedly the matter of the Peyton ranch. The notes were to be handed over in four days.

This lead opened many possibilities—too many to canvass. They might think that by keeping him beyond the appointed time the deal would fall through; they might have some arrangement to take it over themselves when Boyd failed to complete the transaction; they might hope to force him by threat to some course of action. Boyd was too tired after his all-night drive to think the thing out to its conclusion. But he felt he was on the right track. Therefore he drew up to the breakfast with a more cheerful countenance. He resented being made the victim of a silly joke. But this—here was a fight worthy of him. Intimidation? He'd show them that a man who had faced the wolf pack had no fear of them! A more subtle scheme? He had used his wit before. What could these inexperienced back-country ranchmen concoct that would be proof against his experience? He eyed Big Bill and Shot with sardonic amusement. Thick-headed watchdogs, these. No use wasting time on them. He had heard Corbell tell them to expect him that evening. There was his real antagonist.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked as he drew up his chair, "I assure you I do not know what this is all about, unless you will enlighten me."

"Better wait for Bert—Corbell," mumbled Bill.

"I thought so. But perhaps you can tell me what are my privileges. I am a prisoner?"

"Do anything you please," answered Sheridan. "We'll show you a room, and I'll get you some plunder to make you comfortable. There's plenty of smokes and drinks. You probably want some sleep. You're welcome to move round all you want."

"Round, but not away," suggested Boyd.

"Oh, you're not going to get away!" replied Shotwell grimly. "We're responsible for your appearance this evening, and you're going to appear! It's some few miles to the nearest house—except some of our ranch houses. The country is open, and there will be men on watch. Try to get away if you think it will amuse you. You have my permission."

"Thanks," returned Boyd dryly, "but I'm too heavy for all that footwork. Besides, I'd rather like to be here this evening. I may have a word to say myself."

"That'll be all right," Shot yawned prodigiously. "Suit yourself. I'm going to turn in for a snooze. Want me to show you where you bunk?"

Corbell's trap drew in about four o'clock, followed shortly by two horsemen. Boyd, who had wakened refreshed and was taking a cigar under the big cottonwood trees up the creek, saw them dismount and disappear in the ranch house. He smiled sardonically. The time for a show-down had come. They would find with whom they had to deal. He was in no hurry—let them come to him.

But they did not come to him. He finished his cigar. Then making up his mind he started off briskly down the road. He could make the stage station in about three hours, he figured, provided he was not prevented. Boyd did not really expect to accomplish an escape, but he was grimly amused to determine how much rope he was to be allowed. About a mile down the road he turned off into the sagebrush and across country in the general direction of the stage station. He came to a bare knoll wooded on top. Struck with an idea, he circled this, climbed rapidly on the far side to the summit, and there advanced cautiously through the low growth until he could look back. The rolling countryside lay spread before him, bathed in the yellow light of late afternoon. The scattered oaks and patches of sagebrush stood out with stereoscopic clearness. Boyd scanned every foot carefully. Nothing moved save strings of cattle sauntering placidly in the direction of water. For ten minutes Boyd lay there waiting for something to appear. Nothing did. Then he rose and walked on briskly. It was incredible, but it actually seemed as though his abandoning of the road had set him free of surveillance, or perhaps the watcher had nodded. At any rate, it was too good a chance to lose, and at every moment the chance grew better, for the sun was touching the mountains.

At the end of an hour he came over the edge of a grass hill square upon Bill Hunter seated in the buckboard smoking his pipe.

"Nice day for a walk," said Bill. "Fellow gets farther than he thinks. Thought you might like a lift back. It's getting close to supper time."

Boyd stared. How had the man contrived to intercept him in this uncanny fashion? Never mind that for the present. His eye had noticed the spirited, restless team, and an idea had struck him.

"I'm through with your foolishness, and you drive on. I'm not going with you."

"Oh, yes, you are!"

"How will you make me?"

Bill surveyed him lazily.

"If this was the Wild West," said he, "I'd pull a gun on you and tell you to climb in."

"A lot of attention I'd pay to your gun!" returned Boyd contemptuously. "I'm not fool enough to think that you mean murder. I'd call your bluff. You wouldn't shoot."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind," said Bill, his voice hardening for a moment. "But we needn't argue that—it ain't necessary. I can handle two of you, and I'll just lift you in like a baby. Want me to show you?"

Boyd grinned triumphantly and stooped to pick up a handful of the hard adobe.

"The first little move you make toward leaving your seat I'll bombard your horses. I think you'd have your hands full then. Now you drive right on peacefully ahead of me until we get to the stage station. I know something about horses, and I know a few handfuls of this will give you something to manage, even if you were as big as a house."

"Ingenious cuss, ain't you?" observed Bill. "But I was aiming to let Chino hold the horses."

He waved his hand. Boyd whirled, to find behind him a stolid, carven-faced, dark man.

"Chino is quite an Injin," said Bill cheerfully. "Say, how did you suppose I happened to meet you here, anyway? You must think I'm a good guesser." He spoke a few words in Spanish and received a reply. "I was just asking him which way you'd come," he volunteered to Boyd. "That hill is a good place to spy from, all right. You had the right idea there. But you're too green at this sort of thing. You were just watching your back track to see if you were followed, and you saw nothing. Good reason there was nothing there. Chino was away off your flank all the time." He laughed his great guffaw. "Come on, hop in! It's getting on to sunset."

Boyd climbed aboard without another word, and they drove back to the ranch.

There he was greeted politely, as though nothing had happened. He ate supper in almost complete silence, answering direct questions in monosyllables. After supper he sat foursquare and smoked his cigar. He made up his mind to force them to make the first move. That was good strategy. Only they did not make it. All sorts of topics were discussed, as though Boyd were not present at all. At nine o'clock Corbell rose.

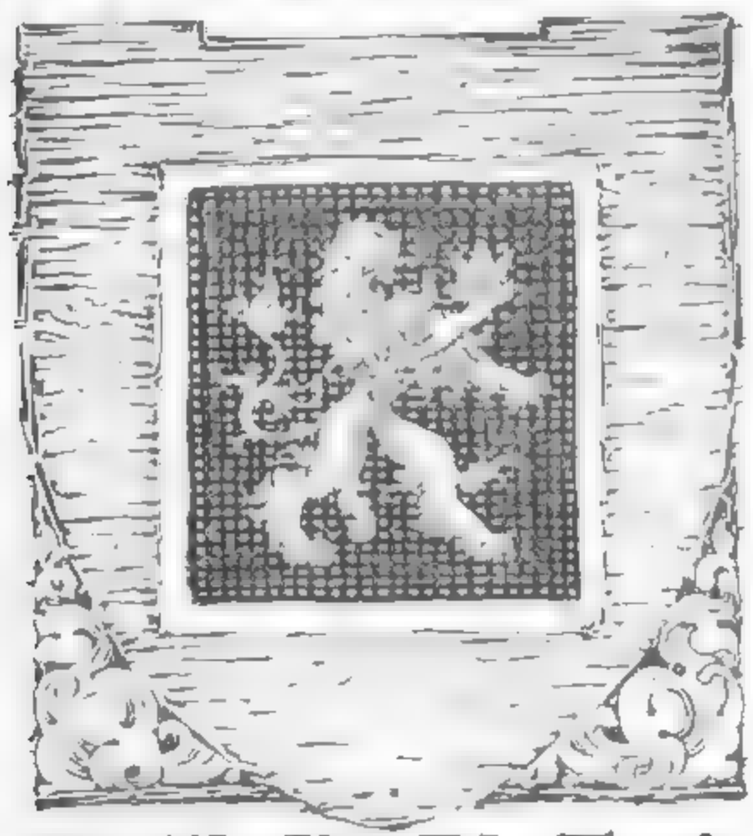
"Let's get to bed," he suggested. "We must all be tired."

And before he knew it Boyd found himself in his bedroom, as much at sea as ever concerning what it was all about. Nor did he obtain any more satisfaction when—wearying of the waiting game—he took the offensive. Everybody listened to him, and no one said anything in reply. He warned them that he was not a man tamely to

(Continued on Page 45)

Craftsmanship a National Stimulus

STEVENS



DURYEA

WE have said that public appreciation has made New England Craftsmanship a commercial success.

This is true; but genuine craftsmanship, that grows out of the soul of a man and is nurtured by tradition and conscience, always develops before public appreciation comes. For instance, our Colonial ancestors did not say on a certain Wednesday, "Now we want fine furniture and beautiful silverware." The furniture and silverware were first created, and their fineness and beauty gradually stimulated appreciation and demand.

That is what has happened with fine motor cars.

The American public did not first demand a car like the Stevens-Duryea, for example; because they had no means of knowing what a Stevens-Duryea could be like until it had been designed and built. Once built and demonstrated, however, Stevens-Duryea seemed to embody not only the desires of the public but many unexpressed dreams as well, so appreciation and demand followed naturally.

The characteristic trait of New England Craftsmen to be constantly unsatisfied with their product, and to seek persistently for methods and materials to improve it, has resulted in the Stevens-Duryea of today, representing a generation of intensive, creative effort.

So long as there exists and grows such a stimulus as New England Craftsmanship affords, America's commercial life will never be confined exclusively to money-making, and the standards of manufacturing and trading will continue to rise.

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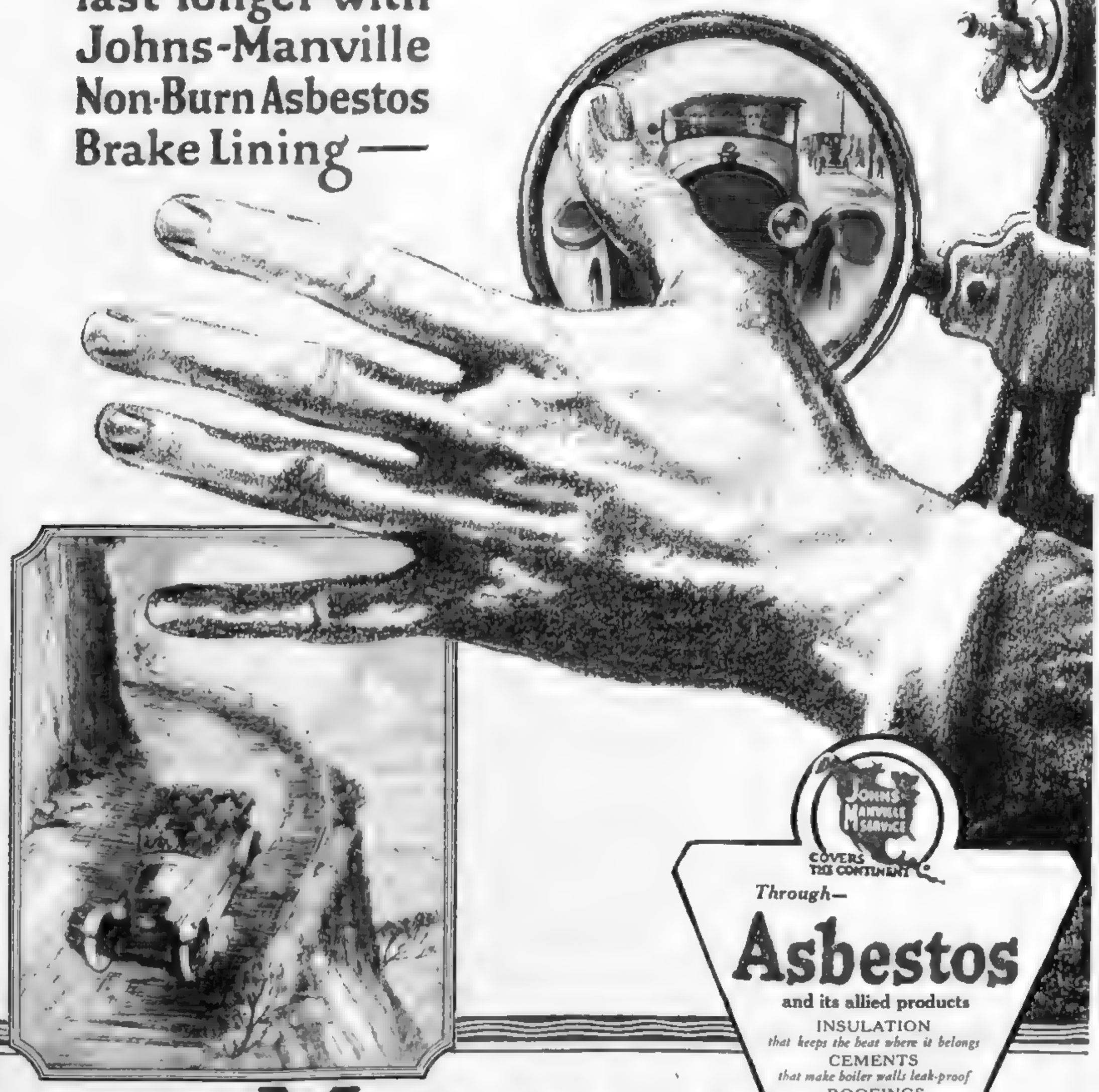

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that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 42)

submit to outrage, and they would do well to remember that he intended to carry this matter through. They inclined their ears sympathetically. He lost his temper and told them what he thought of them. They inclined their ears sympathetically. He argued with them as reasonable beings that his time was valuable, that this joke had gone far enough. They inclined their ears sympathetically. He even accused them boldly of conspiracy in regard to the Peyton ranch, and warned them that they were butting their heads against a stone wall. They inclined their ears sympathetically. But by not one syllable did they indicate whether a single pellet of all his broadsides had reached the mark, and when he had finished they went right on with everyday matters as though he had not opened his mouth. It was maddening.

They invited him to participate in everything they did—pigeon shooting, riding the ranch, poker parties, and the like. They expressed regret when he declined curtly, but did not press the matter. Apparently he was as free as air, yet several little things happened to show him that he was well and constantly watched. For example, one day Boyd saw from his room window a stranger driving in with one of the white-topped spring buggies used for light traveling. This seemed an opportunity to place the fact of his captivity duly on record. Boyd threw open the door, only to find himself confronted by the burly forms of Chino and another.

"You go back now," they told him.

At last he fell into a fiercely sullen fit, like a resentful, impotent, tensed bear. The very pressure of his ignorance began to make him uneasy. Try as he would, he had gained no inkling of what it was all about nor how long his detention was to last. His mind had swung to the Peyton deal as the pivot of all this, but for the life of him he could not see how he was vulnerable there. Item by item he went over the whole plan. It was copper-riveted! Nevertheless, the cumulative effect of the long hours brought him finally to an instinctive, though non-reasoning, uneasiness in regard to it all. Everything was all right, of course, but he wished he could be there and find out. The only possible way these men could put a spoke in his wheel was by purchasing the notes themselves if the bank would sell to them. Small chance! Boyd knew both their circumstances and their connections, and he was positive they could raise no such amount.

How about raising it elsewhere? Remotely, very remotely possible. But it would have to be from some source unknown to Boyd, and his knowledge of their affiliations was pretty complete. Undoubtedly they were doing this melodramatic kidnaping to give themselves time to try to raise the money. If he had to remain captive until that result was achieved, he reflected with grim amusement, he was due for a long visit. But if they did manage to accomplish the miracle of commanding that much credit it would get them nowhere. Boyd's confidence after all rested on the bank. He knew positively his power there. He knew positively that the officials would dare sell to nobody but himself. Let them try it!

Nevertheless, he wished he could call at the bank for five minutes.

LII

ABOUT six o'clock on the evening of the eighth day Boyd—pacing up and down the veranda smoking a solitary cigar saw a horseman draw rein under the big cottonwood at the edge of the road. A moment later Chino stepped from some mysterious concealment. The horseman conversed with him a moment, handed him a letter and rode off the way he had come without giving Boyd an opportunity to see who he was. That evening Corbell casually informed him that they would be returning to Arguello the following morning.

They drove back together in Corbell's high trap. Evidently it was no longer considered worth while to guard him. The other members of the Sociedad had vanished. They did not even appear at breakfast. Boyd did not inquire about them, nor did Corbell volunteer any information. As a matter of fact, they were already well on toward Arguello, having started on horseback across the short-cut trail long before daylight.

The long drive was made almost in silence. Corbell seemed entirely interested and occupied in the tooling of his fine team round the curves and narrow places of the pass, while Boyd remained wrapped in his thoughts.

As they struck out on the level road below the grade on the Arguello side he said: "I wish to say again, Mr. Corbell, that I consider this whole performance an inexcusable outrage, and I wish to warn you that I shall determine what legal steps are possible and shall pursue them with the utmost vigor."

"As to that you must suit yourself, Mr. Boyd," rejoined Corbell gravely. "I can speak for my associates as well as myself in saying that we accept full responsibility before any jury that can be got together in Arguello County."

His tone was perfectly polite, but a faint shadow of a smile touched his lips beneath his neat mustache. "Confound the fellow," thought Boyd, "he knows only too well what to expect of these jay juries!" And the thought caused a new surge of anger within him. No further word was spoken until they approached the edge of town.

"Where can I put you down?" asked Corbell courteously.

Boyd glanced at his watch. It was after four. The higher officials would have gone home in accordance with the leisurely custom of the day, but the subordinates would still be at work.

"Leave me at the First National," he said curtly.

The curtains were drawn, but his rattle of the door brought him speedy admittance. Crosby, the assistant cashier, sat at the big flat desk in the front office.

"How do, Mr. Boyd?" he greeted cheerfully. "Been off on quite a trip."

"Yes," rejoined Boyd shortly, "just back—delayed. Now about that Peyton deal. Sorry not to have been here on the appointed day. Papers all ready?"

"Oh, that's all finished up."

"Finished up?" repeated Boyd. "What do y'mean?"

"We handed over the papers and got our money yesterday."

Boyd's heavy brows shot together menacingly and his neck swelled. But Crosby, unconscious of an impending outburst, went on.

"We would have liked your written authorization, naturally," he remarked with a delicate shade of reproof in his tone, "but, of course, it was all right. Both Mr. Mills and myself remembered you said that the property was for Kenneth. But we could not recall, nor did the minutes show, whether you wanted the transfer made in his name or in yours. But you can fix it with him, of course, in any way you please. We told him your absence did not matter—that we could wait until your return, but he seemed anxious to finish it up, so we did so."

"Would you mind telling me what you are talking about?" growled Boyd.

"Why, our finishing the transaction with Kenneth instead of with you direct," said Crosby, looking up in surprise at the tone. "Wasn't that all right?"

Boyd made an effort and about-faced. The surprise was almost too much.

"Perfectly," he managed to say. "But I haven't been home yet. I didn't know he had considered it necessary. You say he has the notes and the transfer of mortgage? Did he pay for them in full?"

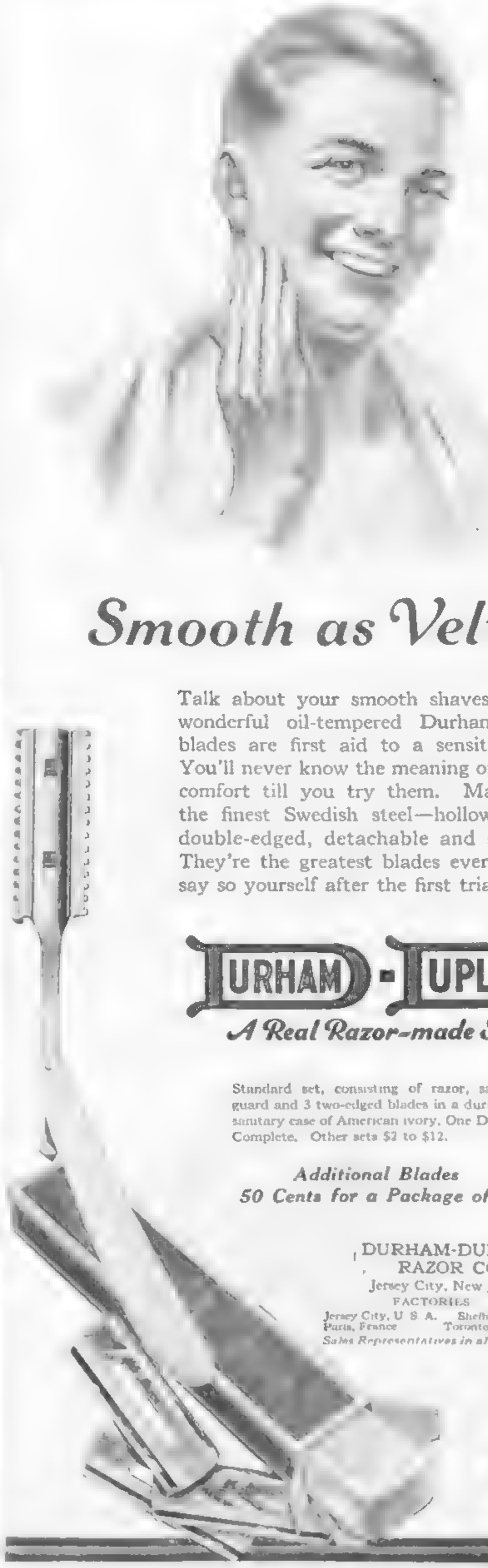
Ten minutes later Boyd left the bank with his chest out and his head up. All the details were not yet clear - as, for example, where Kenneth had raised such a sum of money. But they were only details. Undoubtedly he had used Boyd's credit with Los Angeles banks or hypothecated securities in the East—it did not matter. The big thing was that Ken had gone to the bat. He had seen the crisis and had acted. That was the kind of a boy to have! Took considerable business judgment to appreciate the importance of action, and a lot of business initiative to carry the thing through! Thought they could do up the Boyd clan, did they? Well, they could think again!

At this moment his eye chanced on Herbert Corbell leaning against a lamp-post on the corner. So high ran his fierce exultation that Boyd, contrary to his usual instinct, could not forbear triumphing over him. Those eight days of savage repression must be remembered.

"Well, young man," he sneered, "I hope you know by this time that your little scheme has failed."

"I don't know what you mean by that," replied Corbell, looking at him steadily.

"Oh, don't you? Well, I'm sick of all this mystery bluff, and I'm going to tell you to your face. I'm sick of acting the



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fool, and I'm sick of letting you think you've fooled me at any stage of the game. You got me out of the way so you and your associates could step in and buy the Peyton mortgage. Do you deny that?"

"No, I don't deny that," agreed Corbell equably.

"Aha, I thought not! Well, you forgot I had a son, didn't you? And a son with a damned good head on his shoulders. I'll bet you had your turn at feeling sick when you found out what he'd done!"

Corbell stared at him a moment, then reached into his inside pocket to produce a thin sheaf of papers.

"Are these," he inquired blandly, "by any chance what you are talking about?"

LIII

ABOUT eight o'clock that evening Daphne raised her head at the sound of footsteps, listened a moment, and then with a look of concern on her face laid aside her sewing and glided out through the door. She met Kenneth at the foot of the veranda steps, and without a word took his arm and led him out of the path of the lamplight to the head of the lower terrace. There she forced him to sit beside her. She gathered his head to her breast and held him close, saying nothing. At first every fiber of his body was tense, but after a while his muscles began slowly to relax. He drew a long shuddering breath and sat up.

"Daffy," he demanded intensely, "will you marry me!"

"You know I will, sweetheart."

"I mean right away—now."

"This very night if you want me to!"

He sighed again, and in his turn drew her to him. She snuggled into the hollow of his arm.

"I feel better," he told her. "Daffy, you're such a comfort. You do know what to do. Oh, sweetheart, let's not wait for anything! Let's get married and get away from it, just us together!"

"At any time you say, dear."

"Daffy," he said solemnly, sitting up straight in order to give greater effect to his words, "I had no idea! It was terrible to me! I can't tell you! Some day I will, but not now. I could not think that my own father—Daffy, I'm not going back there. He accused me—I couldn't believe it!"

"Never mind, dear. Don't try to talk about it. You did the right thing. Nothing can change that. Come, let's walk down to Dolman's House and look up at the stars through the branches."

"He ordered me out of the house," said Kenneth in a strangled voice.

For a moment Daphne's form stiffened. Then resolutely she put all thought from her but the one of comfort.

"Don't think of any of it now. Leave it until to-morrow. Come, let's walk."

They strolled down the gentle slope and across the field. Daphne took his arm in both hers, pressing close to him. It was the dark of the moon, but the starlight filled the cup of heaven like mist. From near at hand and far away came the singing of frogs, exultant and joyous, falling instantly silent or breaking instantly out full strength, as though some supreme and omnipresent frog leader had waved a baton. In the abrupt, swift silences an owl spoke solemnly. Things not of the night, the simple, beautiful, peaceful night, such as the strivings and passions of men, seemed to settle to earth as a veil that is cast flutters and sinks slowly and lies dead. In spite of himself, Kenneth's high-leaping thoughts little by little lost their throb. The fever ebbed from his brain. His mind cleared as the sky clears of clouds. From the surface of his soul, stilled after the tempest, again reflected the stars. Daphne seemed to have been waiting for and to sense this moment.

"You must keep one thought before you always, Ken dear," she said, "and that is that you have done right. And you must remember that your father has not consciously done wrong, because he really cannot see it is wrong. Now let's talk of our plans. The hard part is now over, remember that. But we must make it a success yet. It won't do to let the whole thing fail just for a little scheming at the last minute."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Kenneth, his attention caught.

"Practical details—that's what I mean. I don't know anything about your business arrangements. I suppose you've made them. I'm interested. Don't you want to tell me about them?"

"What arrangements do you mean?"

"Why, as I understand it, you've put in a lot of money, and those dear, ridiculous men have put in some, and nice old Sing Toy and his friends the rest, and you've bought the mortgage."

"Yes, that's it."

"Well, what are you going to do with it?"

"Why, just let it run, I suppose."

"And how about repayment?"

"I don't know. We'll have to fix that up. It will have to wait. I'll see that they are paid back some day."

"And the colonel?" suggested Daphne. "What about him?"

"How are you going to explain to him?"

"Why do we have to explain to him at all?"

"Well, naturally he is going to know that the mortgage has changed hands, and when he finds it is in your name—why, don't you see?"

"Good Lord! Of course! I am a dumbhead! He'll think this is part of the same old scheme! What can we do about it?"

"I don't know," confessed Daphne. "But it must be thought about."

"I should think so! I wish it hadn't been done in my name. But, no, then it couldn't have been done at all. What shall we do, Daffy? Can't you do something? Yes, that's it. You can fix it. See him and reassure him. Tell him anything you want, will you?"

"I'll think it over," agreed Daphne slowly. "It will be difficult."

When they returned to the bungalow it was very late. Townsend Brainerd was still reading by the student lamp. He had it in mind to utter an impatient reproof at young people's remaining out until this hour, but at Daphne's warning gesture and a look at Kenneth's face he closed his book and rose.

"You can lend Ken some night things, can't you, dad? It's so late I tell him he had better stay with us to-night. He can sleep in the cubby-hole. It's all made up."

"Surely! I'll get them," said Brainerd, moving his lank form with unwonted alacrity. He was in the current of events, and made a shrewd guess as to the nature of the trouble that had so evidently ravaged Kenneth. The moment he had disappeared Kenneth turned eagerly to Daphne.

"Won't you promise to fix it up with the colonel?" he pleaded. "You are the only one who can do it. Please promise!"

She looked at him, considering, her head on one side.

"Will you let me arrange it entirely my own way?" she asked.

"Lord, yes!"

"Well, I will. But not until after we are married."

"I think we ought to be married right away then," stated Kenneth.

"I think so too," she agreed, half mischievously, but with a hint of tenderness that caused Kenneth to seize her hungrily in his arms.

At this moment Brainerd returned from the back part of the house.

"Ahem!" he exclaimed from the doorway. "Can't you young people do enough spooning elsewhere? Consider my age and dignity, and spare my blushes."

They turned to face him, Kenneth a trifle embarrassed, but Daphne laughing.

"Father," she said, "we are going to drive into town to-morrow, get a license and be married."

"Just like that!" said Brainerd. "Let me sit down and get this clear. To-morrow, you said. I hope not before nine o'clock. I hate to get up too early." He looked them over. "Are you in on these arrangements," he asked Kenneth politely, "or are they the sole idea of my daughter?"

But his scrutiny had inhibited any objections or adverse comment he may have intended to make. Brainerd had lived long and acquired wisdom in the process, and he knew a crisis when he saw it.

"That is Kenneth's business, not yours, sir," rejoined Daphne.

"I stand corrected. Then I gather—no choir, no bridesmaids, no brass band, no wedding dress?"

"Nothing but you—to give me away."

"And, of course, no presents. Well, that relieves my mind, anyway. At what time do you want me to show up—and where? I've got some manure to put on the apricots to-morrow and I don't want to waste any more time than I have to."

"Then you don't object?"

"Object? Why should I? That's yours and Kenneth's business, not mine," paraphrased Brainerd.

"You are a dear—a gem of a father! You always do understand!" cried Daphne, casting herself upon him.

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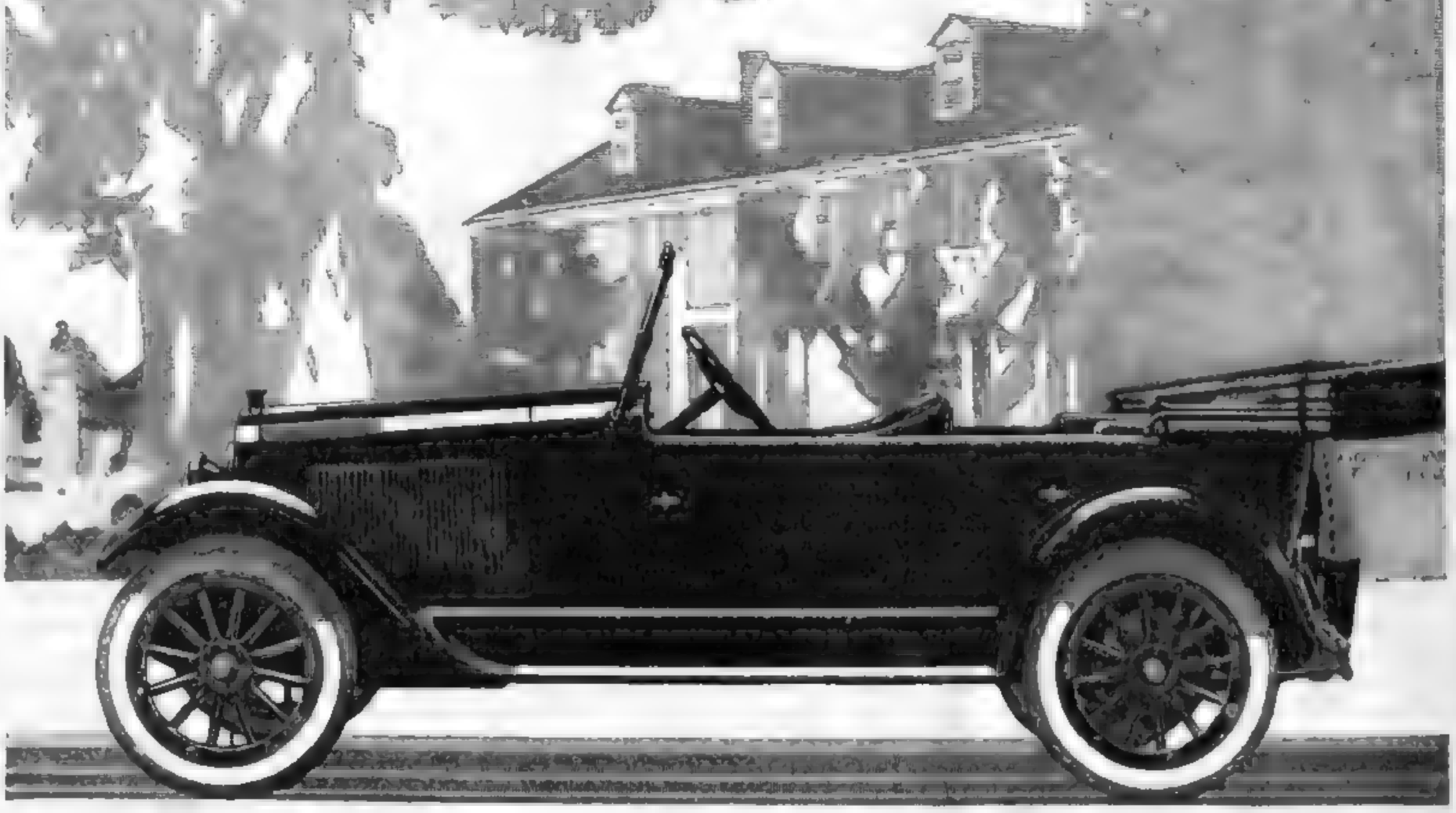
CHALMERS

WITH HOT SPOT AND RAM'S-HORN



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(Continued from Page 46)

"She used to do this when she was a child," Brainerd explained to Kenneth over her shoulder, "and she doesn't know that she has grown. She hits you with all the lightsome abandon of a three-ton steam roller. And I'm hanged if I understand! But what matters that? Do I gather this is what you might call a secret—a clandestine wedding? Nobody to know? Not even the colonel? It will break the colonel's heart not to be at your wedding, Daffy."

"Oh, particularly not the colonel!" cried Daphne. "That is part of it!"

"I see," returned Brainerd gratefully. "Thank you for your explanation. It makes everything perfectly clear. But there's one thing I wish you'd done."

"What is that?"

"Why in blazes, if there's all this secrecy, didn't you elope? Then I'd have been able to manure my apricots."

LIV

DAPHNE'S husband and father, by her insistence, dropped her at the Avenue of Palms and drove on to The Bungalow. She looked after them a moment, and then walked slowly and thoughtfully up the long rise that led to Corona del Monte. She found the colonel seated on the top step of the veranda, his hat beside him, looking up rather vaguely into the tops of his great oaks. At sight of her he rose with his customary old-fashioned courtesy.

"Well, Puss," he cried, "but this is a pleasure!"

She settled herself on the top step and pulled him down beside her.

"Listen, godpapa, I am very serious," she said. "I have come to tell you something very important. I have been worrying about you a great deal, godpapa, and the ranch. No, listen! Don't interrupt! What you need here is a partner."

"A partner!" echoed the colonel.

"Yes, a partner," went on Daphne rapidly before he had a chance to say more; "a man who would bring enough capital to help the ranch out of debt; a man who knows the ranching business so he could take an active part in running it. You know very well there's more than you can do."

"Daffy, I don't think I could stand another man managing things after I've done it so long."

"He'd be a junior partner, of course. You would control just as you do now."

The colonel shook his head doubtfully.

"You wouldn't find anybody nowadays who would work with my ideas. I am an old fogy."

"But if you could find someone, don't you think it's a good idea?"

"It's a good idea, Puss," acknowledged the colonel reluctantly. "I've thought of it a good many times myself. Perhaps I might find an active partner. But I am afraid of how it would work out. I'm getting a little old and tired, and I dislike the thought of fighting another man's ideas. Still it would be a sensible way out, I suppose. But, Daffy dear, I am an old man, and lately all my hopes have been centered on two things. As long as I lived I wanted to keep the old ranch together just as it has always been, as your Aunt Allie and I lived in it and loved it in the old days. I feel that I want to keep the place for Aunt Allie as long as she needs it."

Daphne, puzzled at this speech, looked at him. But he continued placidly:

"I suppose that could be done with the right partner—if such a partner exists."

"I know just the man," said Daphne. "He would put in the money and he would work under you as I said."

"Who is he?" inquired the colonel.

"I'll tell you pretty soon. But tell me first, would you consider selling an interest in the ranch to the right person on the right understanding—I mean as an idea?"

"I would if you wish it, Daffy," agreed the colonel a little sadly.

"I!" cried Daphne. "Oh, no, godpapa! I don't come in it at all! You make me feel so responsible! You shouldn't put it on me that way!"

"I don't mean it that way," said the colonel, smiling at her panic. "It is very simple. It is only this: Besides keeping the ranch for Allie as long as I lived, I had hoped to leave it to you when I died; and if somebody else owned a share of it it complicated it so for you."

"I?" repeated Daphne. "I? Corona del Monte?"

"Who else, dear child—who else in all the world?" asked the colonel gently. "I have no flesh and blood, and ever since that spring day when I came on you alone among the wild flowers so bravely facing the cattle you have grown into my heart until you are more than flesh and blood could ever be. Why, dear, I can't take the old ranch with me when I go, and to whom should it go but to the one I love best now in the world?"

Daphne clung to him, weeping a little. There were tears in the colonel's eyes, too, open and unashamed.

"So you see, dear, why I am such a cranky old codger, and why I have been so reluctant to do what I know is the sensible thing, and why I wish there were some other way. But I suppose there isn't," he sighed.

Daphne drew away from him. Her eyes were wet, but she did not dry them.

"Listen, godpapa!" she said solemnly. "We have joked half seriously many times about Dolman, and how I used to believe in him when I was a little girl. Last night I was down at Dolman's house with—with Ken, and something said to me—no, it didn't say to me, it just welled up inside of me—anyway, I was told to do what I did and what I am doing now. I could not see how it would work—I did not believe it would work, but I obeyed the telling; and what you have just said made it all clear. It was as if Dolman had really spoken, as I used to think he did when I was a little girl." She grasped his arm. "Godpapa, do you believe it could really be?"

The old man merely smiled and put his arm round her. Daphne knit her brows for a moment, then went on:

"The partner I meant is Kenneth. He has enough money from his mother's estate, and he wants to put it in the ranch, but he is afraid you might misunderstand."

At the mention of the name the colonel stirred uneasily. His confidence in Kenneth personally was absolute, but who could tell what was in the background? He voiced his thought a little apologetically.

"I knew you must feel that way," said Daphne. "So did Kenneth. That is why I was so doubtful of what was told me last night. But what you have just told me makes it so plain. Ken loves Corona del Monte almost as much as you and I do. He would not for worlds do a thing of which you did not approve. And as for your second objection that you want it to come to me as a whole—why, Ken and I were married this morning!"

She sprang to her feet in an uncontrollable burst of released excitement, pirouetted across the lawn in an abandon of joyous motion and ended with a low curtsy before the astounded colonel, skirts outheld in the tips of her fingers.

"Hurrah for Dolman! Good old Dolman!" she cried, and cast herself in her impetuous steam-roller fashion on the colonel. "Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

"Stop it! Sit up here and explain yourself!" he cried in mock vexation. "What do you mean?"

"Ken and I got married this morning," said Daphne from his shoulder, "and I didn't know why I did it that way, and now I know, and I do believe in Dolman—and he's a darling, and so are you, and aren't we all going to be happy now, forever and ever, and——"

The colonel gave her a shake.

"Explain yourself!" he repeated severely. "What do you mean getting married in that hasty fashion? Why did you do it? How could you, without letting me know?"

"It was so father could manure his apricots," chanted Daphne, "and Dolman told me to do it that way and——"

"Heaven has cursed me with an imbecile godchild!" lamented the colonel.

They talked it out, while the sun descended to gild the edge of the mountains; and Kenneth chafed and waited; and Brainerd, who was now fully in the current of events, wisely restrained him from going after Daphne and bodily carrying her away.

"She is as eager to get back as you are to have her," warned Brainerd. "This is the crucial time. The whole success of the scheme depends on it."

At last at about half past five he departed. He had himself arranged a trip to Los Angeles, and he must go to catch the train. There seemed to him considerable humor in the situation. He was marrying off his daughter, and then himself going on the wedding trip! Well, they were needed at home, and he was not, and they ought to have The Bungalow to themselves.

"What I advise you to do," he told Kenneth, "is to get busy and show how much

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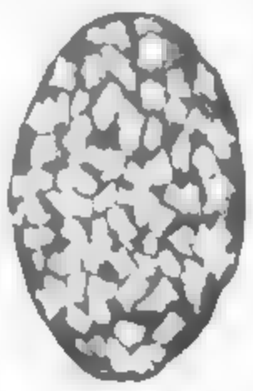

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of a cook you are." With which parting advice he drove away, leaving the young man to follow his suggestion.

Down at Corona del Monte the colonel and Daphne came to an understanding of all the details on both sides. The old man seemed to have straightened and thrown off the burden of years. He became almost buoyant in talking of the future. "Ken and I will do this, Ken and I will do that," was the burden of his song. The old, vanished, engaging enthusiasm that had been his returned to him. At one point he checked himself.

"There is one thing I want understood—no, I want it promised," he said earnestly. "As long as I am with you we will try to keep the old ranch as it is. But when I am gone—when it is completely yours and Ken's—I don't want any pious sentiment about it. I want it divided and sold, or developed in any way that seems best. Don't think I am such an old fool as I seem. I know we're old fogies—the ranch and I. You must promise this!"

After a time it became dusk, and the colonel started up with an exclamation.

"Your husband will never forgive me!" he cried, and Daphne felt an odd thrill at the word. "You must run along. Come in and I'll give you some little gift to take him, just so the day will not pass unmarked by me. To-morrow I shall call upon you in state."

They turned in through the little hall to the sitting room, where burned the student lamp. Daphne stopped short in the doorway with a startled gasp. She turned pale and seized convulsively the colonel's arm.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked.

Daphne swallowed twice and laughed a little uncertainly.

"Nothing, nothing!" she disclaimed, but her eyes were still turned, staring past the student lamp.

"But it must have been something," insisted the colonel. He was smiling down on her, and somehow there seemed to be in his smile an understanding.

"Godpapa," Daphne was impelled to confess, "it sounds foolish and queer. But as I came into the doorway I looked across the table, and there in the old Boston rocker—just for a second—I thought I saw Aunt Allie sitting as she used to. And she was so real—so very real!"

"You must not mind that, my dear," said the colonel gently. "Why, I've seen her there always."

V

IT IS later by twenty years. All things have changed. Arguello is famed throughout the world. It has de-luxe trains running to it, and two huge hotels, and a sublimated boarding house where by dint of waitresses in fancy costume, decorations of orange, yellow and black and a haughty manner they can charge you three prices; and its former sagebrush heights are crowned with the humble cottages of the snifty rich and the gardens and garages and servants' quarters thereunto appertaining. You would never know Main Street with its paving and its fancy concrete street lights and its glittering, exclusive shops, ready equally to awe you or flatter you as long as they get to your pocketbook. Motors flash by on their way to country places that would have been prohibitively remote in the old days.

And certain things have gone. You will rarely now see an old-fashioned Mexican saddle, or, indeed, many saddle horses. Yes, some people ride, to be sure. You will see them very correctly turned out, rising to the trot on the beach or along one of the back roads, generally with a groom pounding along behind. They are taking horse exercise. They know nothing about the old trails that lead—or used to lead—up into the fastnesses of the Sur; or the trickle of water or the smell of bay and the pearl-blue deeps where the buzzards swing. Those things are too far away; they take too much time; nobody sees you and your clothes and your flat-country horse rig. Such an expedition takes an afternoon. There are too many things to do—too many people to see.

Everybody entertains everybody else at the aforementioned humble cottages or at the country club, and afterward there must be bridge. Life has folded its wings. It struts about and preens, but it knows no more the wide spaces. Not one in a hundred of these people who now call themselves Arguellans have ever been to the ridge of the Sur and looked abroad; nor have they ever even heard that this experience, so near at hand that one can reach and touch it in a day, is one of those great rarities capable of lifting the soul. All the things nowhere else available, but here in this smiling land offered abundantly, they know nothing of, but bring with them the mode of existence they learned elsewhere and have not the imagination to transcend. And the age-old ramparts of the Sur look down curiously, and their gods wonder whether this strange new people—running after stupid little pleasures, building about them their smothery accustomed environment in apparent fear of touching the new, feeding, gambling, posing, dressing, performing not one useful function in their idleness, and looking up from their absorption only in self-gratulation—whether these also are of a provisional race that must in its turn give way.

For answer, in the year 1910—of which we are speaking—you would have to go below the surface appearance. To the winter visitor, to the shopkeepers along Main Street, and indeed to rumor in the world outside, these fashionable, pleasant, comfortable, unimaginative, futile people meant modern Arguello. They and their activities filled the eye; and as they were thoroughly satisfied with themselves and thoroughly oblivious of all but themselves, that was natural. But to the life of the country the significant Arguellans were those who dwelt in the neat little flower-covered bungalows scattered through what was apparently one endless orchard. Miles and miles it stretched, without distinguishable boundaries. Hard-surfaced roads traversed it, on which were to be seen small, busy motor cars, or convoys of a hundred Orientals on bicycles shifting their field of work.

For this immense orchard, belonging to the many inhabitants of the bungalows, was nevertheless handled as a unit as far as such things as pruning, irrigation, cultivation and picking were concerned. In the slack seasons the employees worked at the borders of the roadways, so that in time they were edged with gardens and the inhabitants of the cottages on the hills and the tourists loved to drive there.

Down where the railroad tracks left town was a new packing house. That too was run on a cooperative basis, and the product was marketed through an association. It was all very simple. Each owner of a bungalow did as much or as little work as he pleased. He was credited with what he did and was charged with what he got and his fruit was sold for what it was worth. And let us hasten to disclaim the idea that this system was in any way unique to Arguello. It is the usual thing in the fruit belts of California.

If the ghost of old Colonel Peyton should return and seek for the Corona del Monte of former days he would be somewhat puzzled until in his wanderings down what he would never recognize as the Camino Real he came to the entrance of the Avenue of Palms. Then he would find himself at home. Nothing thenceforth he would find changed—unless he chose to turn right or left through the screen of shrubbery, in which case he would discover that here too the grazing had given way to trees and cultivation. But straight the old avenue led to the knoll and the Cathedral Oaks and the little, homy, vine-covered, board-and-batten ranch house. And down the slope he would glimpse the whitewash of the great stables, the gleam of the duck waters inside the wire fence. He would even find the earthen olla full of cool water hanging under a tree. Should he ring the bell—ghosts can ring bells—he would even find it answered by Sing Toy, now old and wrinkled, but as white and starched as ever, a refreshment to the eye. Certain little things he might miss, like the feather duster that used to hang by the door; and certain new things he might not recognize, such as a tennis court down near Dolman's House, and, indeed, a brand-new wing to the ranch house itself. But Corona del Monte it still was.

This and the packing house were about the only things that induced a pause when the modern Arguellans drove, or more rarely rode, on this side of town. The ranch was so quaint and old-fashioned! My dear, you ought to have come here as I did in the old times before Colonel Peyton died! He was the most picturesque old creature! He used to ride in the flower shows—pity they don't have them any more—on a magnificent horse and the most wonderful silver-mounted saddle. Of course everybody knows the Boyds. They're quite nice,

(Concluded on Page 52)

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(Concluded from Page 50)

but peculiar. They don't play bridge or dance, so, of course, they rarely go out. Their children are away at school somewhere. Now I ask you—with all their money—it's millions, my dear—can you imagine living in a shack like that? And think what they could build on that lovely knoll! Of course they would not exactly be in the desirable neighborhood. But still—let's go in and get her to give us a cup of tea. You'll see what I mean.

So they would go in and have their cup of tea, and go away disordered in mind. They could recognize reality as opposed to their as yet undeveloped sense of values, but were not yet far enough along in social evolution to analyze it. You cannot very well patronize the possessor of so much wealth, and yet normally anyone outside the round of feeds and cards and dances is a fit subject for patronage. It was very disturbing. The conventional mind resents anything queer that it cannot eject, and unlike the oyster cannot render it valuable.

"Oh, you see we are farmers, like our neighbors," Daphne would explain with a smile. "We might enjoy going out, but you know yourself that if you start you soon have to go all the time—and we haven't the time."

In spite of a firm refusal to enter wholly into the new social life, the old ranch saw much social activity. The Boyds were not recluse. They attended many of the larger parties, where they could refresh acquaintance *en bloc*, or small dinners, where they could meet distinguished visitors. Truth to tell, the latter seemed always to find their way to Corona del Monte. They found this type of modern farming interesting; they discovered in Kenneth a keen intellect with a broad grasp of this especial subject; they confessed in Daphne an individual charm that the fashion of the day had hardened over in most of their hostesses; they were intrigued by the flavor of old days. In addition the spare rooms were often occupied by old friends.

Over the mountains the cattle business—modified by barbed wire and barley and alfalfa fields—still flourished, and from over the mountains often whizzed the members of the Sociedad—all but Herbert Corbell. He never whizzed, but continued as of old to drive satiny, spirited horses caparisoned in russet harness and attached to strange vehicles. The cottage people thought it quaint. These men always stopped at Corona del Monte. They were in middle age now, of course, but they had lost very little of the high spirits of their youth. Perhaps they were a trifle more inclined to reminisce than to inaugurate anything new, but the reminiscence was lively enough. Corona del Monte was sure of a high old time when the Sociedad came aboard.

But no one could quite understand how they, with their education, their wealth, and what should have been their taste, could bear to live way over the mountains year in and year out.

For they also had wealth. Some of it was from the cattle business, but most of it was from Corona del Monte. When the time for arrangement came they tried to make Kenneth see that a return of the amounts they had advanced, with interest, was all they should have. But Kenneth insisted that they—and Sing Toy's contributors—should have shares with them proportionate to what they had put in. So in the long run they were all paid back many times over.

Thus it may be surmised that Sing Toy was very well off, and was in reality under no necessity of remaining in the kitchen. But he was an old-fashioned Chinaman, so there he was.

There remains only to account for a rather bulky figure sitting smoking under one of the big trees across the lawn.

The reconciliation between Patrick Boyd and his son waited long. Boyd felt that his honor had been engaged with his Eastern associates and that his own son had made it impossible for him to fulfill his pledged engagement. That thought struck deeper than any loss of potential gains, or even that his son had cut in under him. This fidelity to what he considered his business honor was one of the strongest of Boyd's traits, and would probably go far to redeem many other qualities. He was hurt and sore and angry, and the natural combativeness of his nature made him a little vindictive. Nevertheless, he grieved much in his still and secretive fashion. At length two incidents brought about the change. The first of these was a visit of inspection by William Bates.

In spite of the failure to acquire the Peyton property, the development of the water had gone forward. Boyd had announced briefly to his associates that he had failed to acquire Corona del Monte, and had let it go at that. He in his turn had received no comment, but Bates had called him East and had gone over with him in detail the projected scheme.

"Go ahead," he decided at last, "and buy in that next property—Las Flores."

"Too far out," said Boyd.

"Too far now," corrected Bates. "By the time we're ready there will be better roads and faster transportation."

Boyd asked him what he meant by the latter, but Bates was not quite sure—perhaps a trolley line from their power. He had seen a horseless carriage a man named King was playing with in Detroit. He laughed with Boyd at his mentioning the latter. But he stuck to his main point, and Las Flores was bought in cheap, and concrete roads and the automobile in the long run justified his imaginative instinct. But that was in the future. At the time of his visit the system was but just finished. He looked it all over without comment. Their way led them past the beginnings of new farms on Corona del Monte. Bates suddenly cackled.

"Pretty shrewd boy—that of yours," he observed. "Put one over on you, didn't he? Oh, I know all about it! Did you think I was greenhorn enough not to have found out all about that transaction? At first I thought you were double-crossing me. He certainly caught you napping! He's got to have our water, but on the other hand we've got to sell it to him. He's our first and obvious market. Also, he's our biggest ad. If his farms fail we'll never sell an acre of Las Flores. And he knows it—the sly rascal!"

This expert opinion as to the ethics of business rascality greatly heartened Boyd. To be sure, as respects this transaction, he cut a sorry figure in the eyes of the financier. But that was better than being considered to have gone back on his word. And after all it took his own son to catch him!

Then one day Brainerd, driving down Main Street, saw him on the sidewalk and drove up alongside. This was sufficiently unusual, as the men had never more than nodded stiffly.

"Hullo, grandpa!" cried Brainerd jovially. "How's it feel?"

Boyd looked his inquiry.

"Came off last night. Everything flourishing—and it's a boy too."

Boyd repressed a pang. He had not known, and to him it was significant of the community's attitude that nobody had hinted to him, that this important event was to occur.

The reconciliation followed, and grew at equal pace with the grandson. At first matters were a trifle awkward, but Kenneth, Second, arranged all that. Patrick Boyd became as doting a grandfather as Brainerd, and as much about the place.

Once or twice he attempted to utter a veiled, mild joke as to how skillfully Kenneth had managed things, but with an implication that he entertained no resentment; and he was met with so bewildering an outburst that he never reopened the subject. But to the end of his days he was to retain deep in his heart the idea that his son had overreached him very cleverly, and to cherish a mingled feeling of hurt and admiration at the feat.

(THE END)

STEPSONS OF LIGHT

(Continued from Page 34)

here quite some time—admirin' the mountains, I judge, and fillin' his canteen—him and Josie. Better stay to supper, you-all; looks mighty like rain over yonder."

They turned squarely from the river valley and pushed up the staircase road. The track was clear and plain, three old shoes and a new one. They climbed the first bench-land step, and saw the long gray road blank before them in the last flame red of sun. Swift dusk dropped like a curtain as they climbed the next step and saw a slow black speck far ahead in the dim loneliness.

"Got him!" said Jody. "Here, one can trail along behind, while two of us take the right and two go on the left, keeping cover in little draws and behind ridges. We'll have him surrounded before he knows we're after him. Way he's riding, we can head him off long before he gets to the Percha."

"Fine!" said Hobby Lull. "Fine! He rides into an ambush at dark. Guilty—he fights of course. Innocent—of course he fights! Any man with a bone in his spinal column would fight. First-rate scheme, except that Charlie See and me won't have it. Innocent—it isn't hospitable; guilty—we won't have him shot. The man that killed Adam Forbes has got to hang."

Leaping, Charlie See's horse whirled on a pivot and faced the others.

"Speed up, Hobby, and tell that man we're holding all strangers, him most of all. I'll hold this bunch. Beat it!"

His voice was low and drawling; he barred the way with quiet, steady eyes. The storm-drenched wind blew out his saddle strings, the fringed edges of his gauntlets, the kerchief at his neck, the long tapideros at his feet; it beat back his hat's broad brim; Stargazer's mane snapped loose and level; horse and man framed against coming night and coming storm in poised wild energy, centered, strong and tense.

"You darn little meddlesome whiffet!" snarled Jody Weir savagely, as Lull galloped away.

See's gun hand lay at his thigh. "Talk all you like, but don't get restless with your hands. I'm telling you! Meddlesome? That's me. Matt is my right name. Don't let that worry you any. I've got three good reasons for meddling. I know two of you, and I don't know the other one. I don't like waylaying—and I don't like you. Besides, I love to meddle. Always did. Everybody's business is my business. You three birds keep still and look sulky. Be wise, now! Me and a rattlesnake has got the same motto: You touch the button and I'll do the rest."

Black above and furnace flame below, the tumbling clouds came rushing from the hills with a mutter of far-off thunder. A glimmer of twilight lingered, and sudden stars blazed across the half sky to eastward, unclouded yet.

Hobby Lull cupped his hands and shouted through the dusk: "Hoo-e-ee!"

Johnny Dines halted the blue horse and answered blithely: "E-ee-hoo!"

"Sorry," said Lull as he rode up, "but I've got to put you under arrest."

"Anything serious?"

"Yes, it is. A man was killed back there to-day."

"So you want my gun, of course. Here it is. Don't mention it. I've had to hold strangers before now, myself."

"It isn't quite so vague as that—and I'm sorry, too," said Lull awkwardly. "This man was killed in Redgate Cañon and you came through there. I met you myself."

"Not that big red-headed chap I saw there?"

"That's the man."

"Hell, that's too bad. Acted like a good chap. He chinned with me a while—caught up with me and gave me a letter to mail. Where do we go—on or back? If you take me to the John Cross wagon to-morrow they'll tell you I'm all right. Down on the river nobody seemed to know where the wagon was. I'm Johnny Dines, Phillipsburg way. T-Tumble-T brand."

"I've heard of you—no bad report either. You live on one county line and I'm on the other. Well, here's hoping you get safe out of the mess. It isn't pretty. We'll take you on to Hillsboro, I guess, now we're this close. There's a lot more of us behind, waiting. Let's go back and get them. Then we'll go on."

"Look now—if you're going on to Hillsboro, my horse has come a right smart step to-day, and every little bit helps. Why don't you shoot a few lines? They'll come a-snuffin' then, and we won't have to go back."

Hobby nodded. He fired two shots.

"You ride a Bar Cross horse, I see."

"Yes. I'm the last hand." Johnny grinned. "Hark! I hear them coming.

(Continued on Page 55)

Measure Light on the Job

There is scarcely another subject about which the factory manager has had to do so much *guessing* as the matter of correct lighting. As a result, investigation shows most factories to be more poorly lighted than their owners think.

Now, at last, accurate tables have been worked out giving the minimum lighting requirements for different operations; and a meter has been developed which measures illumination just as simply as the steam gauge registers pressure or a thermometer shows temperature.

Why not call in the man who supplies your NATIONAL MAZDA lamps and invite him to take illumination readings throughout your plant? It will be done without obligation — *and there's nothing like knowing.*

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of* General Electric Co.
38 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Each label represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

As simple as—

This Package Contains Every Good Cake Ingredient

ALL you add is water—a tumblerful. There's no need to ever again go to the bother of assembling and mixing flour, eggs, sugar, butter, milk, baking powder, flavoring and salt. Here's *everything* correctly proportioned. There's no chance of failure. It's *as simple as 1-2-3!*

Excelo is no experiment. It's your own idea of a delicious, light, wholesome home cake. And that's what it is—a perfect cake with the work left out. *Excelo* is a great saving in time and money, too.

In four flavors—Vanilla, Lemon, luscious Chocolate and richly spiced Devil's Food

E. C. GATLIN COMPANY, Kansas City, Missouri

Excelo

CAKE MIXTURE

Just add Water

EXCELO is the *original* modern cake mixture. The *first* white cake, the *first* chocolate cake, the *first* cake of flavors —all were *original* EXCELO flavors.

Grocers everywhere are supplying the demand for Excelo

(Continued from Page 52)

Sounds creepy, don't it? They're fussed. Them two shots have got 'em guessing—they're sure burning the breeze! Say, I'm going to slip into my slicker. Storm is right on top of us. Getting mighty black overhead. Twilight lasts pretty quick in this country."

Rain spattered in big drops. Wind-blown flare of stars and the last smoky dusk and flickers of lightning made a thin greenish light. Shadowy horsemen shaped furiously through the murk, became clear, and reined beside them. Dines took one look at them and directed a reproachful glance at his captor.

"I might not have handed over my gun so nice and easy if I had known who was with you," he remarked pleasantly. A high spot of color flamed to his cheek. "Just for that you are going to lose the beauties of my conversation from now on—by advice of counsel. While you are putting on your slickers I merely wish to make a plain brief statement and also to call attention to one of the many mercies which crowd about us, and for which we are so ungrateful. Mercies first: Did you ever notice how splendidly it has been arranged that one day follows directly after another, instead of in between? And that maybe we're sometimes often quite sorry some day for what we did or didn't do some other day, or the reverse, as the case may be, or perhaps the contrary? Now the statement: I know two of you men, and I don't like those two; and for the others, I don't like the company they keep. So now you can all go to hell, home or Hillsboro, and take me with you, but I'll not entertain you, not if you was bored to death. I'm done and dumb—till I tell it to the judge."

*

MR. GEORGE GWINNE sprawled at his graceless ease along two chairs; he held a long-stemmed brierwood pipe between his bearded lips and puffed thoughtfully. The pipestem was long of necessity; with a short stem Mr. Gwinne had certainly set that beard alight. It was a magnificent beard, such as you may not see in these degenerate days. Nor did you see many such in those degenerate days, for that matter. It was long and thick and wide and all that a beard should be; it reached from his two big ears to below the fifth rib. It was silky and wavy and curly, and—alas for poor human nature!—it was kempt and kept—an Assyrian beard. Yet Mr. George Gwinne was, of all the sons of man, unlikeliest to be the victim of vanity. His beard was a dusty red brown, the thick poll of hair on his big square head was dusky red brown lightly sprinkled with frost, his big eyes were reddish brown; and Argive Helen might have envied his brows, perfect brows in any other setting; merely comic here—no, no, "tragic" is the word, since all else about the man was coarse of grain and fiber, uncouth and repulsive.

His hands were big and awkward, and they swung from arms disproportionately long; his feet were big and flat, his body was big and gross, he was deep-chested and round-shouldered, his neck was a bull's neck, his ears were big and red, his head was big and coarse and square, his face was gnarled where it was not forested, his chance-seen lips were big and coarse, his nose was a monstrous beak, his voice was a hoarse deep rumble. And somewhere behind that rough husk dwelt a knightly soul, kindly and tender and sensitive—one of that glorious company "who plotted to be worthy of the world."

He had friends—yes, and they held him high—but seeming and report held him pachyderm, and they trod upon his heart. Only to a few have time and chance shown a glimpse of the sad and lonely spirit behind those tired eyes—and they have walked softlier all their days for it. This is not his story; but there will be a heavy reckoning when George Gwinne's account goes to audit.

Mr. Gwinne's gaze rested benignantly on a sleeping man; a young and smallish man, very different from Mr. Gwinne in every respect, sprightly and debonair, even in sleep, with careless grace in every line of him, just as he had thrown himself upon the bunk. He had removed hat and boots by way of preparation for bed, and his vest served for a pillow. Long lashes lay on a cheek lightly tanned to olive, but his upper forehead was startlingly white by contrast, where a heavy hat had shaded it from burning suns. His hands were soft and white; the gloved hands of a rider in his youth. The bunk, it may be mentioned, was behind iron bars; Mr. Gwinne was chief deputy and jailer, and the sleeper was Mr. Johnny Dines.

Mr. Gwinne tapped out his pipe and spoke huskily: "Young feller, get up! Can't you hear the little birds singing their praises to "

"Ur-rgh! Ugh! Ar-rumph-umph!" said Johnny, sitting up.

He started a little as his eye fell on the bars. He pulled his shoulders together. Recollection followed puzzlement on his yet unguarded face; he passed his fingers through his tousled hair, making further tanglement. He looked at the absurd gigantic figure beyond the bars, and his eyes crinkled to smiling. Then his face took on an expression of discontent. He eyed his bed with frank distaste.

"I say, old top—no offense, and all that, but look now—I've never been in jail before. Is the establishment all scientific and everything? No objectionable—er—creepers, you know?"

"Why, you impudent young whelp! Damn your hide, I sleep here myself. If there's a grayback in my jail I'll eat your shirt. What in time do you mean by it, hey? Pulling my leg? You'd a heap better be studying about your silly neck, you young devil. Come out of that, now! Nine o'clock, past. Wish I had your conscience. Ten hours' solid sleep and still going strong."

"Gee, why didn't you wake me up? Are they going to hold my preliminary trial this morning or wait till after dinner? I'm sort of interested to see what indiscriminating evidence they've got."

"No trial to-day," said Gwinne gruffly. "Justice of the peace is up in the hills beyond Kingston, doin' assessments. They've gone after him, but they won't get back till late to-night."

"H'm!" Johnny rubbed his nose and looked searchingly at his ridiculously small and shapely feet; he wriggled his toes. "And don't I eat till His Honor gets back?" he inquired diffidently.

Gwinne rose heavily and shambled to the cell. "If I let you out to eat breakfast with me like a white man—no pranks?"

"Nary prank," said Johnny.

"She goes," said Gwinne.

He unlocked the door. Johnny slipped on his high-heeled boots and followed his jailer to the kitchen.

"Water and washpan over there," said Gwinne, and poked fresh wood in the fire. "Ham and eggs this A. M." He rumbled a subterranean ditty:

Ham-fat, ham-fat, smoking in the pan—
There's a mighty sight of muscle on a ham-fat man.

Johnny sent an amused glance up and down his warden's inches.

"You must have been raised on it, then."

"Hog and hominy. There's a comb and brush."

"Got a comb." Johnny fumbled comb and toothbrush from his vest, and completed his toilet. "Haven't you had breakfast yet?"

"Naw. I hated to wake you up, you was hitting it off so regular. And you're the only prisoner I got now. Court's just over and the sheriff he's gone to Santa Fe with my only boarders. Lord only knows when he'll get back," said Mr. Gwinne parenthetically. "Jim is a good sheriff, a mighty good sheriff—but when he gets away from home he sees life through a glass darkly. They had him in jail, last time. So I thought we might as well be sociable."

"Oh! Then you're the party for me to jolly up when I want favors?"

"No," said Gwinne regretfully, "I'm not. The justice is gone, the sheriff's gone, and the district judge is always gone except when court sits here. But the prosecuting attorney—he serves for the whole district, five counties, like the judge, you know—why, by bad luck he's right here, a-hoppin' and a-rarin'. So I'm under orders."

"Well, so am I. What are they? What can I do to help?" The ham sizzled merrily. "Um-m!" said Johnny appreciatively.

"You might set the table. I'll do the cooking to-day. If so be you get to be a star boarder you'll have to do your share of the cooking—though I reckon they'll want me to keep you under key if you're bound over. Come to think, this prosecuting person would likely kick like a green bay horse if he knew I was lettin' you m ll round foot-loose. However, he don't know. How many eggs? Hard or soft?"

"Oh, about four—medium. We can always cook more if we have to. And four pods of *chili*. But why has the prosecutor got it in for me? He don't want to cinch me unless I'm guilty, does he?"

"It isn't that, exactly. You see, it has got out that you ride for the Bar Cross. And the Bar Cross boys got Wade's goat, some way, down in Cruces. I don't know what they did, but he's sure on the peck, and here's where he stands to break even. Pour the coffee. Tin cow yonder on the shelf."

"Oh, well—he may have a little fun coming to him," said Johnny generously. "But let us hope, for his own sake, that he gives me a fair shake when it comes to my trial. If the Bar Cross and the John Cross aren't just satisfied they are capable of any rudeness—abandoned ruffians! Say, I hope someone took care of my Twilight horse."

"He's all right. I put him up with Otto Gans, myself. There, she's ready. *Sientese!*" The jailer seated himself opposite the guest. "No butter. You'll have to excuse me."

"Butter, hell. Whadya think I am—an incubator kid? Say, there's a few old vets here in Hillsboro that used to know my dad—me, too, when I was a little shaver, some of them. Spinal Maginnis, George Perrault, Kayler, Nick Galles and Preiser. H'm, let me see—and Jake Blun, Mabury and Page. Could you manage me a palaver with some one or two of 'em after breakfast?"

"Pleasure first, pain afterwards," growled Gwinne. "You eat a few lines while I hold high discourse to you about the good and great. District attorneys, now. Us being a territory thataway, district attorneys are appointed by the President—allee same like our judges and U. S. marshals and clerks of the court. All of 'em are appointed for four years, the same being the President's term. Presidents being so constituted by a wise and beneficent Providence, they appoint men from states where said men and their friends, if any, vote for President, and not from our humble midst. 'Cause why? We're not allowed to vote. More coffee?"

Johnny held his cup. Gwinne took up his discourse.

"Also, and moreover, they appoint politicians. We will not pursue this painful subject further except to add that, New Mexico being what and where it is, these appointees, while they might be first-class men and seldom were—they were always tenth-rate politicians. Because politicians rated higher than tenth-rate demanded something better. When Grover was in, they all came from Missouri, and they wasn't so bad but what they might have been worse, with proper care—and now they're all from darkest Injianny; a doubtful state. Something else too. Even when they was well-meaning—which often was guessable—why, they're not our people. We have our little ways and they have their own little ways, and they're not the same little ways; and they rule us by their little ways. That's bad. To judge a man by the standards of another time and place is prejudging, and that means oppression, and oppression breeds riots in hell. That is how most trouble starts, I reckon—not understanding, prejudging. Men don't naturally like to press down. They'd a heap rather comfort and help—if they could just see the way clear. Helping someone out of a tight is just about the pleasantest thing a man can do. But these people Uncle Sam sends here to manage us, they don't think our thoughts and they don't speak our tongue. They ask for brick and we bring them mortar; they ask for bread and we rock 'em to sleep. That's the way I look at it. Won't you coincide with me?"

"Why, yes," said Johnny, "now that you mention it—I don't care if I do."

The jailer eyed his captive with painful distrust. Then he sighed heavily.

"Flippant and inattentive! A bad mark. Nine more demerits and you'll be suspended." He rose and went to a closet and returned with a bottle and glasses. "A long drop and a quick finish!"

"Wishing you the same!" said Johnny Dines. The glasses clinked together.

"So you be advised and don't waive examination," resumed Gwinne. "Wade will want you to do that. Don't you listen to Wade. You make your fight to-morrow. Old Andy Hinkle, the J. P., he's a homespun. When he hits a drill he hits her with all his carcass, from the ground up, and when he goes a-judging justice is what he wants. His habit and disposition is real

(Continued on Page 57)

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Reversible Leather Coats

The Summer's done
The blazing sun
No longer makes us swelter;
For Fall is here
And Winter's near

It's time to get a Pelter.

Its Gabardine
Resists the spleen
Of rain-storms helter-skelter,
While leather just
Defies the dust
—It's time to get a Pelter.

And if you like
To drive or hike,
Or hunt where wild ducks welter,
This coat unique
Is what you seek,
It's time to get a Pelter!

Tailored with art
That's extra smart,
It makes the figure svelter,
And as for wear—
Oh boy, it's THERE!
It's time to get a Pelter.

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In every clime;
And any time
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Add to these coal savings the very considerable saving in shoveling coal and handling ashes, and you will find you have very nearly achieved your ideal of pre-war prices for your steam—even if your *coal* does cost more.

Don't you see how, in these different ways, "85% Magnesia" cuts your coal cost all down the line?

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earnest and he mostly brings back what he goes after. You could rake all hell with a fine-tooth comb and not find a worse man to try you—if you killed Adam Forbes. If you did kill him you're goin' to lose your shadow soon—and there's your fortune told, right now!"

"It is my thinking that I will make old bones yet, and tell tales in the chimney corner. Now you sit back and smoke while I wash up," said Johnny, gathering up the dishes. "I gotta ingratiate myself with you, you know. Go on now—tell us some more. And how about me having a confidential with my friends?"

"That's just it. I was a-preparing of your mind, so you wouldn't be disappointed too much. This prosecuting person, Wade—he done instructed me not to let you see anyone except your lawyer."

"Lawyer, hell! What do I want of a lawyer?"

"Oh! Then you claim to be innocent, do you?" Gwinne's silken brows arched in assumed astonishment.

"Well, I hope so!" said Johnny indignantly. "If I was claiming to be guilty, why confab with my friends? Say, this is one raw deal if a fellow can't get an even break."

"Wade claims you might frame up something. He was particularly anxious the John Cross shouldn't hear of it until after your preliminary. Undue influence and all that."

"Frame up my foot! I didn't kill that man and I reckon I can prove it if I have any chance to know what evidence they're going to bring against me." Again that angry spot glowed on the clear olive of his cheek. "How can I study it over when I don't know what's happened or what is said to have happened? I'll have to go to trial in the dark—no chance to cipher on what's what, like I would if I had a chance to thresh it out with my friends."

"Well," said Gwinne gently, "what's the matter with me?"

"So that's all?" said Gwinne, after Dines had told his story. "Sure of it?"

"Absolutely. He rode up while I was branding my long-ear. He gave me a letter to mail and gassed while he smoked a cig, and wandered back the way he came, while I oozed away down the cañon. No more, no less. Said he was prospecting, he did—or did he?" Johnny reflected; remembering then that Forbes in giving him a letter to mail had mentioned location notices. "Yes, he did."

With the words another memory came into his mind, of the trouble with Jody Weir on day herd—about another letter, that was. This memory—so Johnny assured himself—flashed up now because Weir was one of his five accusers. No—there were only three accusers, as he understood it from the talk of the night before; three accusers, five to arrest him. Yet only one had come actually to get him. Queer!

"Now," said Johnny, "it's your turn."

He rolled a cigarette and listened. Early in the recital he rubbed his nose to stimulate thought; but later developments caused him to transfer that attention to his neck, which he stroked with caressing solicitude. Once he interrupted.

"I never stole a calf in a bare open hillside, right beside a wagon road, never in my whole life," he protested indignantly. "As an experienced man, does that look reasonable to you?"

"No, it don't," said Gwinne. "But that's the story. Adam was found close by your fire—shot in the back and dragged from the stirrup; shot as he rode, so close up that his shirt took fire. And no one rode in Redgate yesterday, but you, and those three, and Adam Forbes."

"Yes. That might very well be true," said Johnny.

"It is true. They wouldn't dare tell it that way if it wasn't true. Tracks show for themselves. And they knew that good men would be reading those tracks."

The prisoner rose and walked a little before he made answer. When he spoke at last it was in a more serious tone:

"You see, I've got inside information. I know several things you don't know, that give a different meaning to all this evidence and all these tracks."

"Well," said Gwinne, "you need it. A horse's track leads from the dead man to Garfield—a track that lacks one shoe."

"My horse had lost a shoe," said Johnny.

"Yes. You tacked one on him at Sam Gray's store. But that is not the worst. The worst is that there are three of them and only one of you." Johnny felt of his neck again, delicately. "By your tell there isn't any man in the world to help out your bare word. If you have any fresh dope, spill it."

"I happen to be in a position to state certainly, at first hand, something which modifies the other evidence," said Dines slowly and confidentially. "I happen to know positively that I didn't murder that man. That's exclusive. You only hear me say it—but I know it. So you mustn't be hurt if I'm not convinced. If the horse tracks say I'm the killer—they're wrong, that's all. Or wrongly read. You will be best served if you either accept the full assurance of my guilt, and so base your deductions on that, or else accept my innocence as sure, and read sign with that in mind. It gets you nowhere to fit those tracks to both theories. Such evidence will fit in with the truth to the last splinter, like two broken pieces of one stick. It won't fit exactly with any lie, not the cleverest: there'll be a crack here, a splinter left over there, unaccountable. For instance, if my accusers are right the dead man's horse went down Redgate ahead of me; my tracks will be on top of his wherever we took the same trail."

"Exactly. That's what they say. They might have been mistaken. It is hard and stony ground."

"They may have been mistaken, yes. Someone else will see those tracks. Now you listen close. Listen hard. If it turns out that Jody Weir and his two pardners, coming down Redgate on a run to give the alarm, rode over and rubbed out all tracks made by my horse and the dead man's horse, wherever they crossed each other—then that's another mistake they made. For when I left Forbes there were only two fresh tracks in the cañon—tracks of two fresh-shod horses going up the cañon, keeping to the road, and made yesterday. I'm sorry they didn't take me back to Garfield. I would have liked a peek at those tracks."

"But it rained, and it rained hard."

Johnny felt of his neck again.

"She sure did," he agreed. "Started just as this man Lull picked me, like fruit on the bough. I forgot that. Well, anyway, if this Garfield place is half human, then a slew of men went up Redgate Cañon before the rain. There must have been some live ones in the bunch."

"I wouldn't worry about that none if I was you," said the jailer. "I know Garfield, and I know old Pete Harkey, and he was taking the lead. If Adam's horse came down the cañon after you did he'll know it. And if your track and the other were carefully ridden out where they crossed—why, old Pete will see that, too."

Johnny raised his hand. "They will be! Hold that idea tight—squeeze it! If I am innocent those tracks were ridden out and spoiled, till Adam Forbes' horse went one way and mine another."

"Well, then—Pete Harkey'll see that, too; he will think about it once and twice Don't you worry. Jerome Martin and Jim-Ike-Jones went along, too, and old man Fenderson, maybe. They'll see. That's what they're going for."

"Hearsay evidence is no good in court. So I'm going to prophesy in writing—with you to witness and swear to the time of it—that all tracks this side of the murdered man are muddled. That written prophecy may not be evidence, but it will make the judge scratch his head."

"As much as to say ——"

"Exactly. Someone killed Adam Forbes. You don't want to forget that. If it wasn't me—who was it? Well, let me tell you something. It was a mean man. Now you keep still a little, while I think over the meanest man I've seen lately."

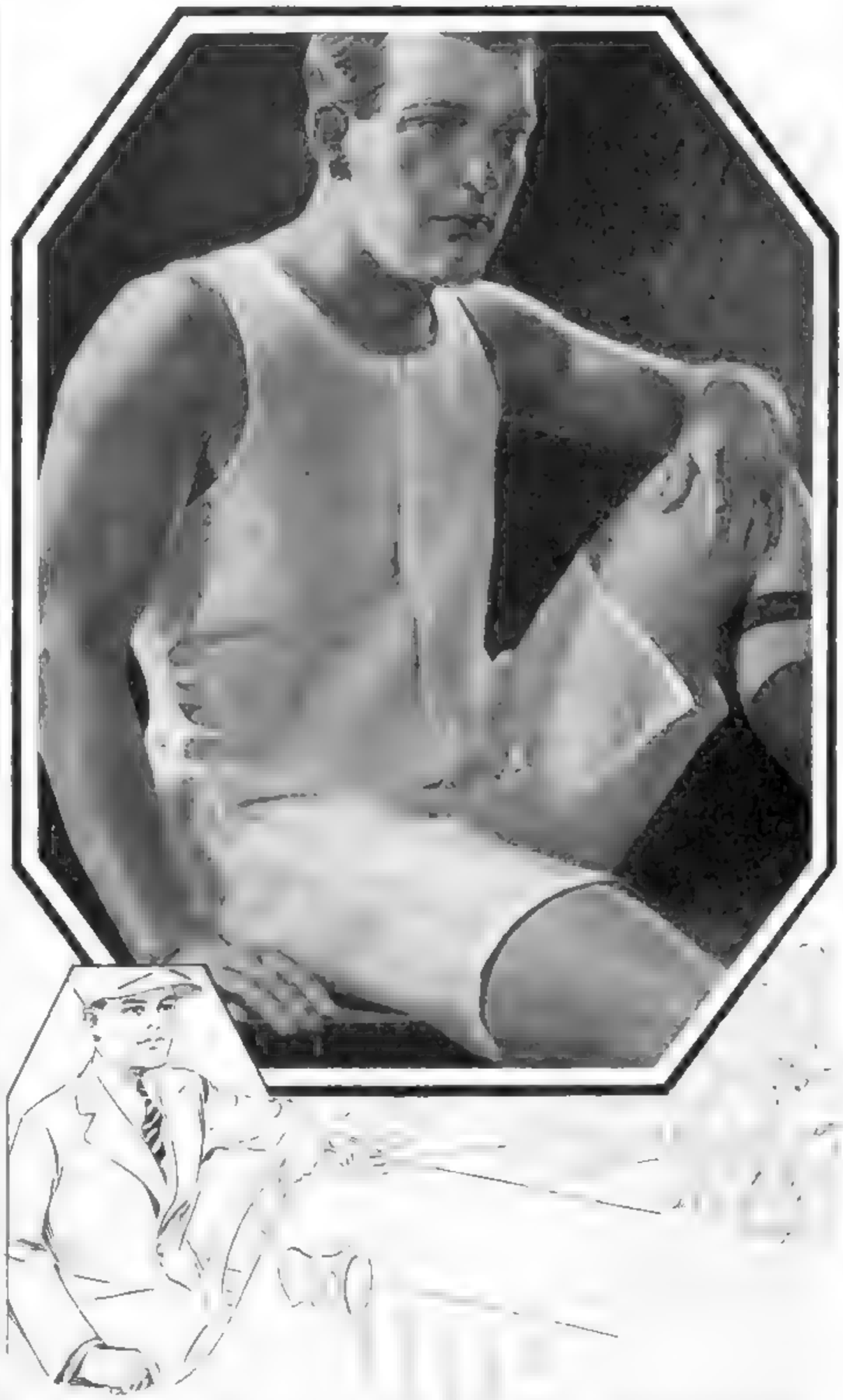
Johnny rolled another smoke; and when it was alight he spoke again:

"Curious, when we come to think of it, but the meanest things a man can do is what he does with his mouth. To kiss and tell, for instance; betrayal under trust. We go to church and hear about the crucifixion. We have no hatred for the hands that drove the nails or the soldier who stood guard—scarcely for the fanatics who hounded the innocent to a shameful death. Our loathing is for Judas Iscariot, who betrayed with a kiss."

Gwinne eyed his captive benevolently.

"Good land of Goshen, son—what on earth has all this got to do with the price of hemp?"

"Everything to do with it. Demand for hemp is going to fluctuate violently if I can



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swing the deal I have in mind," replied Johnny with spirit. "I was just thinking about two traitors I know."

In a prolonged silence Mr. Gwinne rumpled his beard and refilled his pipe.

"The two Garfield men and the other three didn't seem to be agreeing very well," he said at last. "Lull—he's the one who arrested you—he went back to Garfield last night. Couldn't sleep, he said, and they'd be wanting to know in Garfield. The other one, See, the least one, he was round here soon this morning wanting to talk it up with you. He was real feverish about the quarantine."

Johnny cocked his head impishly and looked sidelong at the jailer.

"Just what was the big idea for sending one man to arrest me?"

"They didn't say."

"And why were they all crosswise with each other, like jackstraws?"

"They didn't tell me that either."

"You're allowed three guesses."

Gwinne puffed unhurriedly at his pipe, and after some meditation delivered himself of a leisurely statement between puffs.

"About a year ago, near as I can remember, this man Caney—Big Ed Caney—deputy sheriff in Dona Ana—did you know that? Thought not. Well, he went out beyond Hatch with a warrant for a fellow. He found another man—old Mexican sheep herder—cut down on him with a rifle and ordered him to throw 'em up. The old Mexican was scared or else he remembered something, I don't know which; he was perfectly innocent of this particular charge, whatever it was; they caught the other man later. Anyhow the old gentleman made a dash for his gun—it was leaning up against a tree not far away. And Caney killed him."

"So you think maybe Caney wanted to start something? Ambush, maybe? So I'd go after my gun?"

"I don't know anything about what Caney wanted to do or didn't want to do. All I know is—he didn't."

"And the Garfield boys wouldn't stand for it?" persisted Johnny.

"Lull and Charlie See won't stand for any crooked work—if it's them you mean. Lull was the only Garfield man. Charlie See is from Dona Ana, where they grow good and bad, same as they do here."

"Yes. I see. I know Jody and Toad Hales, myself. I met Lull and See yesterday evenin', just out of Garfield. Say, Mr. Gwinne, could you rustle me a razor?"

"I can too. Anything else on your mind?"

"Why, no. Only I wish I knew where the John Cross outfit is holding forth, and when they are likely to get word about me being in a tight. They may hear to-day, and it may be a week."

"They're up beyond Hermosa somewhere at the head of Cuchillo Creek. And I shouldn't much wonder if they heard about you to-day sometime." Mr. Gwinne looked through the window at the visible wedge of Hillsboro, wavy low hills and winding streets; looked with long and lingering interest, and added irrelevantly: "I knew your father."

Late that afternoon a heavy knock came at the outer door of the jail. Gwinne hustled his prisoner into a cell and answered the call.

He was greeted at the door by Aloys Preiser, the assayer, a gay-hearted old Bavarian—the same for whom, in his youth, Preiser Hill was named—and by Hobby Lull. Hobby's face was haggard and drawn; there were dark circles under his eyes.

"We want to settle a bet," announced Hobby, "and we're leaving it to you. I say that Robin Hood knocked out the Proud Sheriff of Nottingham, and Preiser claims it was a draw. How about it?"

"Hood got the decision on points," said Gwinne soberly.

"There! What did I tell you, you old hunk of Limburger?" Hobby Lull laid hands delicately upon his adversary's short gray beard and tugged it with deferential gentleness. The unresisting head wagged sedately to and fro. "Take that, you old bug hunter!" said Hobby, and stood back, waiting.

The assayer became statuesque.

"You see, Mister Deputy? He has assault committed, and you a witness are. With abusive language!"

"The wienerwurst is yet to come," observed Lull in a voice sepulchral and ominous.

"With threats also, and insults—abandoned ruffian! Desperate! Catiline! Officer—do your duty! I make demand of you. Dake dot mon into gustody!" Preiser's eyes were dancing as he fought down a grin.

Mr. Gwinne regarded the impassioned disputants with grave eyes.

"You are under arrest, Mr. Lull," he said with somber official severity. "Can you give bail?"

"Not one red cent."

"Come in, then."

Lull followed through the door. Turning, he smiled back at the little assayer. Preiser winked.

"I'll have to lock you up, you know," said Gwinne. "District attorney particularly desired that no one should hold communication with Dines, over yonder." He locked Lull in a cell; forgetfully leaving the key in the lock. "Don't try to shout across to Dines, now," he warned. "I'll hear you. Well, I'll be meanderin' along to the kitchen and starting supper."

Hobby reached through the bars and turned the key. He went over to Johnny's cell.

"Well, Dines, how goes it? You don't look much downhearted."

"I'm not," said Johnny. "I'm sorry about the dead man, of course. But I didn't know him, and you can't expect me to feel like you do. I'm right as rain—but I can't say as much for you. You look like you'd been dragged through a knothole."

"No sleep. I went back to Garfield, made medicine and hurried back here. Seventy-five miles now, after a day's work and not much sleep the night before. I thought you'd be having your prelim, you see, or I'd have waited over. Didn't know that Judge Hinkle was out of town."

"Any news?"

"Yes," said Hobby, "there is."

He held out his hand. Johnny took it, through the bars.

"You don't think I killed your friend, then?"

"I know you didn't. But, man—we can't prove it. Not one scrap of evidence to bring into court. Just a sensing and a hunch—against a plain, straight, reasonable story, with three witnesses. You are It."

"Now you can't sometimes most always ever tell," said Johnny. "Besides, you're tired out. Get you a chair and tell it to me. I've been asleep. Also, you and I have had some few experiences not in common before our trails crossed yesterday. I may do a little sensing myself. Tell it to me."

"Well, after Caney's crowd told us Adam was killed in Redgate, Uncle Pete and a bunch went up there hotfoot. They found everything just about as Caney told it. There was your track, with one shoe gone, and Adam's horse with the bridle dragging till he broke it off —"

"And where those two tracks crossed," interrupted Johnny, "those fellows had ridden over the trail till you couldn't tell which was on top."

Hobby stared.

"How did you know that? Uncle Pete was all worked up over it. I never heard him so powerful before, on any subject."

"You're tired out, so you can't see straight," said Johnny. "Also, I know that when I came down Redgate there were no fresh tracks heading this way. If those three men killed Forbes and want to saw it off on me—then they confused that trail on purpose. If they didn't kill Forbes, and muddled the tracks that way, they're half-wits. And they're not half-wits. Go on."

"They found poor old Adam and your fire. They pushed on ahead to read all the sign they could before dark. Up in the park there'd been a heap of riding back and forth. Just at dark they found where a bunch of cattle had been headed and had gone over the divide into Deadman and gone on down. Then the rain came—and the rest is mud."

"Yes. It rained. There was a little low gap to the north from where I branded my calf. If anybody had been there making tracks—those cattle would blot 'em out." Johnny began to laugh. "Look, *amigo*—all this dope seems fairly reasonable and nightmarish, turn about, as we see it across thirty miles and twenty-four hours—but it is a safe guess that some folks didn't sleep much last night. They know all about it, and I reckon when they got to thunking it over it seemed to them like the whole story was printed in letters a mile high. Scared? I guess yes. I'd hate to trade places with 'em right now. And before it rained—oh, mamma! I bet they was tickled to see that rain! Well, go on. Proceed. Give us some more."

"The further I go the less you'll like it," said Lull. "Pete and his hand-picked posse stayed up there and scattered out at daylight, for general results. They found one of Adam's cows with a big fresh-branded calf—branded yesterday. Dines, you're up against it—hard! It's going to look black to any jury. That calf carried your brand—T-Tumble-T!"

"'Hellfire and damnation—make my bed soon!'" said Johnny. "The boy stood on the burning deck, With neither high nor low! The Sons of Zeruiah! . . . Ho, warder! Pull up the drawstring! Let the portcrayon fall! Melt down the largess, fling out the pendulum to the breeze, and howl the battle cry of Dines!"

Hobby's gaunt features relaxed to a laugh.

"You silly ass! And the rope on your very neck! And what is the battle cry of Dines, if I may ask?"

"Only two out!" said Johnny Dines. He flung up his head; his hawk's face was beautiful.

"Good boy!" said Hobby Lull. "Good boy! You never shot Adam Forbes—not in the back. You hold your mouth right. It isn't so bad, Dines. I wanted to see how you'd take it. I know you now. There's more to come. You live a long way from here, with roughs and the river between. We've never seen any of your cattle. But we looked you up in the brand book. Your earmark is sharp the right, underslope the left. That yearling's ears are marked sharp the left, underslope the right."

"Yes. And I knew that without looking at the brand book," said Johnny. "They've overplayed their hand. Any more?"

"One thing more. Nothing to put before a jury—but it fits with a frame-up. This morning, Uncle Pete scouted round beyond where they quit the trail at dark. He found locations where Weir and Caney and Hales struck rich placer yesterday. A big thing—coarse gold. It was natural enough that they didn't tell us. For that matter, they mentioned prospecting along with their saddle-thieves' hunt. You heard 'em tell Gwinne about the saddle thieves last night. But—Adam Forbes was prospecting too. That's what he went up there for. Caney, Weir and Hales—any one of them has just the face of a man to turn lead into gold. There's a motive for you—a possible motive."

"More than possible. Let me think!" Johnny nursed his knee. He saw again the cool dark windings of Redgate, the little branding fire, the brushy pass low above him—where a foe might lurk—himself and Forbes, clear outlined on the hillside, the letter Forbes had given him.

"H'm!" he said. "H'm! Exactly!" With a thoughtful face, he chanted a merry little stave:

The soapweed rules over the plain,
And the brakeman is lord of the train,
The prairie dog kneels
On the back of his heels,
Still patiently praying for rain.

"Say, Mr. Lull, isn't it a queer lay to have the county seat inland, not on the railroad at all, like Hillsboro?"

"That's easy. Hillsboro was the county seat before there was any railroad."

"Oh—that way? And how do you get your mail at Garfield? Does that come from Hillsboro?"

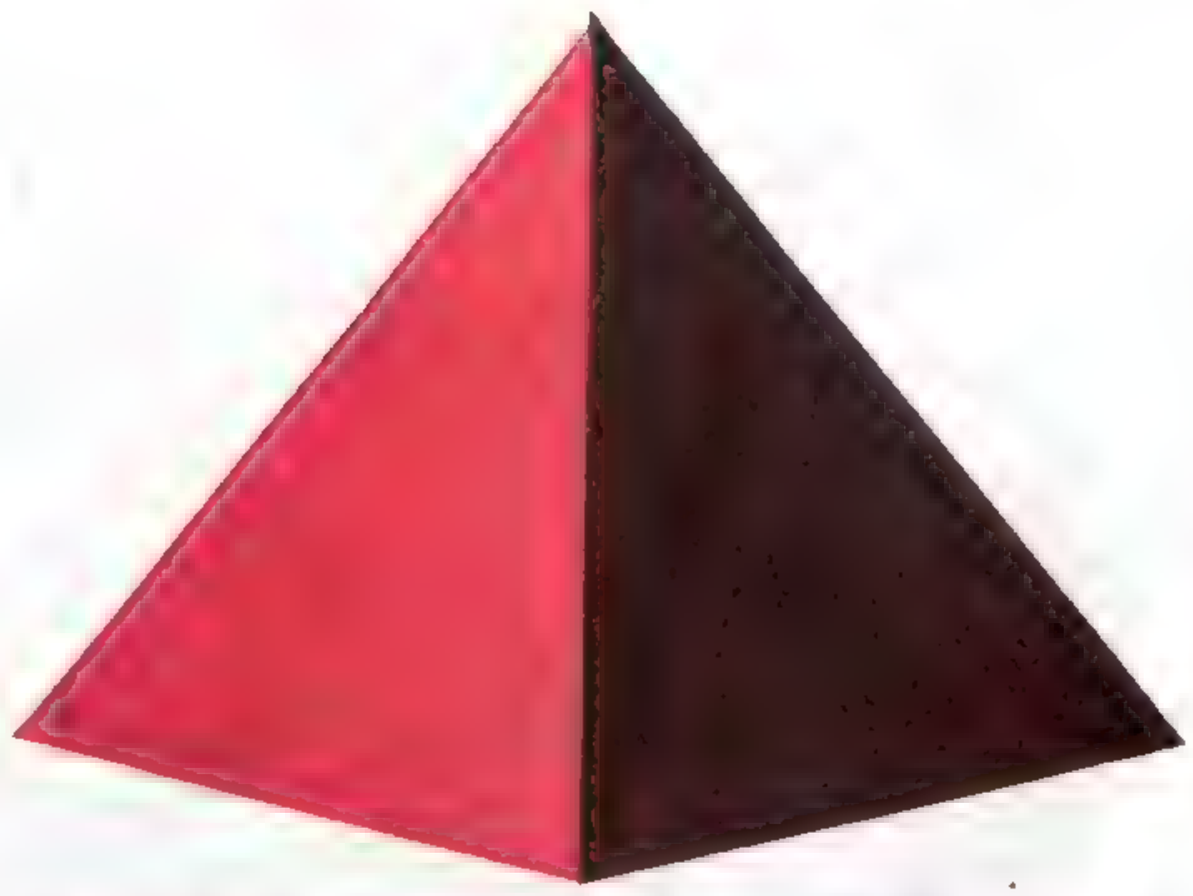
"No. Hillsboro is the closest post office, but our mail goes to Rincon. There's the river, you see, and no bridge. A letter takes two days and a hundred miles to get from Garfield to Hillsboro—and it's only twenty-five miles straight across."

"I see," said Johnny.

Again he visioned the scene on the hillside, the fire, Adam Forbes, the location papers he was to mail; he remembered Toad Hales and his attempted betrayal of the horse-camp guest; he remembered Jody Weir's letter to Hillsboro, and how it was to be delivered. Jody Weir—and the girl in Hillsboro post office—steady, Johnny—steady, boy! Even so, Jody Weir could keep those location papers from reaching the recorder!

The whole black business became clear and sure to him. And in that same flaming moment he knew that he could not clear himself by shaming this light lady—that he had never seen or known. To shield her fault or folly, he must take his chance. He looked up and spread out his hands.

(Continued on Page 61)



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(Continued from Page 58)

"No go, Mr. Lull!" he said cheerfully. "Much obliged to you—and here is gear enough for a cuckoo clock, but I can't make it tick. Surmise and suspicion. Not one fact to lay hands on. Something may come out in the trial, of course. Looks like both ends against the middle, don't it? When dry weather keeps you poor and a rain hangs you? Tough luck! Alas, poor Johnny! I knew him well!"

So far his iron fortunes had brought him—to the shadow of the gallows. There, beset with death and shame, with neck and name on the venture, he held his head high, and kept his honor spotless. Well done, Johnny Dines! Well played, our side.

There is somewhat which must be said here. Doubtless it is bad Art—whatever that means—but it is a thing to be done. It is charged to me that I suppress certain sorry and unsavory truths when I put remembered faces to paper—that I pick the best at their best, and shield with silence their hours of shame and weakness—these men I loved. Well—it is true. I take my own risk by that; but for them, it is what they have deserved. It is what Johnny Dines did for Kitty Seiber.

"Well, that's about all," said Hobby. "Uncle Pete is still skirmishing round. Adam had a tame tank somewhere close by, and Pete thinks he may find some more light on the case, there or somewheres else. If you don't think of anything more I guess I'll go down to the Gar s Hotel and sleep a day or two. Nobody knows where See is. He may be asleep—and then again he may be up to some devilment."

"From what I could hear a while ago," said Johnny, grinning hugely, "I thought you were a prisoner."

"I am," said Hobby.

He went to a window at the end of the big hall and looked out. Hillsboro is generously planned and spreads luxuriously over more hills than Rome. This is for two reasons: First, there was plenty of room, no need to crowd; second, and with more of the causative element, those hills were rich in mineral and were dotted thick with shaft and tunnel between the scattered homes.

Several shafts were near the jail. On the nearest one Mr. Preiser diligently examined the ore dump. Hobby whistled. Mr. Preiser looked up. Hobby waved his hat. Preiser waved back and started toward the jail. Hobby returned to his cell and locked himself in. Mr. Preiser thundered at the jail door.

"Well?" said Gwinne in answer.

"I have been thinking about the criminal Lull," said Mr. Preiser, beaming. "Considering his tender years and that he is nod fully competent and responsible mentally—I have decided not to press the charge against him. You may let him go, now."

"Oh, very well," said Gwinne.

He went to the cell—without remark concerning the key in the lock—and set the prisoner free. His face kept a heavy seriousness; there was no twinkle in his eye. Assailant and victim went arm in arm down the hill.

Mr. Charlie See came softly to Hillsboro jail through the velvet night. He did not come the front way; he came over the hill after a wearisome detour. He approached the building on the blind side, cautiously as any cat, and crouched to listen in the shadow of the wall. After a little he began a slow voyage of discovery. At the rear of the building a broad shaft of light swept out across the hill. This was the kitchen. See heard Gwinne's heavy tread and the cheerful splutterings of beefsteak. Then he heard a dog within; a dog that scratched at the door with mutter and whine.

"Down, Diogenes!" growled Gwinne; and raised his voice in a roaring chorus:

"And he sunk her in the lonesome lowland Low
And he sunk her in the lowland sea!"

Charlie retraced his steps to the corner and the friendly shadows. He crept down the long blank side of the jail, pausing from time to time to listen—hearing nothing. He turned the corner to the other end. A dim light showed from an unwindowed grating. The investigator stood on a slope and the window place was high. Reaching up at full stretch, he seized the bars with both hands, stepped his foot on an uneven stone of the foundation, and so pulled himself up to peer in—and found himself nose to nose with Johnny Dines.

The prisoner regarded his visitor without surprise.

"Good evening," he observed politely.

"Good eve—— Oh, hell! Say, I ought to bite your nose off—you and your good evening! Look here, fellow—are you loose in there?"

"Oh, yes. But the outer door's locked secure."

"Well, by gracious, you'd better be getting to thunder out of this! You haven't a chance. You're a gone goose. You ought to hear the talk I've heard round town. They're going to hang you by the neck!"

"Well, why not—if I did that?" inquired Johnny, reasonably enough. They spoke in subdued undertones.

"But I know damn well you didn't do it."

The rescuer spoke with some irritation; he was still startled. Johnny shook his head thoughtfully.

"The evidence was pretty strong—what I heard of it, anyhow."

"I guess, by heck, I know a frame-up when I see it. Say, what the hell are you talking about? You wild ass of the desert! Think I got nothing to do but hang on here by my eyelashes and argue with you? One more break like that and down goes your meat house—infernal fool! Listen! There's a mining shaft right over here—windlass with a ratchet wheel and a pawl. I can hook that windlass rope on these bars and yank 'em out in a jiffy. If the bars are too stubborn I'll strain the rope tight as ever I can and then pour water on it. That'll fetch 'em; won't make much noise, either, I judge. Not now—your jailer man will be calling you to supper in a minute. Maybe we'd better wait till he goes to sleep—or will he lock you up? Fellow, what you want to do is go. You can make Old Mexico to-morrow. I'll side you if you say so. I've got nothing to keep me here."

"Now ain't that too bad—and I always wanted to go to Mexico, too," said Johnny wistfully. "But I reckon I can't make it this riffle. You see, this old rooster has treated me pretty white—not locked me up, and everything. I wouldn't like to take advantage of it. Come to think of it, I told him I wouldn't."

"Well, say!" Charlie stopped, at loss for words. "I get your idea—but man, they'll hang you!"

"I'm sorry for that, too," said Johnny regretfully. "But you see how it is. I haven't any choice. Much obliged, just the same." Then his face brightened. "Wait! Wait a minute. Let me think. Look now—if Gwinne locks me up in a cell, bimeby—why, you might come round and have another try, later on. That will be different."

"I'll go you once on that," returned the rescuer eagerly. "Which is your cell?"

"Why, under the circumstances it wouldn't be just right to tell you—would it, now?" said the prisoner, doubtfully. "I reckon you'll have to project round and find that out for yourself."

"Huh!" snorted Charlie See.

"Of course if I make a get-away it looks bad—like admitting the murder. On the other hand, if I'm hanged, my friends would always hate it. So there we are. On the whole, I judge it would be best to go. Say, Gwinne'll be calling me to chuck. Reckon I better beat him to it. You run on, now, and roll your hoop. I'll be thinking it over. G'night!"

His face disappeared from the embrasure. Charlie See retired Indian-fashion to the nearest cover, straightened up, and wandered discontentedly down the hill to Hillsboro's Great White Way.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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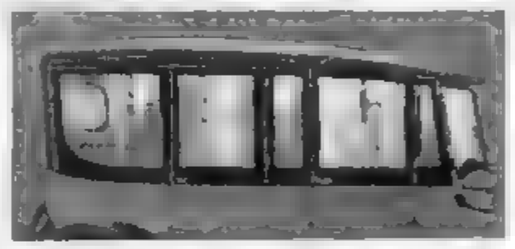

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FOUR FLIGHTS UP

(Continued from Page 27)

"That's right. He knew Budd and said he was a fine and dandy fellow. He was pretty much interested when Miss Boggs told him who I was."

"Was he? What would he be interested in you for?"

"Why wouldn't he? I'm a fellow artist, I guess."

"You guess! You didn't let anyone put anything over on you, did you, Benuel? Not any of that high society bunch?"

"Go on, kid me if you want to—I don't care."

"I don't suppose by any chance fellow-artist Valmar showed up for a shot of oolong, did he?"

"No, I guess I was the only photographer there. But I was introduced to a novelist, Miss Gertrude May Bloomisson, author of a book called Venus in Greenland."

"Oh, Benjamin Beneficial Merriweather, naughty, naughty! Did you ever read Venus in Greenland? Did you?"

"Of course not. What time do I get to read those intellectual ——"

"Oh, boy! You never ——"

"Well, did you? Tell us about it."

"I should say not! What do you take me for? Besides, the Society for the Protection of Innocence had it canned, and you couldn't buy a copy for any amount of money. Your friend Miss Gertrude May Bloomisson cleaned up, though, before they clamped down the lid. I'll say you've been mingling in society all right! Who else did you meet that was great?"

"Oh, a lot of 'em. Say, is that true about Miss Bloomisson? She seemed a nice little kid."

"Pretty?"

"Not exactly. Sort of snappy and bright, though. I met a miniature painter ——"

"Competition."

"And two young fellows who are doing a brother act on the stage."

"Small time, I suppose."

"I don't know about that. They said something about being booked solid for all next season. They're dancers. It was pretty neat. Miss Milliken played for them, and they certainly have the goods. They were tea hounds for fair—you never saw anything like 'em. There was a little Jane named Miss Desmond that made the tea to order, and they kept her busy. Miss Desmond's a violinist, but the gang didn't give her time to scrape a note. I was disappointed. But I'll tell you, Marjie, it's a good thing I went up there. Of course it pleased Miss Boggs to have me ——"

"Yeah! I s'pose she was fairly delirious."

"And that isn't all. I bet we get some business out of it."

"What did you do—pass round your cards? If you're goin' to plunge into the giddy whirl maybe you better have some handbills printed up—something modest, like 'We strive to please. Highest grade work. Prices defy competition. Call and be convinced.' You'd have had that miniature girl wild with jealousy. Nothing like a little advertising, Ben."

"Marjie, quit, will you? I'm trying to tell you something, and you keep razzing me. This is the real thing. Miss Boggs introduced me to a lady named Calverton, Mrs. Caroline Calverton. You remember those copies of The Exclusive your brother lent you? Didn't you notice the name signed to some articles about—about ——"

"Periodical furniture? Yes, I did."

"That's it. Well, she's an authority on artistic homes. Knows all the wealthy people in New York, Miss Boggs says. She's about fifty-five, has snow-white hair and one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw. Honest, Marjie, I went crazy about her. I began thinking up ways I could photograph a face like hers. I just forgot all about pancakes and muffins and soda crackers and all that junk. So, when Ang—Miss Boggs introduced me to her I hung round until I got a chance to talk with her a few minutes alone. You know, I'm an awful boob." Ben paused.

"Well, go on," urged Marjie. "I didn't interrupt, did I?"

"I wanted to tell her what I was thinking about, and I didn't know how. I had an awful time, but I managed to drag up the subject of photography and portraits and how much a fellow like me would give if all the people who came to sit for him were good subjects. See? Subtle stuff."

"Subtle? Ben, serpents are open-faced cherubs compared to you."

"Well, it worked. She said, oh, I was a photographer, was I? Did I specialize in portrait work? How was I on interiors? Well, she didn't ask me to just take her."

Marjie was convulsed.

"If the conversation was like you say it was it must have been a scream."

Aw, what's the difference? She's coming down here and see some of my work, and she says whenever she writes up some millionaire's home for The Exclusive she has it illustrated with photographs. Says she might give me some of that to do, and she has rich friends that would come here on her recommendation. I closed with her right away."

"What do you mean? Went into a clinch? Why, Ben, how could you ——"

"Fixed up a deal with her, stupid. I'm to allow her ten per cent on all business she gets for me. That's fair enough, I should say."

"Sounds pretty big to me, Ben. Still, if she really sent you some portrait work that you could charge high prices for—but my sakes, if she ever saw this untidy place she'd never send a single person! And I guess if ——"

Ben waited a minute for Marjie to continue, then said impatiently, "Well, if what?"

"If anyone who was anyone came here and met me they'd be disgusted."

"Why, I'd like to know?"

"Because. Women that go to nice studios expect to be met by charming young persons who use the right grammar and have pretty manners. I haven't any at all. Neither have you, Ben Merriweather. We better organize a mutual improvement society."

"Oh, you do all right. So do I."

"Yes, you do, with your subtle stuff. I can see you now talking to that Mrs Calverton. I bet you pulled the king's English all in little bits. Listen! This is you: 'Say, I'm pleased to meetcher, Mrs Calverton. My card. Gee, but you've got a swell face to photograph! Why don't you breeze round some day and let me shoot you up some pictures? Ten dollars a dozen choice of finish and mounts. We'll treat you right, you or any friends of yours, and guarantee satisfaction or your money back.'"

"Look here, Marjie, what's got hold of you to-day? I'm no butter-in a crystal salon, and I know how to behave myself as well as most."

"Maybe. But I don't. And this studio looks like the deuce."

"I suppose it does."

"If that lady did send her friends here they'd never make an appointment for sittings."

"I've been thinking we might move into a better part of town."

"And boost your rent two or three hundred per cent? That would be an awful gamble. You're hardly making both ends meet where you are. Besides, how do you know there isn't a sort of a—what do you call it?—fascination about coming to an unusual place like this and walking up four flights? I've a hunch you ought to stay here. But just how to make the place look like something I don't know. The least we could do would be to start in with a broom and dust cloth."

Ben was dubious.

"What difference does it make how the place looks, just so folks get good work?"

"It makes a difference in the price you can charge for one thing," replied Marjie with spirit. "Now, Ben, I don't take much stock in this society bug of yours. Somehow those people don't sound like the real twenty-four-carat article to me. Maybe they are, but the way you describe 'em, why—I'll tell you what! I think they're a flock of Bohemians."

"I don't get you."

"Well, you know what a Bohemian is, don't you?"

"Sure! A Bohemian is a kind of a Polack that works in a mine or a tannery or a steel mill. He's like a Lithuanian, only different."

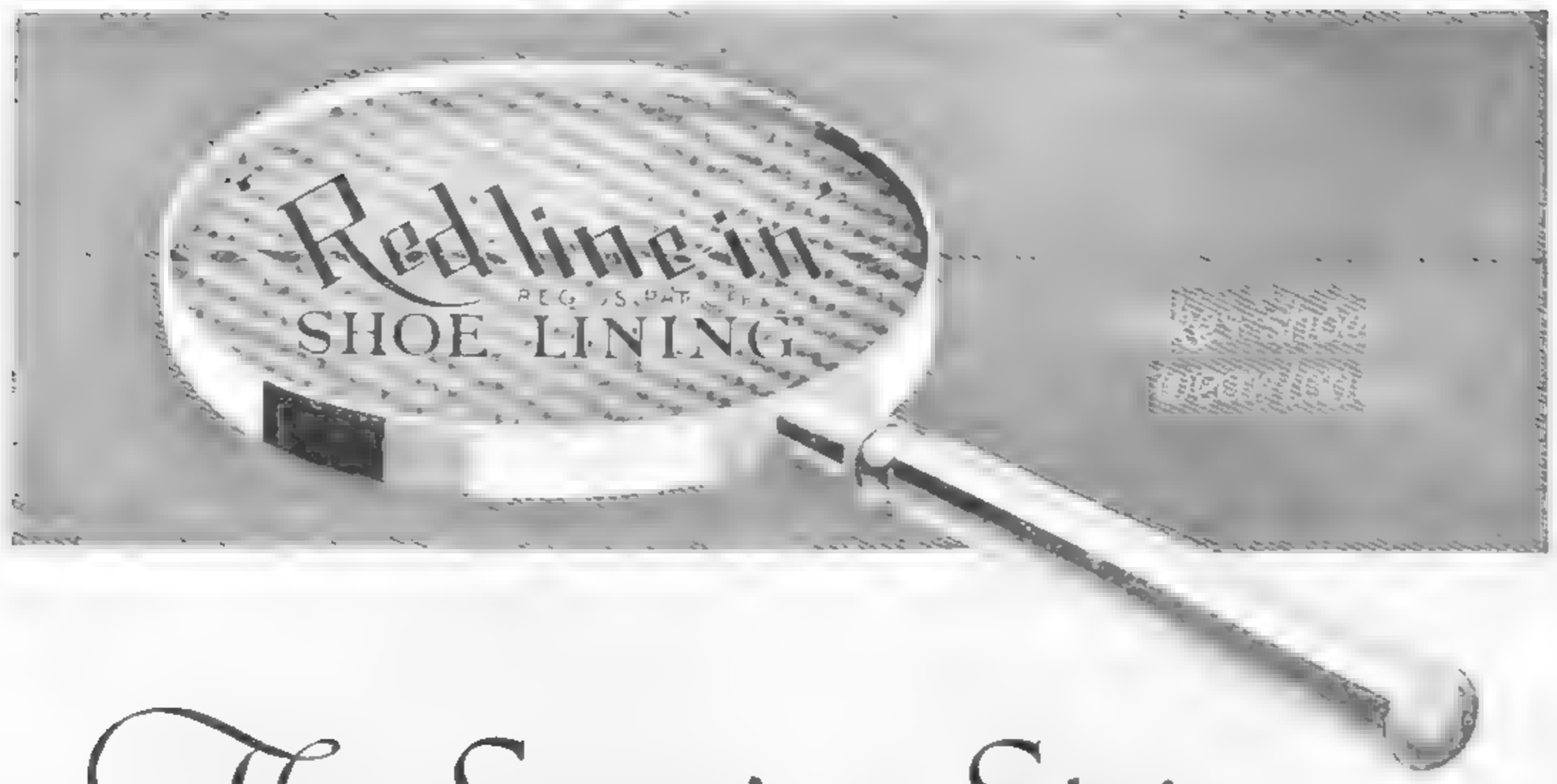
"No, Ben. I was reading a book lately by a man named Henry, and he ——"

"Henry who?"

"Not Henry anybody. That's his last name—Henry. I think his first name was Oliver or Otis. I forget which. He told all about the Bohemians."

"Well, what did he say they were?"

(Continued on Page 65



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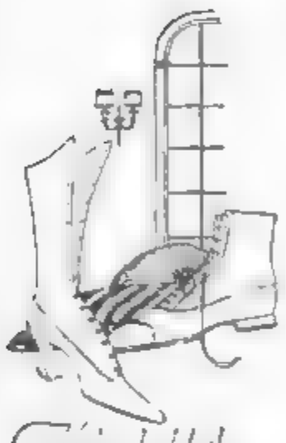

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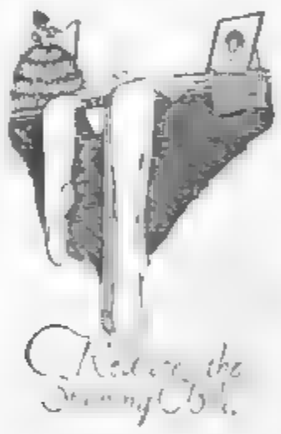
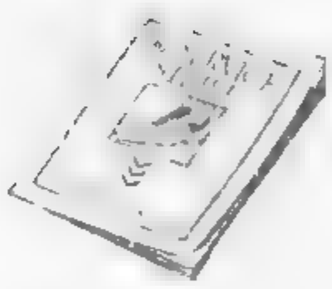


Red at the Seams Only



This booklet, sent on request, will tell you WHY and HOW the lining of a shoe has more to do with the shoe's wearing qualities than you have ever imagined. Send for it

"Red-line-in," the strongest and most durable shoe lining made, will

[1] Add to the length of service of your shoes;

[2] Insure you greater comfort and save stocking wear;

[3] And keep the shoes nearer their original shape.

In other words, "Red-line-in" will

[a] Effectually reinforce the whole shoe;

[b] And by easing the wear on both leather and seams make your shoes retain their shape and last longer—*and a shoe that lasts longer costs less.*

* * *

Do you realize now how important is the lining of your shoes and the bearing it has on the size of your shoe bills? "Red-line-in" adds from fifty cents' to two dollars' worth more wear to every pair of shoes.

Another thing, "Red-line-in" saves a lot of stocking money and a lot of stocking darning. It wears *remarkably* at heel and toe. It's the lining hole at heel and toe that wears out stockings.

And besides saving stockings and darning, "Red-line-in" makes for comfort—no torn edges or rolled-up lumps to hurt the foot.

* * *

Ask your dealer for shoes *lined* with "Red-line-in" lining. He has them or can get them for you. You can easily tell "Red-line-in." There are RED LINES running through the lining. No other shoe lining has this RED LINE.

This identification is our guarantee that shoes lined with "RED-LINE-MARKED" lining ("The Service Stripe") will wear longer. *And shoes that wear longer cost less.*

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY, *Established 1856*
Lincoln and Essex Streets, Boston, Mass.

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

Thor
ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

500,000 Women use the Thor

HALF A MILLION THOR enthusiasts! Many value the THOR for its gentle treatment of sheer, delicate garments—laces, fine linens, and fluffy blankets. Others, for its quick and thorough washing of the grimy clothing of children and workingmen.

The THOR'S method of washing in the revolving, reversing cylinder makes it the machine for *you*, whatever your laundry requirements may be.

The continual drop, drop, drop of the clothes through the swirling, soapy water coaxes out the most stubborn dirt, without injury to the daintiest pieces.

In five hundred thousand homes the THOR is doing the family washing in about one hour, at a cost of only 3 cents for electricity. It is self-cleanable—no need of lifting out the cylinder. These and many other superior points have kept THOR the leader for fourteen years.

Sold everywhere on easy payments. Let the nearest dealer explain to you just how a THOR will actually pay for itself in your individual case.

Write for the new book, "You and Your Laundry," just prepared by Mrs. Christine Frederick. It will be sent prepaid without cost.

Other products of the Hurley Machine Company are the Thor Electric Ironer and the Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaner

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

General Offices and Factories, Chicago

147 W. 42nd St., New York 209 Tremont St., Boston 319 No. 10th St., St. Louis 124 Post St., San Francisco British Distributors
817 Walnut St., Kansas City 413 Yonge St., Toronto 822 S. Broadway, Los Angeles Durant Bldg., Flint, Mich. Chas. E. Beck & Co., Ltd., 70 New Bond St., London

(Continued from Page 62)

"I can't just remember. But I got an idea a Bohemian is a ——"

"A what?"

"Oh, a nut who kids himself he's Living his Own Life, and spells it with capitals. He's a bear for light housekeeping and heavy talk and calls all the big artists by their first names. Most o' the Bohemians used to hang out down round Greenwich Village, but I hear somebody kicked the hill and scattered the poor things all over town. I guess you struck a new nest of 'em."

"My goodness, Marjie Paul, aren't you the cynical little devil? That's what you get from reading books, is it? You talk so clever a stranger might almost think you had brains."

"I know, Ben. My folks used to hope I was going to turn out real bright. But I've worked here in the studio so long I'm afraid my intellect's been overexposed. It's pathootic, I think."

"Oh, it's pathootic all right! If I was your pa I'd box your little shell-like ears."

"I suppose you have a real clear idea of what would happen about the time either you or pa started to box my little shell-like ears, haven't you? Because if you haven't, Benuel, you understand my hat's in the ring."

Ben decided hastily that he had. He got out the broom and dustpan and fell grumblingly upon the task of sweeping out. No telling when Mrs. Calverton might drop in.

xx

ANGELA BOGGS had gone several times to Ben Merriweather's studio to superintend the composition of the advertising photographs he had made for her. Ben was always at his best when at work. Then, if at any time, he displayed a touch of masterfulness. Then, if at any time, he made Angela feel a trifle inferior. He was almost brutally frank in the expression of his contempt for what Angela regarded as pleasing combinations and arrangements.

Marjie Paul had posed in several of these pictures, and had showed a becoming docility in meeting Angela's directions as to attitude, facial expression and what Angela called atmosphere. Marjie was as contemptuous of Miss Boggs' artistic deficiencies as was Ben, but she took great pains to conceal it. Still Angela cordially disliked the little blond assistant, whom she regarded as vulgar and common. What Marjie thought of Angela needs no elaboration at this point.

In the studio Ben was wholly unaffected. He forgot everything but his work, and went about the business of producing photographs with simple, efficient directness. Yet here he was his most picturesque self. Marjie had produced from somewhere a couple of loose-fitting smocks of faded-looking, bluish material, which Ben had consented to wear under protest.

"Great hyposulphite of soda!" he had complained. "What d'you want me to wear these Mother Hubbards for? They make me feel so ladylike! If I saw a mouse I'd jump on a chair and holler."

"Fiddlesticks! They're just the same as overalls, and every artist wears 'em. You're an artist, aren't you? That is, you kid yourself that you are. Well, dress the part. These smocks will keep your clothes clean, and I'll see that you always have one fresh—only I don't know but they look more professional with a few stains on 'em."

Ben came shortly to regard his smocks with more favor. He found them handy and comfortable. Marjie came across some magazine illustrations showing different painters and sculptors of eminence working in similar garments.

"Believe me," argued Marjie, "it'll go a long way toward making it possible for you to charge a hundred and fifty dollars a dozen for those big sepia prints. Can't you see, Ben, I'm trying to make you stage yourself? I was readin' in a book the other evenin' about a duck—a man, I mean—that made a big success as a merchant, because he dramatized himself and his business. He made it different from any other business. He was always doing something so people would ask who or what he was, and the answer was always, 'Why, that's Mr. Counterbury, the silk man.' Folks couldn't see him without thinkin' of his store."

"Must have made a holy show of himself, I'll say!"

"Not at all, Ben—just the opposite. Folks noticed him because everything he did was always in good taste, even if it was original. He didn't ride round in an automobile that hurt your eyes like a ship covered with cammerfludge. But he had a special body built for his car that made people stare and say gosh, what a beautiful automobile, and whose was it? 'Oh, that belongs to Counterbury, the silk-store man.' The book said everything he did was in character, and his store reflected his personality. Get me?"

Ben gazed dubiously round the untidy gallery, which in spite of some effort with broom and damp sawdust was still woefully blank.

"If this dump reflects my personality," he grieved, "I must be a rare specimen."

"You are," grinned Marjie. "Look out some of your Boheme friends don't net you and mount you on a pin in a collection."

Instantly the thought of Angela Boggs popped into Ben's head. He wondered if his Lady of the Biscuits were doing just that to him. Was he Exhibit K in a Boggs Gallery of Fatheads? Then he told himself he was darned mean even to think such things. Lots of folks knocked Angela, but doubtless it was because they were jealous.

Outside the studio Angela felt her advantage, for Ben became a trifle constrained. She was opening up for him a world that was new and strange—a world of sophistications and flattened illusions. Consequently Ben had begun to think. This was rather painful at first, because he had a good deal of inertia to overcome; and having lived in the country village of Eighth Avenue all his life, the city and its ways astonished and puzzled him.

So, to Angela, Ben's mind was like a fresh and inviting white page on which it seemed she could write whatever she wished. One day when—between a busy forenoon and afternoon—they had gone together for a quick bite of lunch he had blurted out, "Of course, Miss Boggs, I'm kind of a roughneck. But you know what? It's because I've been so confounded lazy. I've let myself slip. I went to the Classical High School. My father was a druggist, corner of Twenty-first Street, years ago, and quite prosperous at one time. I expected to go to college. His business went bad and he died broke, so I never did get my education. But a fellow can't go through high school without knowing something. I was bugs on chemistry. That was one reason I drifted into photography.

"But when a fellow's future seems to go blooey he is more than likely to give up. I confess I ought to have had more spunk. I ought to have gone to college anyhow, and earned my way. Instead I got a job and helped take care of my mother as long as she lived. Then I went into business for myself. I never had a very hard time getting a living, but I lost my ambition. What education I had ran out through my fingers like water. I got careless and slovenly.

"But I'll tell you an example of a person that is making the most of her opportunities, Miss Boggs—and her opportunities are mighty slim too. That's my assistant, Marjie Paul. That kid has had a hard time—mother dead and father a souse, two brothers younger than she is that she has mothered ever since she was ten or eleven years old, and working for small pay. She's a spunky one—and ambitious too. If I'd had her pep I'd have been prosperous and successful. She's always after me to do better work and expand my business. If it hadn't been for Marjie you would never have heard of me, because she put the idea of trying for that prize into my head."

Ben grinned expectantly, as if he had told Angela something of vital interest.

"Indeed!" said Angela politely.

"Marjie reads too," he went on. "She's always quoting something from a book she's picked up. Pulled Epictetus on me a while ago. What do you know about that? She's great on this inspirational literature—success dope, they call it. I wish she could get a little advice and help, Miss Boggs. Now I haven't the least doubt you could suggest a lot of self-improvement ideas to that kid. She'd appreciate——"

"My, how late it's getting!" remarked Angela. "We ought to go back and finish up those last three groups. I don't know about my helping Miss Paul, Mr. Merriweather. She seems quite self-sufficient. Probably she wouldn't care for any advice from me, and besides that sort of thing is rather out of my line."

Ben had felt vaguely disappointed to hear Angela express herself in this way. Still you could hardly expect anyone as busy as Angela to be interested in a girl like Marjie. Though of course Marjie had certainly been most obliging in the matter of posing under Angela's direction.

DON'T get lost in a confusion of shoes. Decide to buy a shoe that is worthy of a name and trade-mark. "Ralston" on a shoe is a mark of sterling worth. If you have been experimenting in the past, insure satisfaction by turning to Ralstons. Every pair you buy will prove *on your feet* the right purchase.

There is nothing bizarre or radical about this fall-time Ralston. It reveals the Ralston leadership in style. Comfort is never hampered; the natural activity of the foot never limited. You can rely upon its fit and durability.

For forty years the Ralston Health Shoemakers have been developing the science and art of perfecting an *equable* shoe—the utmost in properly balanced style, fit, comfort and wear at a medium, equable price.

Write for the name of the Ralston dealer in your neighborhood

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

This Trade-mark identifies genuine Boss Work Gloves
Be sure it is on every pair you buy

The Hands of a Nation

OVER half of the working hands of the nation are doing their daily tasks in Boss Work Gloves.

They are a sure protection against dirt, dust, grease, paint and many minor injuries.

They are heavy enough to wear well, yet light and flexible enough to allow you to "feel" your work. They are easy to slip in-to and out-of.

Thousands of painters, ironworkers, gardeners, blacksmiths and farmers swear by Boss Work Gloves.

Workers in hundreds of different lines of trade wear them every day. Women find scores of uses for them about the house.

They are supreme on the hands of the Nation.

Everyone should keep a pair around home, in the automobile, at the office or the shop. Slip them on whenever hand-work is to be done. Priced so low that you can afford a new pair every day if necessary.

Ask your dealer for Boss Gloves. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Three styles of wrist: band, ribbed, and gauntlet. One of these popular models will be just what you need.

THE BOSS **MEEDY**—The world's favorite work glove for odd jobs around the house and garden, and all light hand-work. Made of the best quality, medium weight canton flannel.

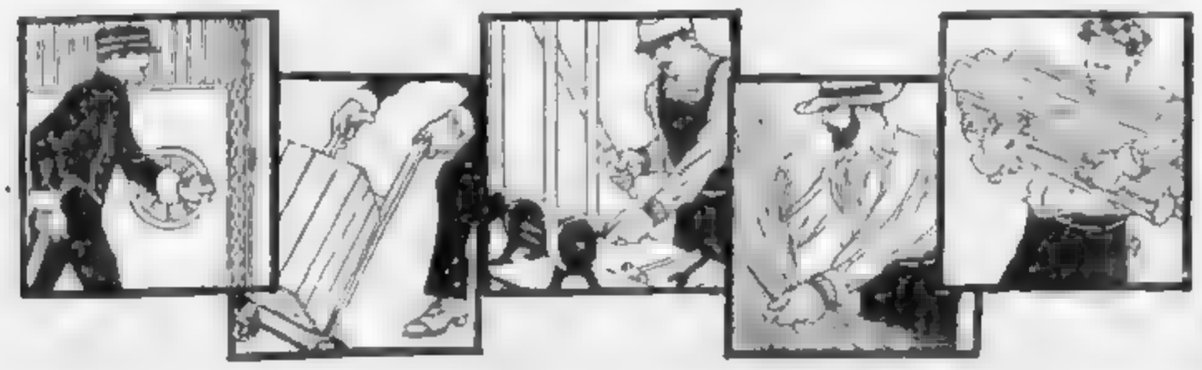
THE BOSS **HEVY**—The best bet for all work that requires a strong, wear-resisting glove. Made of the very best quality, heavy weight canton flannel.

THE BOSS **XTRA HEVY**—The world's champion heavyweight handwear for rough work. Made of the finest grade of extra heavy canton flannel.

THE BOSS **WALLOPER**—This is the super work glove. Strong, flexible and built for rugged work. Made of the highest quality, heaviest weight canton flannel.

The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens.

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING CO., Kewanee, Ill.



Angela's absence from town had given Ben opportunity to have her work in reasonable readiness, an opportunity extended by her indisposition following her return. And then, for one reason after another, she was obliged to delay her call for several days after the kidnaping episode. Ben was glad of this, because there were many little finishing touches he could still add. It seemed like painting the lily, but he kept fussing with the negatives, making little changes here and there, enlarging, reducing again.

"Gee, Ben, why don't you let 'em alone?" demanded Marjie. "You can't improve 'em any. You'll just get more and more finicky."

"Oh, I keep seeing things," said Ben.

"You'll never make a penny on that stuff, even if you get full price for all of it, if you keep on wasting plates and paper. Do you have any idea what the job would have cost you if you had charged in a reasonable amount for the time you've spent?"

"Oh, my time's my profit," argued Ben stubbornly.

"My land, Ben, seems to me some people haven't got the commercial instincts of a hen!"

"I don't know. A hen appears to have the instinct to curtail production and send prices sky-high."

"Oh, is that so? Well, did you ever notice that a hen works just as hard when she isn't laying any eggs as she does when she is? Some efficiency!"

"You win," conceded Ben helplessly.

Marjie was of course among those present when the head of Boggs' department of sales and advertising finally showed up to pass upon the new biscuit pictures. She couldn't very well help it, though many times during that historic episode in the life of Benjamin F. Merriweather she wished she were a thousand miles away.

Ben had recently installed a telephone, and at about eleven Angela called up to say she would be over shortly after lunch. Ben immediately fell into a state of rather futile excitement. The thing had been on his mind so long he was like a schoolboy who has rehearsed his piece for graduation until all the verses spin through his poor head in a hopeless jumble.

"Come on," said Marjie, "let's get a lot of thumb tacks and put 'em all round the gallery walls."

"Do you think that's as good a way as to show 'em one at a time?"

"Yeah. Get a lot of that brown paper you used for backgrounds and pin it up across the end of the room—here, this is a good light. You won't want to put 'em on all four walls. Stick the other set up on the opposite side of the room. See why? So she won't be able to look at both styles at the same time. Over here put the ones Miss Boggs bossed herself, and then over there the ones you made according to your own ideas. Then they won't fight."

Ben was glad to let Marjie direct the job of displaying the pictures. He trotted about, sorting out the subjects and assigning them to their most effective positions.

"No, don't put that one at the top," warned the girl. "Put it at the end so it will face in—see how the light falls? Now that big one at the top. What you want is to coax the eye along from left to right, like in reading a book. Ted was telling me. Over at the office they've been having lectures on what they call the psychology of optical functioning, or something of the kind. I pump it all out of Ted. He takes a soft pencil and a piece of paper and charts it for me nights when he doesn't have to go to art school. There, isn't that better? See how you get a center of attention? Ted says that's important. You gotta make it easy for the eye to get the effect. It's a trick, but it's worth knowing. Now I think that's some swell exhibish!"

Merriweather had outdone himself in producing these studies. He was confident they would outshine the more commonplace arrangements. They were strikingly original. Ben had seemingly tricked all the laws of indoor lighting. He had taken infinite, almost heartbreaking pains with each picture.

In one he had set up a slender glass of milk and a thin plate of costly porcelain supporting a symmetrical stack of Boggs' Cozy Hour Tea Biscuits on a bit of embroidered napery. These loomed at you from a background of velvety-black shadow, and you knew that you saw each detail sharp and clear, because of some elfin light from what must have been a concealed source far above the upper margin of the picture. There was not a suggestion of table, of service tray, of wall—nothing to give atmosphere. Yet atmosphere was there—cool, quiet, aloof. It seemed incredible that any pictorial treatment should suggest so much with so little use of properties. You instantly visualized the only possible surroundings in which this food of the gods could be thus served. Here were a plate of common tea biscuits and a glass of ordinary cow's milk apotheosized and set upon Olympus. They became nourishment for creatures more than mortal, something rare and unattainable and desirable. The effect was to send you hastily to the nearest grocery with two bits in your hand, fearing lest some other millionaire and his quarter might beat you to the last package on earth. Yes, sir, it was plumb snobbish, that picture.

There were half a dozen equally novel, equally well conceived. They were not all coldly aloof. Some were cordial and appetizing and alluring. These were still life into which genius had breathed a vital quality of human warmth. Others were austerely correct displays of unbroken packages that can't be described in any terms that would convey more than a suggestion of commonplaceness, yet were genuinely subtle in arrangement.

Ben's intuition for that sort of composition was uncanny, and his lighting devices might have been ridiculous if they had developed less effectively.

For instance, he had made an exposure of a laboriously constructed inverted pyramid of packages upside down. His lighting was a strong reflected sunlight from above and at one side. It resulted in a series of deep shadows with clean edges, cast by each successive layer of packages upon the layer below. Ben then turned the picture bottom up—that is, with the pyramid in its normal position. After that, by a manipulation of negatives and a little faking with a brushful of body color, he produced what appeared to be a real pyramid, colossal in size—a vast, towering structure at which from the lower foreground a tiny desert caravan looked up in awe. And the whole effect was indescribably weird, because the illumination appeared to come from concealed flood lights, casting all shadows upward. The composition was eye-compelling to the last degree. Far above the pyramid's apex swung the vast black arch of the sky, specked with stars. You felt as if that pile of soda crackers had outlived the Pharaohs and would stand inscrutable until the trump of doom.

The human interest subjects were no less striking. It wasn't a case of showing a pretty girl serving a plate of biscuits. It was rather to convey the effect of exquisite but elusive femininity that Ben had used Marjie Paul. In these pictures she brooded like a spirit in a background of misty loveliness. She never stepped forward and shrieked her physical attractions into the camera's eye; she never challenged; she never obtruded. She was always held back, a sprite, a dryad in a leafy arbor, a filmy goddess of gastronomics, etherealizing the allurements of the products of Boggs' bakeries. Sometimes you had to look twice to find her. But you never needed to look twice for Boggs' biscuits.

Ben sensed the necessity of merchandising the goods in these pictures. After all, the surroundings, the backgrounds, mustn't divert attention. There mustn't be too much frame for the picture. Always you got the product, clear and sharp, with its background of subtle atmosphere, of nebulous, feminine grace and beauty, that filtered into your subconscious mind while you thought you were seeing only that delectable heap of crumpets, or that characteristic package for which you were expected to seek on your retailer's shelves.

There was one exception, which Merry called his cubist puzzle. He took a dozen negatives of Marjie in various attitudes. She was gay, serious, languid, shoutingly excited, boisterous, subdued. These were all head studies in different sizes. Also Ben photographed repeatedly, though in different positions, the package containing Boggs' Crusty-Brown Disks.

Then he made a composite of his negatives, worked over the result for two solid days, printed it and rephotographed the print in a substantial frame of appropriate decoration.

Of course it was a stunt pure and simple. You looked at what you supposed was a package of Crusty-Brown Disks, and discovered Marjie Paul laughing through it at

(Continued on Page 68)

Are you still in the stone age of shaving?

"HURT? Of course my shaves hurt! I expect 'em to hurt," said a man on the back end of a street car the other morning.

He's not alone. There are millions of men who wince under wicked shaving tools every morning and think it is medicine they have to take.

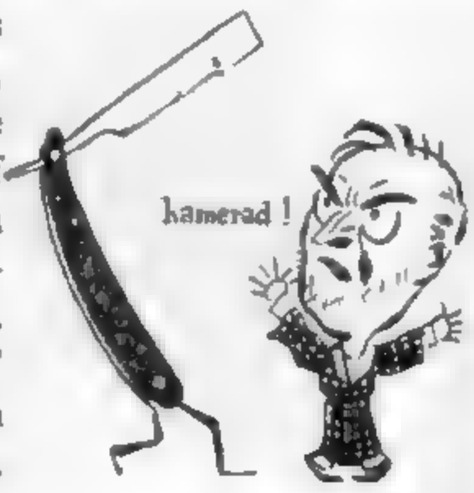
They don't shave; they simply annoy their whiskers a while every morning.

Shaving came into its own during the war. The war is responsible for one of the greatest comfort-increasing discoveries of all time: The Ever-Ready Radio Blade, a safety razor blade that is as far ahead of old-time safety razor blades as **they** were ahead of the Indian system of shaving (pulling 'em out).

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE that you are going through life without knowing how pleasant a shave can really be? And nothing but a dollar bill standing between you and the luxury of Ever-Ready ownership! It would be worth the bet at 500.

There's no use **enduring** shaves when you might as well be **enjoying** them.

If you don't know Ever-Ready you don't know what science has done for shaving during the past few years. And if a man deserves anything he deserves the best shaves in the world, considering he saves himself at least $50 a year by shaving himself. A "fairly good" shave is like a fairly good egg.



Throw off your shaving shackles. Buy an Ever-Ready today and your face will say in the morning: "Why have you been keeping this from me all these years?"

Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades—all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today—at all stores.

$1.00 Complete

Extra Blades 6 for 40c
Sold the World Over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York
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'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

"SUEDE-LIKE"

PRISCILLA DEAN, the Motion Picture Star, is among the devotees of fashion who wear Tams" of Suede-Like.

Tams are the vogue! Tams of Suede-Like have the jauntiness and style which appeal to all well-groomed women. The moderate price of Suede-Like emphasizes the desirability of Tams developed in this fabric.

The genuine is stamped

Suede-Like

HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO.

(Continued from Page 66)

you like a jovial ghost. Then you discovered Marjie in pensive mood, cogitating very likely on her shortcomings, when suddenly that ubiquitous package of Crusty-Browns popped at you. You couldn't get away from it. The thing allured and pleased and irritated you at the same time. You would smile and then frown, admire the diabolical cleverness of the thing and declare it had hypnotized you, tear your gaze away and then come slavishly back to it.

"It's worse than that old Mystery thing that started all the trouble," declared Marjie. "It's the whole blame spirit world inhabited exclusively by me and a flock of Zwieback. Gosh!"

It took Ben and Marjie a couple of hours to get the displays arranged to their satisfaction. At last they were ready.

"Going out to lunch?" asked Marjie.

"Huh! I couldn't eat a thing."

"Now aren't you silly! Well, I'm not going to let Miss Angela Boggs spoil my lunch. Isn't it funny, Ben? You take a couple thousand dollars' worth of pictures to make other folks eat their heads off, and lose your appetite when you look at 'em. This human psychology we hear so much about is queer dope. So long. I'll be back soon. I'd be afraid to leave you to the tender mercies of that soda-cracker vampire. She might kidnap you again, pictures and all, and never bring you back."

"Aw, go on and eat," groaned Ben. "I don't give a hoot if you don't come back!"

"Oh, yes you do, Benuel. Besides, I don't want to miss the fun. G'-by."

XXI

WHEN Marjie returned from lunch she brought Ben a couple of sandwiches, for which he thanked her grumpily. Like a distrait lion he wandered up and down the gallery, gazing at the photographs.

"What you need is a good walk in the open air," said Marjie. "The weather is grand."

"She might get here while I was out."

"Well, that wouldn't hurt her, would it? She could wait a few minutes. I'd try my best to be chatty and entertaining."

"Yes, you'd make a hit. She's so fond of you—and you of her."

"Touching, isn't it? But you needn't worry. I know more than to damage a valuable customer. Go ahead out, like I said."

"I might for fifteen minutes," conceded Ben, and disappeared.

He confined his walk strictly to the route Miss Boggs would be most likely to use on her way from her office to the studio, and anxiously scanned the passers-by for her trim, tailored figure. Sure enough, not more than five blocks from his own door he met her.

"There," he cried in greeting, "I thought probably you'd be on your way."

"Was there something else you wanted to do?" asked Angela.

"No; I had a headache and came out to get a breath of air. I didn't want to miss you."

"I ought to have asked you to bring the pictures to our office. I'm tremendously busy. Then I think my father will have to see the work before I can pass on it finally."

Ben had turned and fallen into step at Angela's side.

"I guess he trusts you to make your own decisions, doesn't he?"

"If I care to accept the responsibility, yes; but you must remember, he's been in the business a great many years. He has wonderful judgment."

Ben remembered Hamilton D.'s first and only visit to the Eighth Avenue studio. He could guess what the old pirate would do to those pictures if they were shown him without Angela's recommendation and defense.

"It's a good thing you're progressive," ventured the photographer. "I bet things are going ahead in your business since you began helping your father run it."

"Father might not agree with you. It's awfully hard to sell him on anything radical—impossible in fact. That's why I warned you at the start that you would undertake this work at your own risk, Mr. Merriweather."

Ben felt a little sinking sensation. Of course she meant the things he had done on his own hook, but Angela's remark had a kind of general significance. And with still further perturbation he remembered their only conversation regarding prices—and his agreement with Budd. He had completed the Uncle Rastus subjects and received his money. If he hadn't, goodness knows how he would have financed himself and the Boggs' experiments in the last few weeks. Accepting the Bond & Bent check, however, had clinched his obligation to charge Angela the prices suggested by Budd. He couldn't back down now, but no man facing a dentist ever did so with greater misgivings than those with which Ben Merriweather contemplated that coming discussion with Miss Boggs.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" remarked the lady. "I suppose the real reason I didn't have you come over was that I wanted an excuse to run out for a while. It's really too nice to work. Have you any engagement for the last half of the afternoon?"

"Well, no, I guess not. It depends on how long we take to go over the pictures. I saved the whole afternoon so as not to have anything interfere."

"I imagine we shan't be that long. I wondered if you'd care to take part in another tea fight."

"Is that what you call 'em? Not much bloodshed, though I guess the sandwich mortality runs pretty high. Yes, I'd like to go if you honestly want me. I didn't feel quite as if I belonged the other day."

"Don't feel that way. You were quite the hit of the afternoon, I believe."

"Now, Miss Boggs, that's absurd. Those folks didn't know me. They were polite and all that, but ——"

"They like a new man. They see a lot of each other, and they're quite undeceived by their own pretenses. Every one of them knows he's more or less a fraud, and that all the others are aware of it too. So they get a little bored at times. When someone comes along who may turn out to be genuine they become rather hopeful—until he develops clay feet, as he's almost sure to do in time."

Ben looked at Angela with the pathetic expression of a child who has just been told there isn't any Santa Claus.

"But I thought ——"

"Yes, I knew you did. I felt rather ashamed afterward, showing you that cageful of imitation lions. Most of 'em don't even know how to roar. I wanted to see how—how credulous you were. I'm sorry."

"Do you mean to tell me those folks weren't—er—regular society? That is, I mean, the kind that runs to intellect and culture."

"Yes, that's exactly what they do. They run to it as chickens run to corn, and for much the same reason. They're looking for provisions. Didn't you see how much tea they consumed?"

"Barrels!"

"Poor old Milliken isn't a very nourishing hostess. But she at least makes a show of entertainment. The majority of that crowd spends most of its time looking for at homes and afternoons. They have a regular route. There are enough well-to-do people in this small town who can be fooled by culture of the near-beer variety to make the journey stretch pretty well round the month; and you know a person can almost subsist on one tea party a day, especially if there's an extra in the shape of a dinner every so often. But of course it's important to be rather punctual at a place like Milliken's."

For a minute or two they walked along in silence.

"This place you were inviting me this afternoon—is it—are they likely to run out of supplies early? Will we meet the same bunch?"

"Oh, goodness, no! This is Mrs. Addison Murdock. She's the wife of Murdock's Impervious Catsup, and likes paintings with lots of sunset. She patronizes art and science both, especially the science of medicine. Just now I think it's gallstones—she'll tell you all about it. There'll be a much larger crowd, and more to eat. Besides a few quite worth-while people stand for Mrs. Murdock. Every once in a while she gives a theater party for thirty or forty, so she catches some more or less important fish. If I take you up there and you continue on the road to fame and fortune she'll tell everyone you're her discovery; and she's almost sure to come to the studio for a sitting if she thinks you cater to the smart trade."

Somewhere in the interior of Ben Merriweather occurred a little shivery qualm. By George, that was funny! He hadn't felt it on the afternoon of the kidnaping. Ben had told Angela he was a roughneck. He had lapsed through laziness into a careless lack of ideals. He realized he hadn't any real standards, tangible ones, by which to measure accurately the conduct of others or himself. Now there was Budd, of the B. & B. advertising agency. Budd had some system of ethics that went along with him and kept his chin up. He never said so, but Merriweather knew it instinctively. It gave Merry supreme confidence in Budd. You were just as safe doing business with Bond & Bent as you were with a bank. Budd was reflecting the standards of his house.

But here was Angela Boggs, the prettiest woman he had ever met, and with a background of money and education and business prestige, about whom men in the business world didn't hesitate to make slurring and sarcastic comment. He hadn't believed it—they were mistaken. They weren't broad enough to accept a woman in business on anything like a basis of fairness. The dealings which they thought petty and mean in Angela they would pass over in a man as evidence that he was a mighty smart duck, a regular Yankee.

But now, to Ben's chagrin, Angela was revealing the very traits for which he had heard her criticized. She was displaying in a dress of cheap cynicism an uncharitable contempt for people who had welcomed her in their homes—people whom she had not scorned to use in her business. If they weren't genuine, why did she bother with them? And why was she mixing him up with them? And if they were genuine, why have the bad taste to belittle them? Ben believed them undeserving of Angela's insinuations. She was just showing off—impressing him with her worldly sophistication. Ben wondered what experience in life had made her bitter, a would-be wrecker of illusions.

Most of the crowd he had met at Miss Milliken's had impressed Ben as more than ordinarily worth while. Take Snellmer, the illustrator; a nice chap, who stood well with people. Marjie had said Ted told her so. Ben had confidence enough in his own judgment of human beings to take issue with the supercritical Miss Boggs.

"I suppose," she was saying as they turned into the entrance of Ben's building and started up the four-flight Matterhorn of dingy stairs—"I suppose the things are all ready for me to see, Mr. Merriweather?"

"Sure," said Ben without enthusiasm.

He was thinking about the invitation to accompany Miss Boggs to the home of Mrs. Catsup Murdock, where she would be laughing up her sleeve at the guests and cataloguing them as a bunch of lunch fiends.

"I don't see," he observed as they passed the second landing, "why you go to such places."

He was thinking that if Angela chose to talk him over there was plenty she could say to raise a laugh.

"Oh, climbing stairs is good exercise—it will help to keep me slender."

"I mean places like Miss Milliken's and this catsup lady's. Can't be much satisfaction if they're such a flock of four-flushers. Anyone would think you'd pick out folks you had more respect for."

Angela stopped abruptly in her ascent.

"I dare say. But—suppose I enjoy knowing people who are—er—a trifle unconventional. Don't you think they're interesting?"

"Why, sure! They were to me. But you speak as if you were ashamed of 'em. At least you apologized for 'em. I shouldn't like to have a friend of mine feel he had to apologize for me—and he wouldn't if he really was a friend."

Miss Boggs made no answer, but turned and resumed her climb. Suddenly she felt herself enveloped in a cold fury. If she chose to be wittily caustic in her comment on people and things, who was this half-baked photographer, to question her? What did he know about good taste? She had condescended to be amusing for his benefit, and he had the assurance to convict her out of her own mouth.

Of course the thing that stung Angela was the absolute justice of Ben's view; and she knew it, though she wouldn't admit it. Ben was raw, unsophisticated, frank with the frankness of a child. He had no appreciation of a worldly person's ironies. Her fancied cleverness had succeeded only in impressing Merriweather as brutality, and her failure to charm him by her wit enraged her. An Eighth Avenue lout had detected her in a betrayal of ill-breeding.

Angela had liked Merriweather a lot—had believed herself capable of liking him

(Continued on Page 71)

A TECHNICAL ANTISEPTIC AND COMBATING GERMS
A scientific preparation for the MOUTH, TEETH, GUMS, THROAT, NOSE, SKIN AND MUCOUS SURFACES
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LIQUID
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DON'T live in fear that your children may contract influenza or other contagious diseases. Teach them the protection that guards *against* sickness.

See that your children's mouths are cleansed regularly—twice a day at least—with Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. Spray their throats before sending them off to school.

Used as a spray, Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic penetrates into every recess of mouth and throat, cleansing thoroughly and destroying germs. You will have no difficulty in getting every member of your family to use Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. The stimulation and cleanliness which it leaves are delightful. *You can feel it work.*

Get a bottle of Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic *today*. Use it regularly—with Klenzo Dental Crême, the dentifrice that imparts natural *whiteness* to the teeth. Ask for Klenzo *only* at a Rexall Store. It is obtainable nowhere else.

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KLENZO
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DURHAM HOSIERY

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

Strong reinforcing means longer wear, fewer new pairs–and less expense

UNLESS you know how long Durable-DURHAM really wears, you can't imagine the saving in buying it. This hosiery is cutting down stocking expenses in American families everywhere. Every pair is made strongest where the wear is hardest. Toes and heels stand the greatest strain and remain hole-less through long wear.

This uniform value in hosiery for all your family is true economy. It means fewer new pairs to buy—and less darning to do. Thus saving money and time.

Durable-DURHAM comes in all sizes and styles. Every pair skillfully woven and dyed by America's largest hosiery makers. The stockings keep their fine appearance. Socks for every man—stockings for every woman. Light weights for light work and dress. Durham stockings for children just wear and wear and keep on wearing.

To make sure it's Durham, always look for the trade mark ticket attached to each pair.

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Sales Offices: 88 Leonard Street, N.Y.

Export Selling Agents
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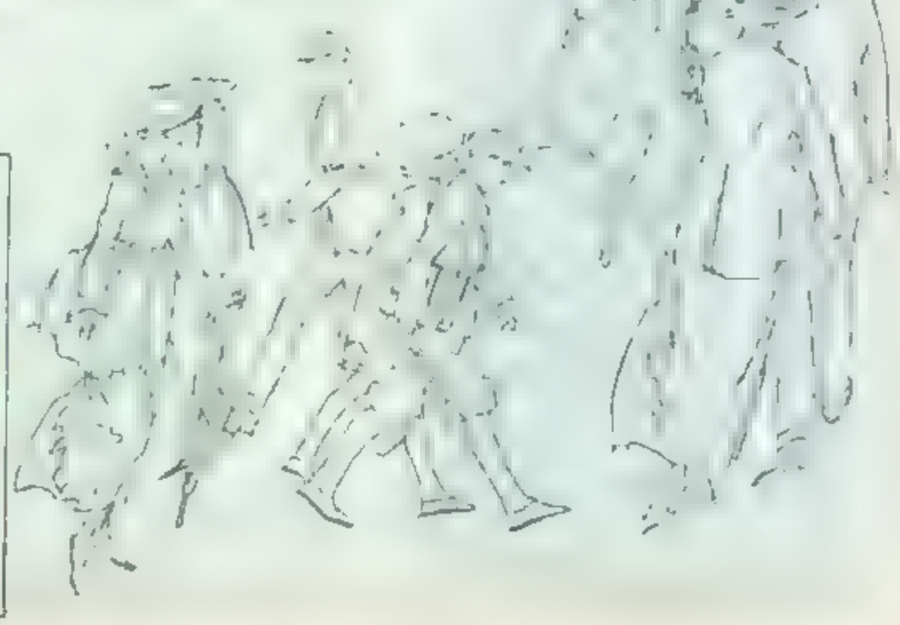

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even more. Toward him her attitude had had in it less of the commercial, the mercenary, and more of the friendly, than she would have thought possible. She had thought him so teachable, so promising! And now all at once Ben had become the teacher. But the lesson wasn't an agreeable one. No very gentle schoolmaster, he had packed a ferule up his sleeve and didn't hesitate to bring it into play if he thought the pupil recalcitrant. And the pupil's wrath wasn't diminished by the consciousness that she deserved what she got. So the mood in which Angela entered the studio wasn't altogether fortunate for Merriweather.

Angela passed through the reception room and pushed open the gallery door. Marjie, warned by the jingle of the bell, was on her feet, believing Angela had come in alone, and beginning to explain.

"Mr. Merriweather stepped out for just a few moments, Miss Boggs. Won't you take off your ——"

"Mr. Merriweather came in with me," said Angela stiffly.

Merry, who had stopped for some triviality, entered at this moment.

"'Lo, Marjie," he said. "I met Miss Boggs about halfway over here. Lucky, wasn't it?"

"I'll say so!" replied Marjie pleasantly.

Miss Boggs shuddered. How could Ben Merriweather stand that ordinary little creature round the studio day in and day out? Evidently Marjie's vulgarities didn't offend him in the least, yet he presumed to question her own manners and ethics.

"Well," said Merry, "here they are. These are yours on this wall. Over there are the extra ones I did on my own responsibility."

Angela surveyed the series Ben designated as hers for perhaps three minutes without comment. Ben began commenting upon the different subjects, recalling to Angela's mind what she had said when the groupings had been arranged, explaining this and excusing that. But across Angela's shoulder he caught sight of Marjie wildly signaling him to be still. So he stopped with obvious abruptness.

"Go on, Mr. Merriweather," said Angela icily. "I'm sure it doesn't do any harm to refresh my memory."

"Oh, gee!" thought Marjie. "He's made her sore already. The big boob!"

Angela continued her inspection of the series, but Ben was too much embarrassed to say more. Miss Boggs did not ask any questions or indicate approval or disapproval by so much as the vibration of an eyebrow. Ben, with sudden inspiration, dragged forward a chair.

"You might as well be comfortable," he said. Angela sank into the seat without a word.

They say one pugilist can sometimes get the goat of his antagonist by keeping him waiting long past the hour fixed for the fight. If Angela was pursuing a similar method she was succeeding admirably. It was a cool day in early spring, and the steam heat was turned off, but Ben was perspiring like a July oarsman propelling a fat girl to an island picnic. The air was electrical with suspense, as the novelists say. Marjie Paul felt the tingle of it and wanted to scream. Miss Boggs was outwardly as cool as the steamless radiator.

Suddenly—so suddenly that Marjie jumped—Angela turned to the right and swung an arm over her chair back, crossing the left knee over the right and resting her left hand on her hip. Slowly she swung her gaze back and forth along the line of Ben Merriweather's original compositions. Ben and Marjie in agony watched her face as the defendant in a murder trial watches the face of the foreman who rises to report a jury's verdict. In less than twenty seconds Miss Boggs pronounced two words.

"Very pretty!"

Then she turned her back on the children of Merriweather's brain and continued her contemplation of the more conventional subjects before her.

Ben gasped. He tried to say something, to ask some question, to make appropriate comment. There were no suitable words forthcoming. He licked his dry lips, coughed dismally, looked at Marjie for any possible help or encouragement. For once in her life Marjie Paul failed him. She was as dumb as he.

"This," said Miss Boggs, rising and indicating one of the subjects, "is very good. I think I can O. K. it just as it stands. The others need changes."

"But Miss B——"

"For instance, here, I think you will agree, the box of Honey Flakes is posed at a faulty angle. It seems awkward to me. Then here you have used the same tray cloth that you used with the Seven O'clock Midgets. I remember asking you distinctly to avoid that very thing. I don't think I care at all for the débutante subject. Miss Paul was evidently thinking of something unpleasant."

"Why, Miss Boggs, you said at the time her expression was very charming and thoughtful."

"Did I? Well, I suppose one can't tell until one sees the print. Perhaps I ought to have passed upon the untoned proofs, but unfortunately my trip prevented that. Don't you think in this garden tea-table scene the lighting is rather unconvincing? Perhaps it's because you used an artificial background instead of making the picture in a real arbor."

"If it had been summer, Miss Boggs——"

"I know. Probably you did as well as you could under the circumstances."

"I think I was mighty successful with that."

"Do you really? I'm sorry not to agree with you. Now the waitress subject's quite good. Miss Paul seems to have caught the spirit nicely. I think I can approve that one, too, though I wish you had had a more pleasing cream pitcher. This one's too squatty."

And so it went. Out of twelve subjects Angela finally picked two only as acceptable. Each of the others she criticized so radically that make-overs were absolutely essential.

"Have you plenty of packages for the work?" she asked, rising and beginning to put on her gloves. "If you haven't I shall have to send you some more. Meanwhile will you please send two prints of each of the two I have O. K.'d to our office. How soon shall you be able to start remaking the others?"

"But, Miss Boggs," objected Ben, "don't you think—why, it seems a shame to go to all that expense. The things you point out don't hurt the advertising value of the pictures. I can see where I might make over a couple, but most of your objections aren't important enough to——"

"They seem to me extremely important, Mr. Merriweather, and I must be the judge. I'm sorry, of course, but when you have had more experience——"

"But," cried Ben despairingly as Angela edged toward the door, "you've scarcely looked at my studies. It can't be there isn't something among those that you like!"

Angela glanced casually at the group.

"Oh, they're interesting, of course, from an artistic point of view. But they're too unusual. You aren't seriously recommending them for our advertising?"

"I certainly am!" cried Ben. Then as Angela turned to go he sprang forward. "Excuse me, Miss Boggs, but do you think you're giving me a fair deal?"

His face was blazing with the sense of injury—an injury that appeared to him deliberate, intended. Why, even Budd, an accredited judge of such things, had pronounced the studies immense. And this—this arrogant woman, with her narrow viewpoint, her cold-blooded indifference, could walk away with a shrug.

"I'm sure, Mr. Merriweather, I'm quite at a loss to see in what way I have been unfair with you."

"You don't? Well, I do. I hope you understand I'm very much disappointed."

Angela smiled tolerantly.

"That is quite natural. But you can hardly lay your disappointment at my door. It was distinctly agreed that all experimental work on your part was to be done on your own responsibility. I made that plain."

"Yes, but ——"

Ben stopped. He couldn't go on without seeming foolishly puerile.

"As for the studies arranged under my direction, I have approved two, and am quite ready to approve the rest as soon as they are made satisfactory."

Ben hesitated a moment, then said quietly: "Very well; I can start retaking to-morrow. But if you don't mind, Miss Boggs, I'll send you a bill for charges to date, as I have tied up quite a bit of capital in this work, and frankly I need the money."

"You may send a bill for the two accepted pictures, and we will send you our check. Will that be satisfactory? Your price, I believe, is to be quite nominal, in view of our permitting you to sign each study."

"My price for each finished and accepted picture will be the figure I quoted your father, and I shall also take the liberty of billing the unaccepted negatives."

"But, Mr. Merriweather, our subsequent agreement ——"

"You and I have no agreement."

"Then you didn't promise to do the work at small cost because you thought it would give you an excellent start?"

Angela was bluffing and Ben knew it. He had sense enough to follow up his advantage.

"You spoke of the possibility, but it never led to anything. As the job has gone, I don't see any prestige in it for me. All the good I could ever have got out of it would have been from having my special studies published. But you've thrown those down. No, Miss Boggs, I don't see why I should reduce my charges. They are two hundred each for figure compositions, fifty for still lifes and twenty-five for all unaccepted studies. Considering the time I've spent, I feel they're mighty reasonable."

"But you can't collect any such prices, Mr. Merriweather. They're exorbitant. You are not a Valmar or ——"

"I'll submit my work for comparison with that of any photographer in town. Now let me call your attention to the position you have placed yourself in. You gave me the work to do. You permitted me to go ahead and make the pictures under your direction, knowing I had quoted the president of your concern a definite price. If I hadn't I could charge you whatever I liked, so perhaps it is as well for Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., that I quoted Mr. Boggs the prices I did. Under the circumstances, my gross return on the chargeable items will fall short of my actual expense. I'm pretty deep in the hole on this job."

"So you propose," said Angela icily, "to charge all the traffic will bear in order to reimburse yourself at our expense for your own foolhardiness in gambling on our accepting a lot of bizarre things too absurd for consideration. You are angry, unreasonably so. You propose to turn away your first, largest and, I have no doubt, your only customer of real consequence. Well, since you insist, you may consider all twelve pictures unacceptable. You may send us a bill for twenty-five dollars each, or three hundred dollars. That is strictly in accordance with your schedule; and let me say, Mr. Merriweather, that if you expect to build up a large business on a policy of this kind you can hardly count upon Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., as a part of your clientele. Good morning."

When she was gone Ben eased himself into a chair. He looked as if he had all at once grown twenty years older. Hollow-eyed, he stared at his young assistant.

"Say, Marje," he said huskily, "what do you know about that? Ain't that the limit?"

Marjie's heart was breaking for Merry, and she explored her brain for just the right thing to say.

"Well," she observed finally, "I'm no giggling Pollyanna, but I'll say you stood up in your boots like a major. If you did lose money on the job it's maybe worth every cent, Ben. It's showed you where your backbone was, when I'll bet there've been times you didn't even know you had one."

"That's a great consolation."

"Maybe. But say, Benuel, judgin' by that Boggs girl, wouldn't you say us women were a bunch o' darned fools?"

XXII

MRS. CAROLINE CALVERTON climbed the four long flights of stairs to the Merriweather studio with rising doubts as to the profitableness of the visit. Merriweather might be eccentric; he might be the artist unsought and unappreciated in his attic, like many a genius of her acquaintance; or he might be but another species of tea hound whom she hadn't happened to run upon along the route before; but she never expected anything so bad as this.

Entering the dim reception room, Mrs. Calverton's misgivings were still further increased. It was decidedly poky. She could hardly imagine any of her friends in such surroundings. Of course the man she had met was one of those ordinary commercial fellows whom Angela Boggs was

(Continued on Page 73)

THAT'S ALL!

Isn't this something new in your shaving experience? *A perfect lather and lotion in one!*

Just apply Uhry's DeLUXE Shaving Lather with your fingers. Then shave. That's all! No rubbing. Uhry's DeLUXE Shaving Lather softens the beard at once. A delightful shave de luxe—leaving a definite, refreshing, soothing afterglow. No caustics—just pure edible oils.

The best dealers everywhere are supplying their particular patrons with DeLUXE Shaving Lather. If your dealer cannot supply you at once, send us his name and 50c and we will mail you a large tube

It's Worth Demanding

NO Brush Soap Cup Rubbing

In tubes and 1-pound jars

Dealers: Ask your jobber

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Do You Realize the Economy of Ditto?

Ditto's basic advantage is one of economy—economy of time, of labor, of mistakes, of materials.

Ditto service is particularly apt in order and invoice work. It can advance your billing by days, as it has for others. It will keep your billing up to date with less than half your present clerical force.

Ditto similarly is effective in handling all data controlling factory operations. Requisitions, material shortages, work orders, specifications, time cards—are reproduced accurately with Ditto, in needed quantities, from one writing. No chance for expensive errors.

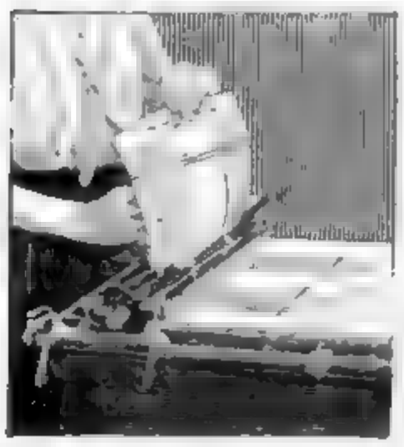
Ditto has been accorded a definite place in every department of business where there is duplicating to be done, chiefly on two counts—economy and accuracy.

Ditto is never sold unless it can save. Its use in your office will be charted in advance. Let Ditto's economy start soon. Write for the Ditto Book or telephone for the Ditto Man.

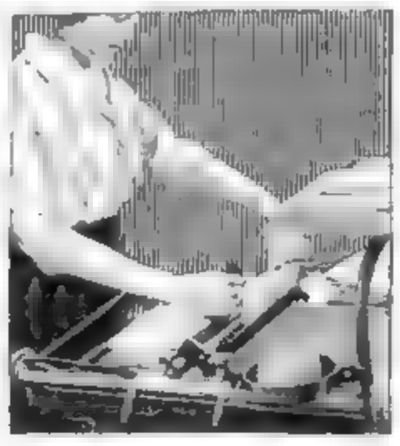
Ditto *has no type to set, no carbon to pack, no stencil to cut. Your original sheet, prepared in the regular way with Ditto ink, pencil or ribbon, is all that is required. An exact impression of this sheet is left on Ditto's copying surface and from the impression, thus obtained, the required number of copies are quickly made. A patented carriage does the trick.*

Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*

Offices in All Principal Cities



Showing how an exact impression of the "master" sheet is left on Ditto's copying surface . . . . . .



. . . . after which it is a simple matter to produce the needed copies quickly

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Ditto

THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

(Continued from Page 71)

always picking up and toting round with her in order to flatter them. Mrs. Calverton knew all about Angela.

As the door opened a bell jingled somewhere on the other side of the partition. Mrs. Calverton heard brisk steps, and a slender, blond young woman popped in from what appeared to be a back shop.

"Is Mr. Merriweather here?" inquired the visitor.

"No'm; I'm sorry, but he's out of town. I don't know when he'll be back. Was there anything special? Did you wish to make an appointment for a sitting?"

"I see," remarked Mrs. Calverton. "I see. I wish I'd known it before I attacked that mountain of stairs."

"It's too bad," sympathized Marjie. The lady was nice looking. Her hair was snow-white, her eyes very bright and her cheeks almost girlishly colorful. Despite her disappointment she could hardly conceal from the astute Miss Paul that she was inherently amiable. "If there was only something I could do for you, now that you've been to all the trouble of coming here."

"No, there isn't anything. I wanted to see Mr. Merriweather quite badly, but I hardly think I shall have courage to try those four flights again. You say you don't know exactly when he's coming back?"

The lady moved toward the door.

"Oh!" cried Marjie Paul. "Please! You—you're Mrs. Calverton; I know you are. Ben—Mr. Merriweather told me about you. He'll be terrible sorry ——"

"But he told me he was hardly ever out of his studio."

"I know; but he got—he got sick and had to go away for a little rest."

"Overwork?"

"No—well, yes, I think that was about it. He did work his head off for quite a while, and then had a sort of a nervous breakdown."

"H'm! I dare say. I've known a good many like him—too much artistic temperament. Dissipation, I dare say. 'It's ruined dozens of 'em."

"Aw, no, no!" Marjie surveyed Ben's accuser with startled blue eyes. "You don't know Ben. He wouldn't do noth—anything like that. He's gone upstate to visit his uncle and get some fishing. Take it from me, Mrs. Calverton, Mr. Merriweather isn't fighting the—I mean, he isn't on any toot or anything. Nevaire!"

"You're quite right to defend him, of course." Marjie wasn't absolutely certain the lady was convinced. "I wish he'd sent me word, or telephoned. I wanted to talk over some work with him. I'm not so sure—you seem so loyal to him, I suppose you're quite the wrong person to ask. But tell me, is your employer a really capable photographer, or just an ordinary ——"

"I'll show you. Please come out into the gallery."

Ben's unsuccessful biscuit compositions still hung where he and Marjie had placed them for Angela's inspection.

"If Mr. Merriweather was here he'd show you these, I know. Of course I haven't any business to let you past that door. But if you don't think we're up to first-class stuff here just slant—look these over, Mrs. Calverton. Mr. Merriweather told me you were—let me see—one of the editors of The Exclusive. Oh, I know! You're the lady who writes articles about periodical furniture and swell houses."

"Special articles, my dear, on the general subject of art in the home, particularly the home of wealth and culture. I thought Mr. Merriweather might be of some assistance to me, judging by the rather rosy colors in which Angela Boggs spoke of his talents."

"Well—was—were they too rosy?"

Mrs. Calverton examined Ben's original creations with a good deal of interest. Then she turned to the opposite wall.

"And what are these? Something some other photographer has done?"

"No, we did 'em all. Only Mr. Merriweather made one set to fit Miss Boggs' ideas and the other to fit his own."

"I see. Which are Mr. Merriweather's and which Miss Boggs'?"

Marjie smiled.

"Can't you tell?" she asked.

"You think that knowing Miss Boggs I'd hardly be likely to choose the wrong group? Of course you're quite right."

She turned once more to Ben's compositions.

"Most amazing! Some of these are actually beautiful. I never expected to see a cracker advertisement I could say that about. I'm supposed to have good artistic judgment, or I shouldn't be employed by The Exclusive. My dear, what did Miss Boggs say about these? I presume she has seen them."

Marjie hesitated.

"If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Calverton, I'd rather not discuss that. Mr. Merriweather will probably tell you all about it, but it isn't my business. I shouldn't ought—hadn't—I ought to not have showed you the pictures anyhow; but you was so doubtful about Ben. I thought the best thing to do was to let you see some of his work, and then ask you would you please keep it under your hat—I mean, not let on you ever saw it."

"You needn't be afraid to trust me. Miss ——"

"Paul—Marjory Paul."

"Miss Marjory. People do trust me with very important matters. The articles I write for The Exclusive are authoritative and in order to make them so I have to ask some pretty impertinent questions. I cover a good deal of territory. Sometimes I prepare something on fashions in jewelry, and I have to get the information months ahead of the date it's to be published. The big importers and the domestic manufacturers tell me the profoundest secrets and accept my promise not to release the information until it's perfectly safe. And I've access to almost every private collection in town. So you see, I must be absolutely discreet and absolutely honest."

"Oh, you don't have to furnish any references to get by with me. All I have to do is to look at you. No wonder Ben raved."

"Ben? Raved?"

"Mr. Merriweather said he'd rather photograph you than any lady he'd ever met. He said it was your hair, but now I know better. It was all of you—hair and eyes and mouth and everything."

Mrs. Calverton turned slightly pink.

"Mr. Merriweather talks over matters with you pretty freely, doesn't he?"

"Well, he does when it's any of my business. Besides he has to have someone to talk with. I'm a good listener."

"I dare say. Mr. Merriweather is fortunate to have such a loyal confidante. I take it he isn't overburdened with business at present."

"He would have been if he'd stayed home. He's been up to his eyes lately, but he's just finished two big jobs, this one and another for an advertising agency, and it sort of wore him out. He's like you said—one of the temperamental boobs—I mean, people that have what they call moods. Me, if I ever had a mood I'd lose my job, I suppose."

"H'm! Very likely. Let us hope Mr. Merriweather's idle mood will pass off shortly. I promised Garside, the designer, I'd illustrate my article, Some Modern Applications of the Jacobean Motif, with examples from his stock. I was going to ask Mr. Merriweather to make the pictures."

"Does it have to be done right away?"

"If I were sure the work would be satisfactory there'd be several weeks. But suppose I find Mr. Merriweather isn't up to that sort of thing; I should have to scurry round like mad to get someone else."

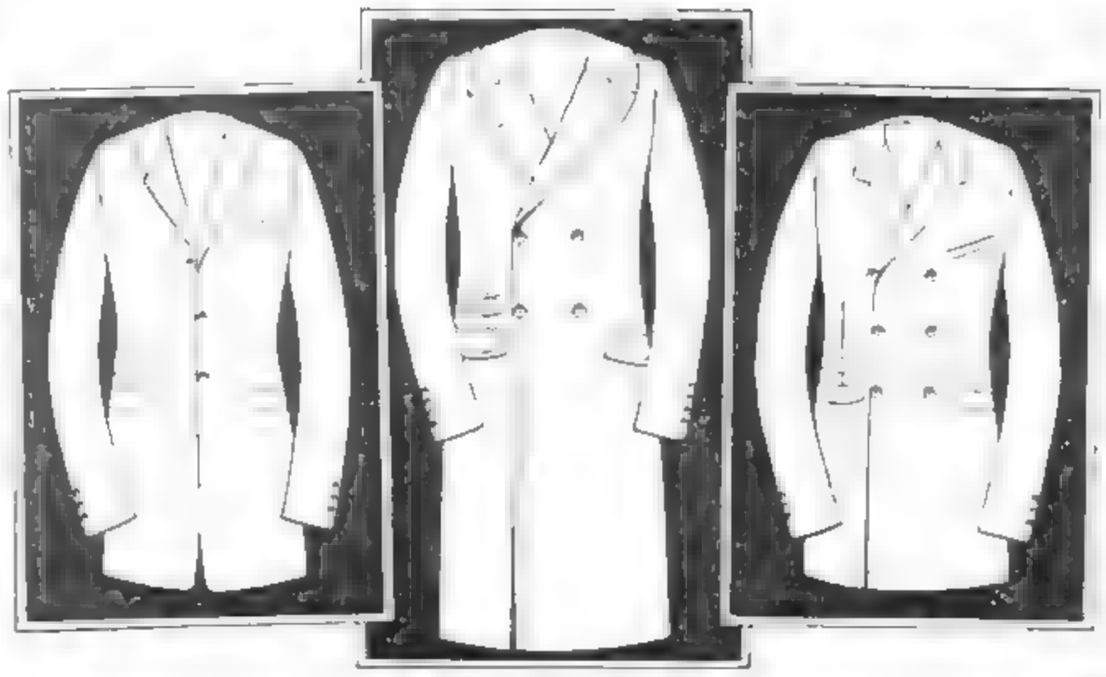
"Oh, Mrs. Calverton, you know he's up to it! Why, you can ask Mr. Budd, over at Bond & Bent's advertising agency! You know Mr. Budd?"

"Slightly. If I thought Mr. Merriweather could supply me with some really creative ideas for illustrating antique and period furn——"

"Oh, Mrs. Calverton, is that 'period'? I thought it was 'periodical'—you know, like a what-you-call-him—occasional souse. Say, it's wonderful to be educated, isn't it? Please don't go yet—are you in a hurry? I—would you mind? You know all about such things. What would you do if you were us—I mean, if you were Mr. Merriweather? Would you move your business, or would you try to make this place look like something? And how would you do it?"

"But, my child, how can I tell?"

"Please sit down. You say folks trust you. I don't blame 'em. Will you—will you let me trust you with something? You see, I've been working a long time. I've been with Mr. Merriweather nearly three years, and he took me in while I was a bundle girl at a big department store. He taught me retouching. It's all I know, and I never have a chance to talk things over with any woman of my own sex.

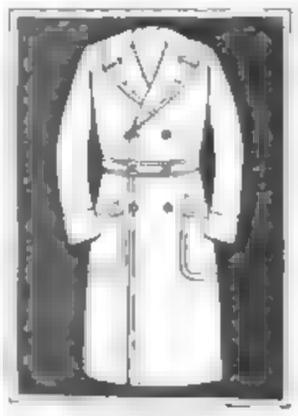


This Fall It's Economy, With the "Trio"—a New Idea

New York City.

I ALWAYS make it a point to get "behind the scenes," so to speak, as early as possible.

This fall my interest in the forthcoming clothing designs was well repaid by finding in the "Trio" idea a brand new thought, which from the standpoint of good taste, style and economy surely deserves a lot of popularity. And from early indications it's going to get it.



In the "Avondale" model overcoat Arkly pockets are used in patch form

To meet the demands of discriminating men, the smartest tailors are exhibiting groups of suit and overcoat models in each garment of which the same style features are to be found. There are three units to each group, two suits and an overcoat.

In this idea I believe that the solution of a difficult problem in men's dress has been discovered. The designers have found that this "Trio" grouping means economy to the wearer, and everyone knows that two suits alternated keep a man better dressed for a longer time than two successive suits.

Of particular excellence in styling is the "Trio" presented under the Cortley name. Perhaps no other models have quite equalled Cortley in happy interpretation of the new style tendencies and at the same time kept prices so reasonably low. The smart Arkly pocket, the Edgely buttoning, the Milstande shoulder, so popular late in the summer, have been adapted to the fall models in a most attractive manner. The Cortley Trio is now to be seen at good clothing stores almost everywhere, and, like all other Cortley Clothes, its moderate price recommends it as a truly economical purchase.—H.L.

FREE

A Book That Brings New York to You

"'Round About New York" for fall and winter, the Cortley book of Correct Styles for men, is ready.

Wherever you live you will find this book of metropolitan scenes and styles immensely interesting. It discusses and shows the new ideas and features of the season's attire. It conveys the very atmosphere of the great city itself.

A postal request giving your own name and the name of your clothier will bring a copy. Write today.

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors
In the City of New York

187-189 Broadway

LOOK FOR THE CORTLEY LINEN LABEL IN THE INSIDE POCKET

"Now this is how things are: I stirred Ben—I know I shouldn't, but I've called him Ben almost from the first; he's just a big kid anyhow—I stirred him up and made him try to do better work. So he discovered real accidentally that he had more talent than some of the other photographers. He uses photography like an artist uses paints. Ben makes it do things, say things. He makes it talk. Anyone can point a camera at you and squeeze the bulb and get a picture. Ben used to do it that way—thought it was his limit. But when he began to study he found there was a lot of things besides picture taking in photography. Do you get what I mean? Those things on the wall, for instance. They tell the story better than I can."

"They tell it very eloquently, Miss Marjory."

"You bet! Ben has the goods, but here's the point: He hasn't really got started yet, and so he isn't making any money. He's easy. He let's people put things over. But he's learning a lot, and his ambition is good. He's been talking of moving."

"He certainly might be in a far more convenient location."

"Sure! But it would cost four or five times the rent, and he can't afford it. Besides, how do I know but what there's a kind of fascination to people in comin' here and climbin' all those stairs? Seems so secret and candle-stein. Suppose you tell some of your friends about Ben—he said you were going to—and they find he's way over here on Eighth Avenue in a dingy old garret. Right away they get an idea they've beaten the rest of the bunch to something good. The lonely, unknown genius in his attic, all unmindful of the true market-value of his chance-found talent. Ain't that elegant sounding? I read it in a book, and it fits Ben like a pocket in a shirt. Maybe when they find out his prices they won't think he's so awful unmindful of that market-value thing. But that makes no difference, so long as he gives 'em their money's worth.

"I told him he'd got to dramatize himself. I fixed him some smocks—he never knew it, but I bought the goods and made 'em myself. You ought to see him in one of 'em! I've heard of a place in Paris called a Quarter, where the artists flock. When you lamp Ben in a smock you'll think you've struck at least a Half. I'll say so!

"Well, I just discouraged him from moving. But goodness knows, no self-respecting lady or gentleman would thank you for steering them to a place that looks like this does now! Oh, I saw you kind of shudder yourself! I get so I expect it. But what can I—what can Ben do? Couldn't you, knowing all about the application of Jack Robyn's moteef and all that, couldn't you tell me how I could fix this place up sort of snappy and modern and haunted-looking, with a few moteefs and things and maybe a suit of that sheet-iron armament with a helmet and halibut—you know, like a battle-ax—in its long-dead hand? Of course it would have to be done subtle, so as not to look as if it was dolled up that way on purpose.

"If you could, I've got two strong brothers that would do the moving; and I can lay my hands on a little money——"

"Mercy, child, how you do run on!" cried Mrs. Calverton with that gasping sensation which you cannot escape when you listen to the perpetual-motion type of monologist. "Let me think. Of course it's preposterous. You've no authority to change Mr. Merriweather's studio into a madhouse, such as you describe, while he's out of town trying to regain his health."

"Authority? You should display uneasiness about my authority! Believe me, I'm pretty near the only one round this hive of industry who's shown any authority for some time! Oh, Mrs. Calverton, will you—will you tell me just a *few* little things I can do to make this look—well, how the dickens does one of them—those attics of genius look, anyhow?"

Mrs. Calverton considered Marjie Paul speculatively. Marjie was leaning forward, her eyes dancing with eagerness, her hands clasped almost prayerfully in front of her slim young body. The strong rays from above dropped down like a silver shower and touched her pale hair with shimmering lights. She was the very prettiest thing Caroline Calverton had seen in many years spent in the professional contemplation of the beautiful.

"Of course I will, child," she heard herself promise. "Of course I will. You don't suppose I could refuse, do you?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Official Bearings Service—

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WHENEVER you need to replace TIMKEN, HYATT, or NEW DEPARTURE bearings you can get them quickly by 'phoning your requirements to any of the 33 Branches or 1000 Authorized Distributors of the Bearings Service Company.

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Dallas	Portland, Ore.
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Over 1000 Authorized Distributors in Other Main Centers

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

General Offices: DETROIT, MICH.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Split Beyond Repair

FOR a remote mountain county that is entitled to nine delegate votes in a Democratic state convention there appeared at a recent convention only one person bearing credentials.

However, this lone patriot brought with him the proxies of the eight stay-at-homes, so that he might cast the full vote of his county.

On the night before the convention convened this lone representative mingled socially with many attractive gentlemen, all of whom, by a strange coincidence, either were aspirants for nomination to one office or another or were friends of aspirants.

Next afternoon the balloting began. When time came to name a candidate for secretary of state the many-proxied man found himself in an embarrassing situation. It seemed that he had promised to cast his nine votes for no less than three separate men who sought the office. Each one of the three had come to him where he sat upon the floor of the convention and now insisted that he keep his pledge. While they wrangled about him the recording secretary four times called the name of the delegate's county.

Finally the permanent chairman lost patience.

"If this county does not answer it will be passed," stated the chairman.

"That's right, Mister Chairman, pass my county," shouted back the pestered mountaineer. "She's done split all to hell!"

The Fatal Break

A LADY who is rather conservatively inclined in the matter of spending money went into a shop in Bermuda to purchase a wedding present for a friend back in the States. The clerk obligingly showed her a varied assortment of wares, but invariably the price was greater than she felt inclined to pay.

At length her eye fell upon a handsome vase which, having been broken in two pieces, had been laid away on a top shelf of the establishment.

At sight of this a brilliant inspiration came to her.

For a few cents she bought the fractured vase and directed the clerk to box it and forward it prepaid to the home address of the bride-to-be; she figuring that when the parcel arrived and was unpacked the recipient would naturally assume the object intended for her had been smashed in transit, and the donor would get credit for having sent a handsome present. She went away well satisfied.

But when the frugal lady returned home in the springtime a painful shock awaited her. The clerk had forwarded the vase as per instructions, it was true, but the fatal mistake he made was that he tied up the two halves in separate parcels.

Only Half Correct

THE lady in question belonged to an old family and she was prominent in club life and in the social affairs of the community, but it was not to be denied that personally she rather neglected her appearance sometimes. Indeed there was a current belief that she did her hair with an egg beater and used the family bathtub as a receptacle in which to store family heirlooms.

Several of the women officers of an important local organization were selecting members to serve on a certain committee and one of them, canvassing the field of available and suitable material, suggested the name of the careless dresser.

"Oh, I don't believe we ought to include Mrs. Blank," said a second woman. "She's so wishy-washy."

"Well, she may be wishy," put in the president, "but I'll take my oath she's not washy."

D. Boone's Bewilderment

A STUDENT of pioneer lore has dug up a new story about Daniel Boone. It would appear that, like many great men, the famous explorer and pathfinder had his small pet vanities. One was a belief in his skill at outwitting his enemies, the Indians, with whom he fought so enthusiastically, and another was his pride in his ability to find his way back through the trackless wilderness, once he had traversed it.

In his old age Boone returned from the Missouri frontiers to his old haunts in Kentucky to visit a few of his surviving comrades. At a sort of reception given in his honor in one of the settlements which he had helped to found an admirer asked him this question: "Uncle Daniel, did you ever really get lost in the woods?"

"No, my son," said the old man, "but once upon a time I was considerably bewildered for goin' on four days."

Highly Indorsed

A COUNTRY clergyman who, being a country clergyman, naturally received his meager salary in cash and had only a hearsay knowledge of banking affairs, received an unexpected windfall. A wealthy parishioner, moved by an unexpected fit of generosity, gave him a check for five hundred dollars with which to take a vacation.

Filled with joy the minister went to the local bank to cash the offering. With trembling fingers he handed the precious slip of paper through the wicket to the paying teller, who examined it briefly and then passed it back with the words: "This check needs an indorsement."

The preacher's face fell.

"Does that mean I can't get the money?" he asked.

"No, not that," explained the teller. "There is plenty of money here to meet this check but I can't accept it until you have indorsed it in your own handwriting on the back side."

"Ah, I understand," said the dominie, greatly relieved. From his pocket he drew a fountain pen and wrote briefly. As he returned the check to the teller the latter was astonished to read upon it the following: "I heartily indorse this check and the purpose for which it was given. Signed: Rev. James J. Pike."

The Busy Buzzing Bunny

ELECTRIC fans are still somewhat of a novelty in certain remote sections of the South. In a little town in North Carolina a visitor from the North was being shaved at the local barber shop when a lank countryman ambled in.

As the native entered his eye fell upon an electric fan which had just been installed by the enterprising tonsorialist, which was buzzing furiously. He walked up close to it and for five minutes stared unwinkingly at the blur formed by the whizzing blades.

It was the Northerner who finally drew his eye away from the spectacle with a comment. "My friend, you seem interested in that exhibition."

"I should say I am interested," quoth the countryman. "I thought I knowed something about animals. All my life I've been shootin' 'em and ketchin' 'em and puttin' 'em in cages and makin' pets of 'em. But I'm here to tell you that thar is the pertest damn squirrel I ever did see!"

Slowed Up

A HOT spell descended on the country just as the Republican national convention was starting. A delegate from the Pacific slope, arriving at Chicago in a semi-fluid state, was asked by a sympathizing acquaintance whether he had found the weather very warm while crossing the desert.

"Well, I'll tell you something I saw on the trip, and let you draw your own conclusions," said the Westerner. "Day before yesterday, when we were about halfway across New Mexico, I saw a coyote chasing a jack rabbit—and they were both walking."

How Aunt Jemima saved the Colonel's Mustache and his reputation as a Host

"Good Lawd, massa, Aun' 'Liza's got a mis'ry!"

NO DOUBT there was a day when Colonel Higbee had no mustache; yet, no picture of him as a boy having come down to us, it is impossible to state with absolute assurance that this was the case.

The Colonel's fame, like that of many another historical personage, is a reflected glory. But for his famous cook, Aunt Jemima, he might indeed be quite forgotten, like other southern gentlemen of those days before the war.

We know him only with his mustache and his goatee. Whether he was born with these or not, he *has* them on the day we first meet him—the day Jemima, then a girl of eighteen, saved his mustache to posterity, and started herself on the road to a fame that lasts until this day.

It is not to be supposed that the Colonel's mustache may be taken with levity. He himself was prouder of it than of any other thing, except his reputation as a host. Indeed they do say that there was one night at a ball in old New Orleans when his mustache led him—but that is another story.

LET it be sufficient now to say that at that ball the Colonel invited the Carters, the Southwoods, and the Marshalls to come up and visit him at Rosemont, his big plantation manse.

Just what he said to them, of course we cannot know. But we can well believe his persuasions were not entirely free from promises; it is probable that he even bragged a bit, for, on this day of their expected arrival, Rosemont was undeniably, completely ready.

The great storerooms fairly bulged with provisions—with hams and butter and eggs and rice; with barrels of corn meal, wheat flour and 'lasses. The chickens and ducks, according to Uncle Eben, were "zackly as dey orter be fo' roastin' to a turn." And in each guest chamber fresh-cut flowers marked the final touch.

No, not the final touch—quite. The Colonel unknowingly reserved that for himself. As the early Orleans boat plodded around the bend he put it on—a last deft twist of his mustache.

Then down to the landing he went.

Such cordial greetings, such gentle courtesies as those were, we seldom see nowadays. And it was a happy party that betook itself to the stately mansion whose doors, swung open wide, beckoned the welcome of Rosemont.

BACK in the great kitchen, however, there was one who was quite unhappy—Eliza, the Colonel's old mammy cook. With her head wrapped in cold cloths, her bulky form bent far over on her folded arms, she sat—a picture of pain.

Her daughter Jemima, first helper in the kitchen, hardly knew which way to turn. Breakfast to get for all those guests. Her mother to care for. Things had come to a sorry state in the kitchen.

All this, Mose, the negro butler, had taken in at a glance, and he tarried just long enough to enlighten poor Aunt Liza on the cause.

"Didn't Ah tells yo' las' night as how some 'fliction was comin' when dat black debbil bird come flyin' into dis yeah kitchen? Ah jes knowed it."

With that he disappeared around the corner of the house—to find the Colonel.

"Good Lawd, massa, Aun' 'Liza's got a mis'ry!"

Mose wasted no words when he got the Colonel's ear. He said enough; the Colonel understood, but what to *do* he did *not* know.

The guests were making ready for breakfast—and there was no breakfast. Now at stake was his whole reputation as a host—his precious reputation, and his pride.

If only Jemima, he thought—but no—she was just a girl; she couldn't get *this* breakfast.

SOMEHOW Mose beat the Colonel to the kitchen by a dozen steps. "Somethin's got to be done," he blurted, "er de Cunnel'l have his whiskers twisted plumb off." That the Colonel might have done, too, if Aunt Eliza hadn't calmed him with quick words. She told him how her mother heart had often been thrilled by Jemima's unusual skill in the kitchen, and the planter watched with satisfaction how she went ahead with the work. "You all's gwine ter have a great s'prise dis mawnin'," the old mammy said assuringly as he left.

BREAKFAST was ready very close to the chosen time. It was not exactly as planned the night before; some things were left out, one was added—pancakes. But, from the preference of the guests, everything it seemed might have been left out except butter and molasses and those pancakes. How they did go!

The Colonel was in the height of his glory. His reputation was saved—and his mustache too, though perhaps he himself never realized how near *both* of his prides came to ruin that morning.

So happy he was that, when breakfast was over, he came immediately to the kitchen. "I'll nevah forget this mawnin', Jemima," he said. "From now on yo' ole mammy can just rest up. You be the cook and, bless yo' heart, whatever yo' want yo' shall have."

THAT, friends, is a story from tradition of the early life of the Aunt Jemima you know. Today her pancakes are America's favorite breakfast—so rich, so tender, so fine-flavored. And so easy to make, for her recipe—the recipe she used that morning—is ready mixed in the pancake flour that bears her name. All one needs to add is water!

"It's in town, Honey!"

How to get the Funny Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

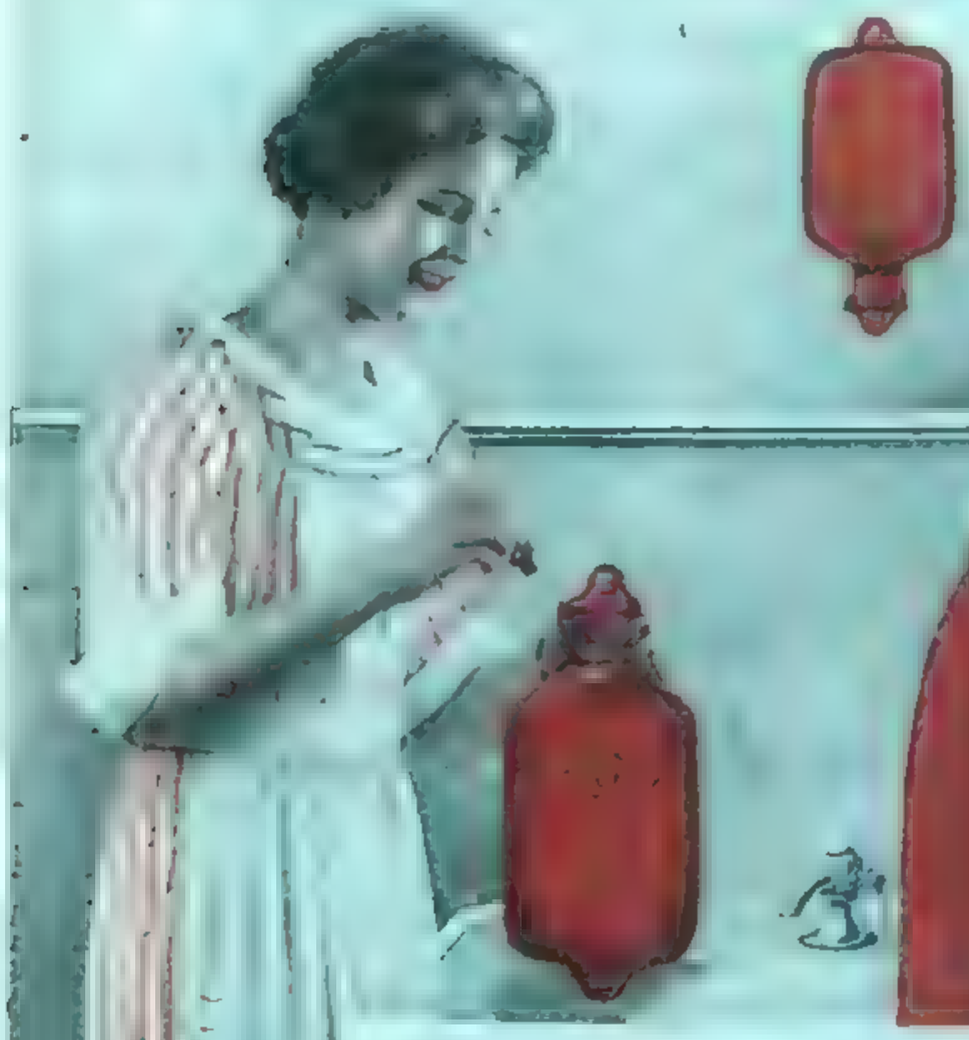
Copyright 1920, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

"Wearever"

FAULTLESS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUBBER GOODS



40

"Wearever"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Every Family Needs Several

Nowadays you expect to find two or three water bottles in every home since people have learned to use them in so many ways when filled with either HOT or COLD water. The modern home-maker is no longer content with one water bottle for the whole family. She knows that occasions may arise when she will urgently need several water bottles, some HOT and others COLD, *all at one time.*

No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle is made of high quality rubber *moulded-in-one-piece* and has no seams to leak, no bindings or patches to come loose. Its Patented Oval Neck Construction makes it easy and quick to fill without spilling or splashing. It is soft and velvety in finish, durable and unfailing in service. You can always recognize the *genuine* No. 40 by the "40" and the trade mark name "Wearever" moulded in the rubber of the bottle as in this picture.

No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe has the same high quality material and workmanship as No. 40. It, too, is *moulded-in-one-piece*. The fittings are correct in shape—easily and *securely* attached. The tubing is full length, seamless and Rapid-Flow. For a perfect syringe giving perfect service, ask your dealer for a No. 24 "Wearever."

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"THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE"

(Continued from Page 23)

deal on army, navy, colonies and subsidies. Estimating these together at possibly a billion dollars, one obtains the figure of three billion dollars that represents what theoretically might be termed available for reparations per annum, assuming that her productivity was the same as before the war.

Such an estimate is fundamentally fallacious, because it assumes that a saving expressed in increase of national wealth internally can be sent out of the country. This, of course, is absurd. The increase in national wealth of the United States, outside of unearned increment, the sum representing the difference between gross and net national incomes before the war, according to different authorities, was between three and five billion dollars. Does anyone imagine that our economic and financial system would endure the annual export of three to five billion dollars in terms of any values whatsoever?

What was Germany's prewar saving available for export? Possibly as much as a billion dollars, and this on the basis of elimination of her military and colonial budgets. The rest of her surplus of production went into new equipment to provide for increase of population, improved sanitation, elaboration of education, advance in standard of living in the working classes, and other numerous factors that keep a nation abreast in the development of civilized life.

A study of the imports and exports of the nation is directly applicable to the problem. Keynes has made such a tabulation, and there are no two opinions on the subject, since the data are official. The invisible resources of the nation must be taken into account, and these were considerable, especially in services rendered to foreign nations. One may reasonably conclude from this statistical evidence that probably seven hundred and fifty million dollars represented the sum that could before the war—with the national capacity of that time—economically and psychologically have been taken from the country per annum.

What is the present earning capacity of Germany, assuming her supplied with basic materials, food and feed? She has lost millions of her workers of all grades of skill; millions more have been incapacitated by wounds, gas and venereal diseases. Her pension charges are enormous and more than offset her prewar military budget. Her manufacturing plants are not so efficient as before the war. The physical deterioration of her railways is not serious. The falling off in her coal production is very serious. But we will assume that this also is promptly restorable. Her currency and credit are greatly inflated, her fiscal operations display a huge deficit, the national debt grows daily. She has lost her western and overseas markets.

Severe Competition for Germany

The United Kingdom, France, Italy and the United States have greatly improved—probably doubled—their manufacturing capacities, and will give the German manufacturer much more severe competition than before the war. Japan has seized most of the Pacific trade. The shipping, overseas trading, international banking and foreign investments of Germany have practically disappeared. The German international metal business has collapsed. She has lost Alsace-Lorraine and may lose Upper Silesia. A large investment will be required to restore her soil. Her markets in Russia and Central Europe are ruined and cannot be restored rapidly. The chaos in Russia will weigh more heavily on Germany than on any other outside nation. The depreciation of her currency imposes a heavy tax upon international transactions. The psychology of her working classes is upon a definitely lower plane of efficiency than before the war.

The Germans, like most of Continental Europe, are on a low standard of living. Food is restricted and clothing is thin. How long a people can endure privations, physiologically and psychologically, is something no scientist can forecast. The Teutonic entrepreneur has lost courage as well as prestige. During the war Rathenau used to argue that after the war, which Germany would win, she could by scientific organization double the production of 1913 on the same coal supply. But with defeat it does not work out that way at all. Not that the defeat is the decisive factor; victory seems to narcotize almost as heavily as defeat.

In any discussion of the paying capacity of Germany it must be realized that limitation of trade is necessarily imposed upon her until Central Europe and Russia are restored to something approaching normal conditions. An economic federation of the Danube is as important to Germany as it is to Central Europe itself, and as important to Germany as rehabilitation of Russia. At the present moment an economic federation of the Danube is not in sight. On the contrary, it seems almost to have become the policy of new-found nationalism in the states of Central Europe to oppose trade federation. At present the states of Central and Western Europe are literally in competition for Germany, due largely to the strategic position of her coal supply.

Disharmonies That Prevail

The dependence of the recovery of Germany on rehabilitation of Russia is not to be taken in the sense of an alliance with the Bolshevists. In propaganda Germany uses the menace of spread of Bolshevism to her soil. In fact there is little in Germany to indicate that she would ally herself with Russian Bolshevism if pressed too far by the Allies. Russia is groping to get out of Bolshevism and Germany will not try to get in. The figure for indemnity from Germany depends upon two things: Free scope for exploitation of Russia and pressure from the United States. Naturally, the Allies want the figure elevated by pressure from the United States. Naturally, the Germans want free hand in Russia.

The German estimate of her capacity to pay is too low; the Allied estimate is too high. If each German accepted it as an imperative obligation, a sort of national obsession, to work harder than before the war in order to pay her external debts and resume a place of independence among the nations of the earth, one could still not hope within the next decade—apart from the discovery of new sources of wealth or unforeseen technical efficiencies—that Germany would be able to equal the production of the prewar years.

Keynes estimates the maximum figure of exportable surplus in Germany at five hundred million dollars per annum. He believes the Allied and Associated Powers should be content with ten billion dollars as total reparation, including all payments already accomplished. Five hundred million dollars per year for thirty years, beginning in 1923, without interest, is the settlement advised by Keynes. In another place he conceded that the damages might reach fifteen billions. No published computation exists as to the value of the deliveries Germany has already made. It may be as high as two billion dollars.

According to the figures of Keynes, at five hundred million dollars a year Germany would pay off her reparation obligations in some twenty to thirty years, minus the time corresponding to the value of payments already made, representing, let us say, four to five years. When the sum of ten billions in the forms of payment stated by Keynes is discounted for its present value it dwindles to a small figure—one very small when contrasted with the figure of one billion dollars paid by France in 1871, compounded to the present day.

Erzberger once made the public statement that he computed the liabilities of Germany under the terms of the armistice at not exceeding twenty billion dollars. The Germans once proposed an offer of twenty-five billion dollars, which was, however, so hedged in with conditions and subtractions as to make acceptance practically conditional upon relinquishment of most of the treaty. It has since been semiofficially admitted in Germany that the proposal of twenty-five billions was insincere and was a maneuver, an attempt to get the Allies into technical negotiations.

Keynes computes the actual value of the German offer at only seven and a half billion dollars. Estimates that the writer has read in Germany gave higher figures, ranging from ten to fifteen billion dollars. Later developments have made it probable that the Germans would once have accepted the figure of ten billion dollars, with the treaty otherwise unchanged. Competent American economists have estimated the sum due under the terms of the armistice at fifteen to twenty billion and the capacity for annual payment at from three-quarters to one billion dollars. Human and social factors in Germany might easily increase production to the American figure or depress it to the figure of Keynes.

What Germany can pay and what she will pay are two different things, and this is as much an expression of the logic of events as of the will of Germany. Keynes' fifteen billions seemed low at the time of the appearance of his book; it seems high to-day. As discussions continue, month after month, the reparation evaporates.

When one considers Europe in her broad relations it seems clear that a scheme of indemnity can hardly be carried out except upon the basis of coöperation in a harmonious program between the Allies themselves and between them and Germany. These harmonies it has not been possible to attain. Collection of indemnity by force seems more than questionable. Unfortunately, absence of the United States from the deliberations is to a large extent responsible for the disharmonies that prevail. At least our participation would have made for harmony, because we are neutrally minded in the economic discussion and would have been in a position to mediate between conflicting interests. To what extent we could have acted effectively as arbiter, without acting as banker, could only have been determined by trial.

To attain an effective position in production Germany must have harmony within herself. Since the Kapp Putsch capital and labor are wider apart in Germany than anywhere in Europe. The government has promised the workers that the large industries shall be socialized; this undertaking the government finds itself unable to execute. The state syndicalization, now being worked out in order to increase the efficiency of production, will not be accepted by the masters of industry unless they control it.

The Advantages of Prompt Payment

The government has promised that the standing army to be created under the treaty of peace shall include only members of labor unions. The difficulty in the reduction of armed forces in Germany consists largely in the fact that there are two standing armies—one of the socialists and one of the capitalists. Stinnes and Legien have not yet locked horns. In the midst of such intense controversy over the division of the products of industry between capital and labor bright hopes for indemnity do not shine.

This dependence of indemnity on the solution of the social conflict in Germany is becoming slowly realized in France and England. A clear-headed Frenchman put it as follows:

"German indemnity is a question of what the German workman will stand. There is only so much surplus value of labor; it is less now than before the war. It is impossible to believe that the vested interests of Germany will use their brains unless they secure what they regard as a proper return. It is impossible to believe that a foreign loan can be procured for Germany unless this carries a remunerative rate of interest. This makes two fixed charges for capital—one German, the other foreign. Indemnity would constitute a third fixed charge.

"Will German labor yield an amount corresponding to these three fixed charges? Would not this correspond to more than the surplus value of German labor before the war? If indemnity could come first and the fixed charges of German capital last, the attitude of the German worker might be favorable; but in the logic of the circumstances fixed charges of German capital must come first. Thus the liquidation of indemnity depends upon the outcome of the social revolution in Germany. And one must remember that neither side regards the social revolution as having been fought out."

Once the sum due from Germany for reparation is established, the methods of payment rise for discussion. At this point the United States, which has specifically

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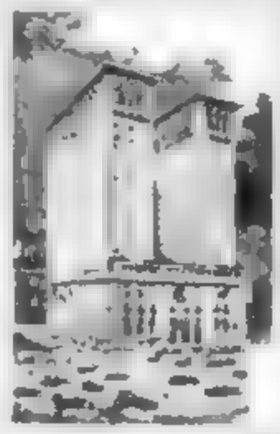

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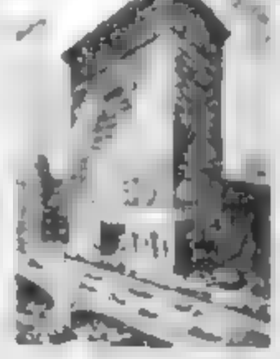

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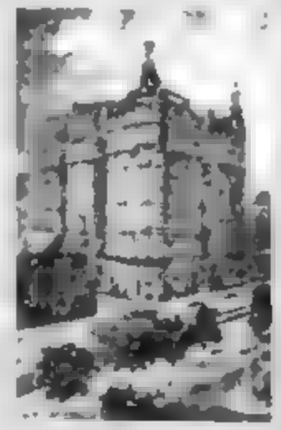

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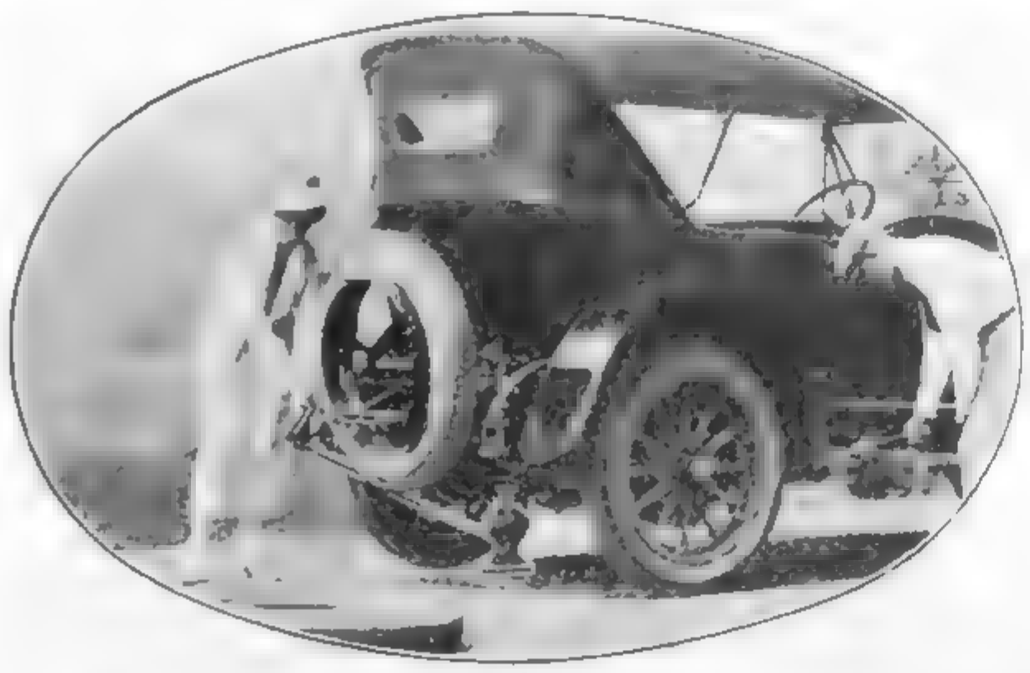

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disclaimed any share in reparation, is drawn into the discussion. Eventually Germany must pay in terms of commodities. Whether these commodities are obtained directly from Germany—for example, coal and potash—or are earned in direct, triangular or quadrangular trade is a matter of no consequence. Keynes is correct in insisting that anyone proposing a figure for German reparation should designate the commodities with which she is to pay and the markets in which they are to be sold. It is assumed, since reparation is fixed in units of currency, that the trend of prices from those of the present will be toward those of the prewar period. Under these circumstances it would be to the advantage of Germany to pay as rapidly as possible, since the higher the price—for example, of coal and potash—the lower the labor cost to Germany. Obviously both the velocity and the volume of payment would depend upon whether the attitude of the Allies toward Germany was stimulated or depressing in terms of the effectiveness of her labor.

But though payment in the ultimate sense is in terms of commodities, the methods of payment under conditions of modern trading may vary. The simple and natural method would be to follow the steps of normal trade. Germany would deliver a certain percentage of her output of raw materials and of labor; and domestically manufactured commodities in terms of the goods themselves, or commodities from neutral countries obtained through barter; or in bills of exchange. A payment of any dimension in terms of gold or other directly negotiable value is out of the question, except for a certain amount of foreign securities in the hands of German nationals, whose dispossession would be a very difficult matter.

The failure of this procedure is, however, forecast by the fact that to resume exportation of commodities in material amount Germany must first import basic materials, foods and feeds; and with the present position of the mark, and without foreign credits, this is impossible. She cannot get going as an exporting concern until she gets a fresh operating start; and this fresh start means an outlay of money which she has not and which the Allies do not see their way clear to advance her. From the beginning of the peace negotiations some sort of circumvention has therefore seemed imperative. Three have been suggested.

How to Get Germany on Her Feet

A sum having been fixed, representing the entire obligation for reparation and payable within a specified period of time, this sum being estimated by international bankers as within the capacity of the country, an international banking syndicate should be organized to take over the operation after the fashion of a consortium. They would advance to the Allies, in annual installments that should be large at first and then taper off, the sums due them on the agreed program. The loan to Germany should enjoy priority over her existing internal debts and should be repaid to the syndicate in accordance with an established amortization. The loan to Germany would need to be larger than the figure of reparation, since she would require initial funds for the reëstablishment of her industrial and economic operations.

Such a solution would have stabilized the world, prevented in large part the depreciation of exchanges, afforded the Allies initial sums for reconstruction and accomplished the rehabilitation of Germany at the earliest possible date. The scheme failed—was in fact really not seriously considered, because the Allies would name no figure that bankers could regard as within the paying capacity of Germany. International banking leadership was lacking. Public sentiment in Germany resented the idea of being placed under what would amount to a financial protectorate, and thus be classed with nations like Egypt and China. A further difficulty lay in the wide dissemination of socialistic sentiment in Europe. The working classes everywhere were opposed to any participation by international banking in the settlement of the war or peace.

A second proposition involved an issue by Germany of gold indemnity bonds for the stated amount, covering a period of years at a rate of interest that should include amortization. These bonds were to be legal tender, so to speak, between the Allied and Associated Powers. Some such proposition was repeatedly submitted, and the idea was popularly ascribed to Keynes himself.

The net result of the operation would have been that within a relatively short time all of these bonds would have found their way to the United States. It meant a loan by the United States to Germany, for the purpose of payment of her reparation to the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Italy. It is only fair to say that these nations assumed, on paper at least, an obligation to compel Germany to pay her indemnity bonds before her internal loans. But it is clear that this compulsion could not be tangible, and that in the final analysis it would be up to the United States to enforce collections.

This scheme was as acceptable to the Germans as to the Allies. It would have provided some ready money for reconstruction in the countries of the victors, and for raw materials, foods and feeds to Germany. Politically it had the advantage, from the European point of view, that it extricated the Allies from the position of oppressors of Germany and transferred that rôle to the United States. The United States declined.

The third proposition involved the indefinite postponement of payment of inter-Ally indebtedness. If Italy, Belgium, France and the United Kingdom did not need for a period of years, let us say twenty, to face interest and amortization on their external loans, they could devote their resources to reconstruction and to a scheme of financing Germany that would enable her to undertake reparation engagements. Suspension of interest charges and deferment of settlement was the first version of what later became cancellation of inter-Ally obligation in the book of Keynes. This proposition failed to procure the assent of the representatives of the United States, failing which it was withdrawn.

An Armistice of Industry

In one place Keynes delivers himself of the following lecture: "The representatives of the United States were greatly at fault, in my judgment, for having no constructive proposals whatever to offer to a suffering and distracted Europe."

Much of the time of the American representatives was spent in dodging proposals designed to transfer to us the burden of Allied finance and German indemnity, some originating with Keynes himself. It was all a question of interpretation of "constructive." All too often, constructive meant passing the buck to the United States. When the American representatives on the Supreme Economic Council suggested as early as February, 1919, that all blockades be dropped, that proposal did not win the approval of Keynes; yet removal of blockades directly after the armistice is now recognized as the most important thing that should have been done at that time.

From every point of view the problem is inexpressibly intricate. The worse the condition of Europe, the lower the reparation capacity of Germany and the greater the reparation needs of France, Belgium and Italy. Depreciation of exchange places totally distorted values upon commodities and currencies. There is now no way of forecasting the recovery of Germany; the development of the empire after the Franco-Prussian War cannot be accepted as a precedent. There has been much discussion of the Malthusian theory; but when it is converted into a fact, Europe does not know how to dispose of it. The longer the delay the less surmountable the difficulties. Each month of the present armistice of industry does more harm than a month of war. With each month the invisible resources shrink. The longer Germany defers decision as to amount, method and time of payment, and the longer the Allies procrastinate in the discussion of the minimum they will accept, the less there is under discussion.

To the Frenchman the proposition of Keynes is intangible, even if his figures be accepted, because he specifies no method of guaranteeing payment of indemnity. If the charges of German capital are counted first and interest charges on the foreign loan second, indemnity will come third and cannot be relied on. There must be some priority for indemnity. If the exportable surplus of German labor were divided into three parts, not equally, of course, one to go to German capital, one to foreign capital and one to

(Continued on Page 81)

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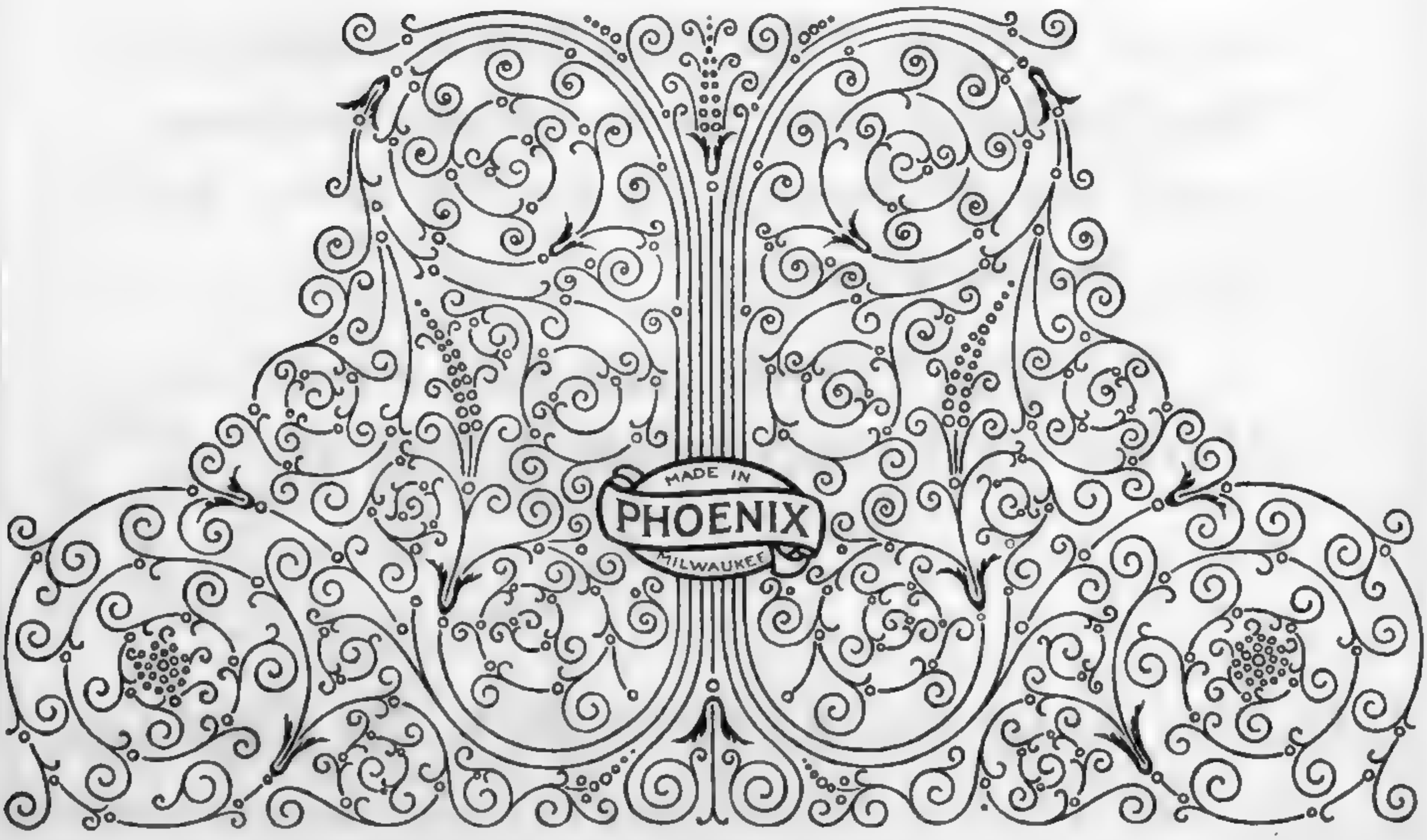

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indemnity, the French would find the proposition tangible. But to leave capital charges and indemnity competing for the surplus value of the German workman does not represent an arrangement upon which restoration of devastated areas and reform in budget can be founded

Keynes' proposals on cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness constitute the center of the book. The United States has loaned the nations allied against Germany practically ten billion dollars. The United Kingdom has loaned more than eight billion dollars and France has loaned about two billion dollars. The United Kingdom and France have been borrowers as well as lenders

If cancellation were carried out, the United States would surrender ten billion dollars and the United Kingdom about four billion five hundred million dollars. Italy would gain about four billion dollars; France about three billion five hundred million; Russia three billion five hundred million; Belgium one billion three hundred million; and the other Allied and liberated countries about one billion four hundred million dollars. The larger portion of the loss of the United Kingdom would be in her loans to Russia. Considering the probability of repayment of these, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer has estimated that the result of cancellation for the United Kingdom would be practically a stand-off.

Cancellation of War Debts

The effect of such a liquidation upon the budgetary positions of the several Allied nations would be very great. The effect upon our budgetary position would certainly be very substantial. Germany has not yet officially indicated her willingness to cancel her loans to her allies, if this is done on our side. But considering the status of the countries that have sprung from Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, it seems certain that she would follow suit

Keynes does not make it clear whether he regards cancellation of internal loans and repudiation of paper money as equally important. Certainly from the internal position of the several budgets, all three would seem necessarily to go together.

In the opinion of Keynes, cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness is necessary equally from economic and political viewpoints. He regards these loans with interest as crushing burdens that cannot be repaid except through enslavement of the populations concerned. Unless canceled, he believes these loans will convert amity into enmity. Naturally his reasoning on the cancellation of the loans is intimately connected with his estimate of indemnity recoverable.

Let Italy be cited in illustration. If she were to receive ten per cent of Keynes' figure for the German indemnity, that would amount to one billion dollars. Her debts to her Allies are four billion dollars. In other words, the actual losses of Italy as a victor, outside of the sum of her internal loans, is four times her indemnity from the defeated enemy.

Under the Keynes figure France would receive less than five billion dollars to repair devastation, though her debts to the United Kingdom and the United States are greater than that. The following quotation illustrates Keynes' estimate of the sentiment of Europe:

"If we have to be satisfied without full compensation from Germany, how bitter will be the protest against paying it to the United States. We, it will be said, have to be content with a claim against the bankrupted estates of Germany, France, Italy and Russia, whereas the United States has secured a first mortgage upon us. The case of France is at least as overwhelming. She can barely secure from Germany the full measure of the destruction of her countryside. Yet victorious France must pay her friends and Allies more than four times the indemnity which in the defeat of 1870 she paid Germany. The hand of Bismarck was light compared with that of an Ally or an Associate."

Apparently Keynes believes that the Allies have the same feeling about repayment of loans to the United States that the Germans have about payment of enforced reparation to the Allies. Then in a naïve manner he insists that if we cancel the existing loans and extend new ones, the new ones are to be really understood to be truly payable. Keynes himself makes the reservation that cancellation of indebtedness should not be considered unless "Europe is making an honorable attempt in other directions, not to continue wars, economic or otherwise, but to achieve the economic reconstruction of the whole Continent." Looking over Europe to-day, from Finland to Arabia, from Ireland to Siberia, can one believe that American assistance would be employed for economic rehabilitation in common and not for national advancement?

If we are to wait for these signs for cancellation, not yet visible, the moment of cancellation may be so long deferred as to make the proposal of little worth. Cancellation, to be of use, must come now. But Europe is now in no position to rise to the plane of amity and equity demanded by Keynes.

Is this sound psychology? Does it represent a correct historical viewpoint? Do the Allies regard us as the Germans regard the Allies? The writer has traveled extensively in Europe since the armistice, and has been able to find no evidence that the peoples to whom we have loaned money view the repayment as the Germans contemplate reparations. The comparison between what the Allies owe us and what Germany is able to pay them is entirely misplaced; the real comparison for the Allies and the one that they actually make is between what they owe us and what they would have been compelled to pay to Germany in event of defeat

The United States did not win the war, but it did save the Allies from defeat. Had we remained neutral, the nations opposing Germany would have collapsed in bankruptcy of materials and men in the fall of 1917. Their future under servitude to Germany is what they must compare with the present economic situation. One does not need to speculate on the status of Belgium, France and Italy in event of defeat by Germany. Records exist proving the intentions of the German Government in that event.

Though protesting that "controversies as to relative sacrifice are very barren and very foolish," Keynes cannot refrain from making comparisons. He assumes that when we advanced the money it was not in the nature of an investment. It was not. It was an incident to participation in the war, to be repaid just as the men were to be returned, unless they lost their lives in France. It is improper and gratuitous to suggest that our war loans were either an investment or a gift

Keynes' Views on Allied Loans

If the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Italy are bankrupt and cannot pay, that is another question. The problem of our relation to a bankrupt debtor state is one that would be faced by the American people in a spirit of generosity, but the bookkeeping would have to be made clear. Belgium, France and Italy deny that they are bankrupt. They insist that their solvency requires only payment of proper indemnity by Germany; that their insolvency follows only as the conclusion of the indemnity figures of Keynes. One reason not fully evaluated by Keynes why these three nations cling so tenaciously and possibly so unreasonably to large figures for indemnity is because of high-minded desire to discharge their obligations to their Allied creditors

Americans will never class the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Italy on a par as debtors. The proposition is untenable. Keynes says in one place: "In the chapters of this book I have not generally had in mind the situation or the problems of England. Europe in my narration must generally be interpreted to exclude the British Isles."

But when it came to cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness Keynes did not exclude the United Kingdom. He does not pretend that Great Britain is seriously impoverished: "The war has impoverished us, but not seriously. I should judge that the wealth of the country in 1919 is at least equal to what it was in 1900."

The United Kingdom has disposed of about five billion of foreign securities, and has incurred foreign debt to about the same amount. On the basis of their population and ours, a comparison of their war finance with ours convinces Keynes that the war expenditures of the United Kingdom in proportion to capacity were seven times as large as ours. Keynes does not state the expenditures and capacity of the empire, present and potential—merely that

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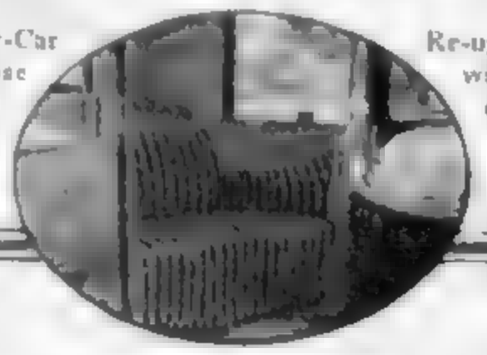

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Where surefootedness counts—indoors or out—there's no shoe like the famous "Grip-Sure." Its patented, suction-cupped sole will hold you up on the most slippery floors and surfaces. It is made of the new, live rubber—full of spring and speed. The shoe itself is of the finest Top Notch duck, with neat leather trimmings and protective ankle patch of black leather. It has snap and style, laces snugly and gives great support to the ankle muscles. Two styles—regular and athletic.

TOP NOTCH
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GYM-BAL SHOE

The "Gym-Bal," shown below, is a good looking, long wearing shoe—a real money saver—with extra quality white duck or tan duck uppers, leather trimmings and ankle patch, and a dark red, non-slip sole of the finest rubber. This sole will outlast two ordinary rubber soles. Both the "Grip-Sure" and the "Gym-Bal" are also made with patented "Arch-ease" features which give firm, resilient support to the arch and prevent fallen arches and flat feet. Write for the name of the dealer who sells these shoes in your city. They may be identified by the Top Notch cross on their sole.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Dept. C, Beacon Falls, Conn.

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Beacon Falls Sport Sox

Specially designed white woolen athletic sox that fit the leg closely, stay up without garters and insure foot comfort. Worn by the Davis Cup team.

of the United Kingdom. What would have happened to the United Kingdom if we had not expended our eighth?

To read the book of Keynes one might imagine that the war was fought by the United Kingdom, and that there was no such thing as a British Empire, or as it is now frequently called, the British Commonwealth of Nations. When now the future is contemplated from the standpoint of the empire, contrasted with little Belgium, France and Italy on the one hand, and with the United States on the other, a very different vista is revealed. Italy has practically nothing outside of herself. France has a few small colonies of minor value. French and Italian acquisitions in the Near East are liabilities. Belgium has only the Congo. Appraised in the light of the future, Belgium and France were pawns in the game; the main row of pieces was British; and victory was a British checkmate for Germany.

Great Britain's Resources

Wars are paid for by savings, new discoveries of sources of wealth, increased efficiencies, but most of all by the development of new areas of the world. The British Empire possesses in Canada, Australasia, Africa and in the Near East the largest undeveloped tracts of the world. These will enable her to recoup from this war, just as the development of the Western States enabled us to recoup from the Civil War. Russia will recoup out of her richness of undeveloped men, minerals, metals and land. But Germany, Belgium, Italy, France and the United States must pay for the war by intensification of effort within the boundaries of their present resources. The outcome of the war has given the British Empire a security never before dreamed of. German shipping, colonies, banking and trading have been swept away, as Keynes states. To whom have these fallen? In largest part to Great Britain, which in fact, if not in theory, is the heir of German overseas possessions and activities. The substitution of competition of American shipping for German shipping is to the gain of Great Britain. Her banking and trading now possess a supremacy challenged by none.

Whatever indemnity Germany pays must be paid in part in raw materials and agricultural products from Russia and South America. Payments to us by our allies must consist to a considerable extent of foodstuffs and raw materials from Asia and South America. In these transactions the British Empire will act as the trader; and scarcely a dollar will be repaid to us by Belgium, France and Italy on which the British Empire will not make a discount. This lies in the logic of the commercial situation of the world as the result of the outcome of the war. It is the reward the British have earned by generations of devotion to international trade and world finance. The traders of the British Empire already control rubber, nickel, tin, jute, and, according to Edgar, will control petroleum. This makes the matter of repayment of British obligations simple. The five billion dollars can be paid in petroleum and rubber, so that our automobiles may be kept going.

To rejoin that the United Kingdom, which is the technical financier, and the British Commonwealth of Nations are not identical is futile, and is contradicted by the solidarity displayed by the empire in the war. The empire was a unit in the military sense; it will remain a unit in the political and financial sense. In the logic of economic events, the United Kingdom will share in the developments of the empire and the dominions will share in the obligations of the United Kingdom.

The debts of the dominions are small in comparison with their undeveloped resources. For example, the net debt of Canada is a little more than two billion dollars. It is unwarranted to compare the future of the British Empire with those of France and Italy. It is "pure rodomontade" to pretend that the obligations of the United Kingdom to the United States are to be regarded in the same light and of the same kind as the obligations of France and Italy.

If Keynes had hoped to provoke a response from the United States, he should have made the offer that the United Kingdom and the United States should cancel their loans to Belgium, France, Italy, Portugal, Greece and the liberated states of Central Europe, the obligation of the United Kingdom to the United States to stand. There can be no appeal to the American people for an act of generosity unless there is a demonstration of need.

One point that complicates the situation remains to be considered: During the war the neutral nations of Europe, and also others, made heavy loans to the warring nations. The neutral nations made money out of the war, but were compelled to loan back a great deal of it. Loans have also been extended since the armistice. Payment of such of these loans as are already due is being deferred. The exchanges of the European neutral countries are falling. To protect their budgetary positions these nations are seeking commercial loans in this country. There is no warrant or precedent for asking the neutral nations to cancel their loans to the warring nations. But for us to cancel our loans in order that loans to neutrals might be repaid would result in our being placed at a disadvantage in trade and in exchange.

Keynes proposes an international loan, to be immediately available

"The countries in a position to lend assistance, the neutrals, the United Kingdom and, for the greater portion of the sum required, the United States, must provide foreign purchasing credits for all the belligerent countries of Continental Europe, Allied and ex-enemy alike." He means, of course, governmental loans, not commercial credits, and the argument does not concern private banking or trading credits.

He states a modest figure, as such things go, suggesting one billion dollars, "in the first instance." The borrowing nations would guarantee priority before all other government indebtedness, and would be required to replace their customs duties on a gold basis. Expenditures under the loan would be subject to general supervision by the lending countries. A second sum of one billion dollars is suggested as the basis for a general reorganization of currencies. Keynes admits that there are no present guaranties that Europe would put such financial assistance to proper use.

It is idle to hope that the neutral nations of the world would participate in such a loan except to find relief from stagnation of commodities straining banking facilities and credit. The writer does not believe that the United Kingdom would participate in such a loan except for the purpose of unloading war stocks of wool, mutton, hides, rubber and certain metals. The only primary commodities available in the United States are cotton, copper and grains. For the rest, the scheme would imply the purchase by the United States in the markets of the world of the primary materials required and their resale on credit to the Allied and ex-belligerent countries of Continental Europe.

A Tremendous Task

It would be up to us to allocate these between the different countries. It would be incumbent upon us to supervise the expenditures in each country. Every country would be competing for our favor, and we would be censured for all failures. In the very nature of the transaction, taking the first step in such a venture would logically involve us in continuation of the task. It would constitute an entanglement in European affairs more intimate and inextricable than at any time during the war or since the armistice, and a type of entanglement abhorrent to all sections of our population. Neutral authorities, like Thalbitzer and Vissering, do not believe that an international loan is expedient unless conjoined with international clearing houses for commodities and accounts. If we must not only support Europe but also administer her affairs for the time, the prospect is dark indeed.

We have little experience in administration in foreign affairs; and yet we are asked to undertake an administration which in magnitude and type is without precedent. Such an international loan would necessitate fresh issues of national bonds, and these would have to compete with railway and industrial securities that must be sold if transportation is to be restored and industrial deterioration averted. The domestic situation would be difficult enough, but this would be a lesser problem than for our government to become at once the receiver and banker of the belligerent nations of Continental Europe, with a population more than three times as large as ours.

In October SYSTEM

Besides "How big should a business grow?" by John J. Raskob, you will find many other timely articles on questions that interest you.

Business policies

George Eastman, head of the Eastman Kodak Co., has a remarkable contribution in October SYSTEM. He gives six principles which have guided him in that great business. "Never borrow for capital" is one of them; another, "Have always another good way of doing everything." You'll want to read what Eastman says in SYSTEM.

Finance

"Can we ease some small valve and let the economic balloon settle safely, instead of with a thud? We can," says George Woodruff, a national bank president who is particularly active in establishing the new understanding between bankers and business men. He suggests ways to do it in October SYSTEM.

Sales management

Which is the best way to pay salesmen commission, salary or bonus? A prominent sales manager, who writes too intimately to sign his own name, analyzes various plans in October SYSTEM; shows the weakness and strength of each.

Business backgrounds

A. B. Farquhar in the third chapter of "My 64 years in business" tells of conditions during the Civil War. He persuaded the Confederate commander not to sack York, Pa., and he was accused of "selling York to the Rebels." He went and talked it over with President Lincoln. In SYSTEM for October.

Handling labor

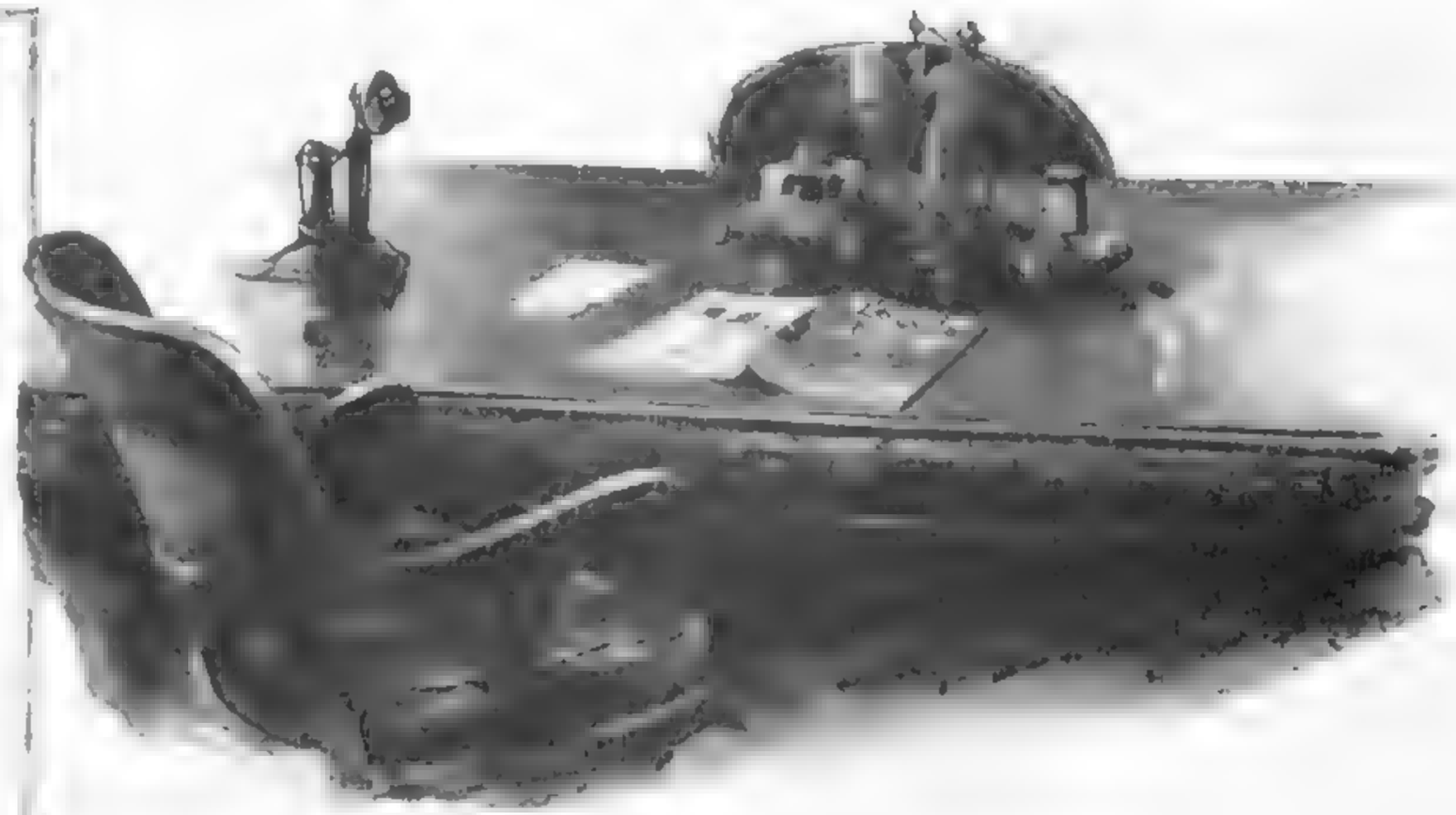
Edward S. Jackson, president, Miller Lock Co., declares that there's a good-will inside your own business that's as important as the good-will outside of it. In October SYSTEM he tells why and how he cultivates this good-will.

Office management

"Are you to blame for your telephone troubles?" "Getting the facts to the boss." "Dictated—*and* read." You can see from the titles of these three articles in October SYSTEM how full it is of ideas for making a business run more smoothly. You're pretty sure to get at least one idea for your own business.

Exporting

"Kuala Lumpur is a city of 500,000 with good streets, good hotels, and the buying power that half a million human beings represent," writes Elmer R. Murphey, president of James H. Rhodes & Co., in October SYSTEM. Here's another of the interesting reports on little known places of unusual marketing possibilities, revealed by Mr. Murphey's recent trade hunting tour. He sees conditions clearly and knows how to write about them.



How big a business do you want?

MAYBE you'd like a monopoly in your field; sell all the goods that are bought of your kind; a business as big as the possible market. Some men feel that way.

It's a mistake, says one of the big men in one of the biggest businesses in the world. In October SYSTEM, John J. Raskob, vice-president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., gives his views on "How big should a business grow?"

> "The problem of business," he says, "is one of expansion. Big business doesn't start big; it gets big. The question, 'Where do we go from here?' is one that the managers of large enterprises must continually ask. They have to go somewhere."
>
> But Mr. Raskob, who is credited with the chief responsibility for the du Pont company's heavy interest in the General Motors Corporation, continues: "A great business must diligently guard itself against becoming anything in the nature of a monopoly . . . Without competition a corporation will render neither as great a public service nor make as much as it would with competition . . ."

Mr. Raskob goes on to tell in SYSTEM why the great profits of business come through large trade at low prices. He discusses price-cutting; advocates competition for the A. F. of L.; tells of the General Motors stock plan by which he figures that an employee in 20 years should have $20,000 to $60,000. We'd like to quote Mr. Raskob's whole article, but you can read it in October SYSTEM, ready now on the news-stands.

Get October SYSTEM, 25 cents. You can do business better *with* SYSTEM than without it. That's why it's read by a quarter million business men.

SYSTEM

***The* Magazine of Business**

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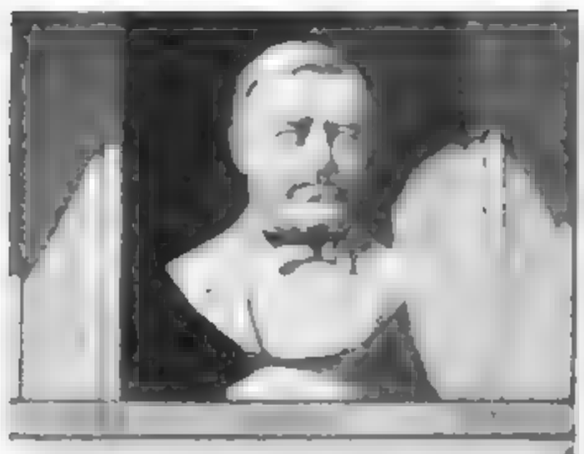

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for comfort

Freedom of movement is the possession of every President wearer. No pull on buttons, no bind on shoulders.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

Made at Shirley Massachusetts

WHY DON'T THEY QUIT?

(Continued from Page 17)

What many people forget is that a large corporation, if it has the breath of life in it at all, never stops growing. The ramifications are endless; one thing always leads on to another. The business must go on and on, to the very ends of the earth. New problems are presented every day. No sooner is one piece of financing arranged than another one comes along. The captain of industry who becomes involved, enmeshed, in this sort of thing has a hold on the bear's tail, and in a sense he can't let go.

There is no stopping. Indeed the very men who are supposed to be the richest are in many cases always borrowing. Their finances never stay put or fixed, because their business never stops growing.

In the letter at the head of this article the question is asked, why should J. Ogden Armour—among other moneyed men—want to own all the money in the country? But Armour & Co. has just borrowed $60,000,000 at a high rate of interest and only after bankers had scrutinized the proposition carefully. Do you suppose Mr. Armour wants to let go until he finds out whether this new capital is going to accomplish what he hopes it will? You wouldn't want to and I wouldn't want to get out of business if we were in his place. We too would have some natural pride in the success of the thing.

Why Mr. Armour Continues Working

Suppose you and I had been called home from college as Armour was to take our father's place in a great packing establishment. Being the sons of rich men, everyone would have predicted our failure. They would have shaken their heads and said that we couldn't possibly make good. The family lawyers and counselors, though perhaps politely concealing their skepticism, would have urged us to work hard.

"Remember," they would say, "your tremendous responsibilities, Ogden," or "Johnnie" or "Albert," or whatever the name might be.

We would have discovered that the business was conducted in tremendous units; that it was highly competitive; that our competitors were very able and resourceful men; and that to maintain the credit of the company as well as the prestige of our father's name we would have to work like sin. In fact the demands upon us to be successful would prove to be simply irresistible.

Incidentally of course we would probably have added to our fortune. But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is primarily the game of modern business which interests the captain of industry, not the money reward. The money follows the game, not the other way round. It is an incident to it. It comes because of the size of the machine, because of the magnitude of the units with which certain men happen to play. But because Mr. Armour's unit happens to be large, is he therefore condemned to sit idly by and not even try to be successful, though a desire to make good is expected of the owner of the small corner grocery and meat store? But what does Mr. Armour himself say in reply to the question of why he keeps on making money? He certainly does not wince in facing the issue:

"I have your letter inclosing the query of 'Mr. Smith,' and if you think such a query is deserving of extended discussion I will help all I can.

"'Mr. Smith' is wrong in his belief that I control any considerable share of the nation's money. Of course, I have what most men consider a big fortune, but my wealth consists pretty largely of factory buildings, machinery and equipment necessary to production—and is not simply a pile of cash. I have to go out and borrow money just as many men do who would laugh if you called them wealthy. I wish 'Mr. Smith' could impersonate me for a day and try to borrow the money needed by the various businesses in which I am interested. He would then learn the error of his belief that I control any great part of the nation's cash.

"I don't want all the money in the country. As far as myself and family are concerned I have more than enough to buy the necessaries and many of the so-called luxuries for the remainder of our lives. Why, then, do I continue in a business which, when successful, adds to my wealth? Partly because I am like most other men, in that I crave the pleasure that goes with the accomplishment of things. I don't pretend to be more energetic or more interested in work than other men, but I speak truly when I say that I would look forward with dread to years of mere money spending without productive effort.

"Our Constitution guarantees every man the right to the pursuit of happiness and happiness to me entails the successful consummation of business deals and the successful operation of the industries with which I am connected. Unless these deals and operations make money they are not successful, but making money only adds theoretically to my wealth, because it does not enable me to eat any more or wear more than one suit of clothes or one pair of shoes at a time. Excepting what I use in a personal way my wealth is engaged in productive effort of primary benefit to the whole public, in making jobs for workers and rendering service for all.

"Inasmuch as modern business functions largely on borrowed money, it is incumbent on business to make profits in order to assure necessary financing and adequacy of equipment and scope to meet the constantly increasing demands of the consuming public—and that is one good reason why I must continue trying to so conduct my businesses as to make money. Another reason is that thousands of stockholders, many of whom are far from wealthy, look to me to safeguard their investments, which they have made in businesses with which I am identified. Until they are satisfied that these businesses will run along properly without my participation in the management I cannot throw up my job. I am working for those thousands of people as well as I am for myself. My wealth, therefore, is a responsibility—not merely an assurance of satisfied selfish desires.

"It is regrettable that success in life is measured so generally by one's bank account. As my own wealth has increased I have come more and more to believe that the really successful man is not merely the one with the most money. There are other fields of worthy endeavor besides that of making money. I know men who have been shining examples of success without having given much thought to money making. Real success entails doing things for others and as long as my money is instrumental in giving employment to thousands and in rendering service to the public I will feel that my success lies therein, rather than in the size of my bank account."

The Pleasure of Accomplishment

"When any man gets past the point where his income merely means bread and butter and shelter, any increase in his bank account is symbolic of continued success and such success is not a menace but a help to his fellow man. The big fortunes of the country have done great good for the people, and the dissipation of these fortunes could not possibly serve any good purpose.

"I appreciate the fact that while human nature remains as it is, wealthy men and their supposed power will be eyed with suspicion by some who are not so wealthy; but I am in a position to know that there is far more smoke than there is fire in the situation as viewed by 'Mr. Smith.'"

One of the greatest profit-making, money-making machines in the world in the past has been the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Also, whatever else one may think of it, this concern has been immensely instrumental in supplying the world with oil. It has put kerosene in remote sections of China and gasoline where every motorist can buy. In the past at least the leaders of this company have made huge fortunes. I have no way of knowing, of course, whether the present executives will be as fortunate in that respect. But no one expects Standard Oil men to become suddenly poor.

The president of the company is Walter C. Teagle, a man of about forty, a tireless, indefatigable worker. He was not born poor, and he has been with the company a good many years. Though he probably owns no great fortune in the sense discussed in this article, he is actually in a position to accumulate ample means. I asked him if he intended to retire when he reached any fixed sum of money.

"I cannot see a more natural ambition," he replied, "than the desire to be successful, to play the game, to be active, to be recognized by one's associates and friends as able and willing to assume responsibility. With most of the business men I know the accumulation of money is secondary, is an after effect and not the impelling motive.

"How can a man help but desire that his company shall continue to be successful? Otherwise he would be a fit candidate for an asylum. What is the use of living if one does nothing? Are we just going to exist? A man must be occupied, and for that reason I would be rather afraid to retire. How many men there are who retire and then go back into business, tired of playing!"

Though Andrew Carnegie was one of the few builders of great fortunes who sold out, lock, stock and barrel, he spoke in his later years of millionaires who never laugh and who retire with nothing to retire to. A man who built up a chain of stores known the country over got out when he was fifty, announcing that all men should retire at that age. But now he is back in the game with even more ambitious plans than ever.

No Traditional Idle Class

It is common to hear people say that they would be satisfied with an income of this or that amount and to find they go right on when they reach that figure. To a certain extent you may say that the thing becomes a disease, an obsession of vanity and power. But if that is the case, then nearly every American has it. It is not in the American tradition to have a hereditary idle class, a nonworking, nonfunctioning group. Every American, for all practical purposes, is expected to do something or be despised. It is a common saying that the women of the country do not want an idle man round the house. One must work to maintain the respect of his family and associates; and, having worked most of his life, a man loses the capacity for leisure even in his later years.

Nothing is more common than for business men to go to pieces the moment they retire. Their mental and physical machinery seems suddenly to rust and give way. Time and again active and vigorous men apparently in good health retire and within a year or two reach their mortal end. Nor must it be supposed that this fact has escaped the attention and careful pondering of active men and their friends and relatives. I was talking recently to a business man whose aged uncle, a Civil War veteran, long prominent in business and in many other lines as well, had just returned from Europe.

"Isn't he pretty old to travel?" I asked.

"Why, he gets younger all the time," was the reply. "If you'd been here to be jumped on by him for as many years as I have you would realize that he's young enough for anything. We all want him to keep right on working because we're sure he'd go to pieces in a minute if he stopped."

One of the richest corporations in the world has a director well past eighty years of age. He is a man of ample wealth and has many times been urged to retire by his friends and relatives. He is too old to fill a position of real responsibility in the corporation, but he looks after certain clerical duties of a minor nature in a painstaking and careful manner. To this work he gives practically his entire time, and it has been said often enough in the offices of this company that if the president or board of directors should order him to quit he would curl up and die on the spot.

At just what age or point in his career is a man to retire anyway? Charles M. Schwab was president of the United States Steel Corporation at the age of thirty, with a salary of something like a million dollars a year. Surely he had enough to satisfy all his wants for the rest of his life! Why not quit? The fact is that he did quit that particular position shortly thereafter. But suppose he had stayed retired? Suppose he had not gone back into the game independently and built up the great Bethlehem Steel? The country would probably never have had one of its largest, most important and valuable industries. I do not say of course that only Schwab could develop a steel plant, but probably he alone could have built up that particular concern.

(Continued on Page 87)

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

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Hold a cake of Jergens Violet to the light—look through it! Its crystal transparence tells you how pure it is

The instant you feel tired —new freshness

THAT excessive fatigue is a poison, producing changes in the blood and brain-cells—sapping the energy and undermining the power to achieve—is now an established fact in science.

The men who achieve the most never permit themselves to reach this state of dangerous fatigue. Nearly every great worker has some system of momentary relaxation which enables him to renew his energy as he goes along. By a moment or two of rest at the right time, he guards himself from ever getting to the point of exhaustion.

Harriman, the great railroad builder, tireless worker as he was, could switch off his dynamic energy at will and in a moment become absorbed in his favorite author. Steinmetz, whose wonderful inventions have transformed electrical engineering, finds the relaxation he needs in smoking long, thin cigars.

There are a dozen simple ways of getting this moment or two of rest in the midst of work, that will enable you to guard against over-fatigue.

One simple method of getting momentary relaxation

Most of us have noticed, for example, that merely washing the face and hands is refreshing—that is why many people do it instinctively when they are tired.

The next time you wash use Jergens Violet Soap—see what an instant delightful sense of refreshment and relief you can get from this simple act.

Jergens Violet Soap is especially made to *refresh* as well as cleanse. It contains an ingredient so cooling, so refreshing, that physicians often recommend this ingredient for its effect on the skin.

The moment you use Jergens Violet you will feel its wonderfully refreshing quality. Your skin will take on a smooth, cool, rested feeling—you will experience an instant sense of relief.

The delicious fragrance of Jergens Violet, like the perfume of fresh living violets—its rich, snowy lather, which bubbles up even in the hardest water—add to this unusual quality of refreshment. Its flawless transparence tells you how pure it is.

Get a cake of Jergens Violet today and use it whenever you feel tired. The same qualities that refresh you in moments of fatigue make it delightful for general use. You can get Jergens Violet wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents and learn the surprise of its refreshment

For 6 cents we will send you a small size cake of Jergens Violet Soap. It will give you a sense of refreshment you have never experienced from any other soap. Send today to The Andrew Jergens Company, 657 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 657 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*

JERGENS VIOLET SOAP

TRANSPARENT

(Continued from Page 84)

In England men of wealth, and especially their sons, go into public life, but that is not the case here. In England public service is open to them automatically. Here they can hardly outlive the abuse which goes with their candidacy. If they attempt to teach or write their motives are questioned. They are literally forced by the circumstances of our national life to go into business.

Of course when the captain of industry says he cannot stop he really means he does not wish to stop. It is not literally true that business becomes the master and that the man gets into the clutches of its power. Carnegie sold out. But the nature of our American life is such that the normality and naturalness of retiring is questionable, since there is nothing to retire to. A rich man has the same creative instinct that other men have. He likes to work on plans of his own devising or which are brought to him the same as other men. The only difference is that he has more capital to work with.

This means of course that he has even greater opportunity than the man of small means to exercise the creative instinct or, to use the jargon of the day, to express himself. Once a man gets the reputation of being rich, of being a capitalist and an active captain of industry, he is fairly overwhelmed with plans, schemes, proposals, propositions, inventions, devices and ideas. He is besought by a multitude of persons for his financial and enterprising assistance. He would be a lump of clay, a mere clod fit only to cumber the earth, if he were not interested, roused, intrigued by some of these proposed ventures. And always he is faced by the specter of what to do with his money if he does sell out. Henry Ford could possibly get four or perhaps even five hundred million dollars for his business. Armour could get from one to two hundred million, perhaps more. But just exactly what could these gentlemen do with so much money?

Now obviously the menacing part of the great fortunes, if they are a menace, the element in them which controls our lives, is not the actual money, the gold or even the immediately negotiable securities which men like Rockefeller, Morgan, Armour, Schwab put away in their vaults, but the bonds and stock certificates, the paper representatives of banks, railroads, factories, mines, and the like. The actual money, the bags of gold which these men store away for their own use would not bother even the most socialistic. Their wealth of course is in plants and processes, in the actual course of industry, in going concerns.

Indeed most of these men, as with others in active business, are, as already stated, constant borrowers. Henry Ford, who with his son Edsel owns every share of stock in a business worth about half a billion dollars, recently borrowed sixty or seventy millions.

More Size No Crime

The great fortunes are such only because they are constantly invested and reinvested in machinery and equipment which produce goods of which the owners already have a sufficiency.

It matters little how large the fortune or how large the profits, industry is mainly a process of weaving the profits back into business, of steadily plowing them in. J. Ogden Armour, who until recently was the sole owner of Armour & Co., once testified that since the founding of the firm eighty-eight per cent of the total profits had been put back into the business. New financing, refinancing, readjustments, reorganizations, stock dividends, and the like, bring, it is true, an ever-increasing number of pieces of paper to the large owners. Their fortunes grow, they are richer, but only an insignificant fraction is withdrawn from the great common capital which is employed in the steady operation of industry.

Perhaps it would be better if the Government were to take charge of some of the industries controlled by the very wealthy men. I am not arguing that point. Perhaps it would be better if the business were simply turned over to the masses of laborers in the plants. I am not arguing that point either. This is not an article about state socialism, syndicalism, guild socialism or Bolshevism. But except for the in many cases relatively insignificant fraction of their fortunes which the present owners spend upon themselves, their vast, their truly stupendous accumulations of capital, of money, if you like that word better, would be devoted to precisely the same purpose under any one of these proposed forms of society.

Now it is only fair to say that in the opinion of many of the very wealthy men the antagonism to their fortunes is merely a suspicion of and failure to understand sheer size. I am not necessarily subscribing to this view, but repeat it here for what it is worth.

"The real question behind this proposition which you are putting up to me," said a banker who handles and invests the fortunes of one of the wealthiest groups in the country, "is whether the public will stand for a thing that is big. Large fortunes attract attention beyond their importance. Mere size is a crime, because it is something the public is not familiar with and doesn't understand. You have heard of the woman who said of the giraffe, 'There ain't no sich animile.' The other day I had my yacht brought into New York harbor. The skipper had never been here before. He is an intelligent man, but he had never been outside his native state. The way he stared at the high buildings was exactly the way the woman would have looked at the giraffe or most people view large fortunes. He simply couldn't believe that buildings were so high."

Fortunes Risked and Won

"It may be that people will not stand for such large fortunes, but I have a feeling that they get used to size after a while. You remember the life-insurance scandals. People became frightened at the size of these companies, and legislative limitations were put upon the amount of their new business. Now the companies are doing more business than ever before. It has been discovered of course that the harm was not in the bigness at all. I tell you this idea of sinister control of money is just mere fear of size."

But let us get back to conditions rather than theories. If Armour, Schwab and men like them should sell out, lock, stock and barrel, for several hundred million dollars apiece in bonds, as Carnegie did, they would have the same problem as he had of disposing of their incomes. The money which a very rich man has in his power to waste is exceedingly limited. If he tried to give the property away to the Government no one knows what would become of it, for there is no precedent. Nor is there any technic or system for giving such vast properties away to the employees and of being sure of their continued successful conduct.

Of course he might give all the property away in the form of foundations for philanthropic purposes, like Rockefeller and Carnegie, but there are even some people who hold that such foundations are dangerous. It is a case of be damned if they do and be damned if they don't. What is more natural then than that the majority of men of great wealth should stay in business despite the criticism that goes with such action, rather than face terrors which they know not of?

A system under which one man and his son acquire title to half a billion dollars of property may not be an ideal one. But there the property is! It must go on producing.

Now it may be that the monetary rewards are too great or wholly unnecessary. But they are small compared with what some of the great industries contribute to the national welfare. No one argues that the success of such an industry depends solely on one man. There are the natural resources to begin with, the labor, the inventors, the buying public and the great centers of population in which the buying public lives. But the amassing of large fortunes at least insures that millions of dollars in profits are constantly reinvested in production; that equipment and machinery are accumulated rather than frittered away.

Nor do I imagine that even those most anxious to change the present system will argue that the part played by men like Rockefeller, Hill, Harriman, Carnegie, Schwab and the original Vanderbilt has been a negligible one. The large fortunes in so many cases seem to have gone to those who produced needed goods most cheaply, most plentifully and with foresight ahead of their time. Or perhaps they learned to merchandise goods more economically than their competitors. In any case many fortunes are based upon the performance of a service to the world at large in a better manner than anyone else has done it.

Carnegie sold steel cheaply and abundantly. Rockefeller sold oil in the same way. The first Vanderbilt risked his entire capital to connect New York and Buffalo by rail, thereby tying up the East and the West and making possible the settlement and cultivation of whole states.

It is probably conservative to say that Commodore Vanderbilt enriched the country many hundred times the fortune of fifty or sixty million dollars which he took out of his activities. It is a story which in its essence can be told again and again. How often have builders, pioneers, enterprisers set the stage for industrial development, started something, set the ball rolling? How often have they raised the whole community to new bases, to new levels of productivity, from which progress has been made after they have gone? No theory of society can deny the part which such men play.

Let us look at this thing for a moment, not in the light of history or generality but in that of the living present. One of the country's dozen largest fortunes was accumulated in a comparatively short space of time by a tremendous driver and developer in the railroad field, E. H. Harriman. His son, W. Averell Harriman, still hardly more than a youth, is just as anxious to succeed in the world of shipbuilding, shipping and foreign commerce as his father was in railroading. He has set about it with energy, courage and tremendous resources.

Mr. Harriman is a director in four of the largest railroads, a stockholder in several and vice president of one of the most important. But he has deliberately nailed his flag to the mast in maritime affairs. That is where he proposes to operate; that is the field in which he is interested. He is attempting to do what no other American, individual or corporation, has even tried—that is, to develop a complete, rounded maritime organization, with units of shipbuilding, shipowning and operating, marine insurance, marine financing and foreign trade. It has been done in England, but never before here.

Capitalists Who Work Overtime

In one shipbuilding company alone, controlled by his organization, more than sixteen thousand men are employed. Naturally Harriman is no idler, for though he inherited the money, its direction, use and successful employment are distinctly up to him. The idea was his own, and he is risking his money in a new field. Except for a couple of afternoons a week engaged in a favorite form of athletics, he works day and night, lives with entire simplicity and eschews society. It is a man-sized job which he has undertaken and permits of no loitering by the wayside.

"I look at this question which you have asked me," said Mr. Harriman, "as one of the method and direction of industrial and national development. This money which the rich men of the country own rests in their hands only as they use it wisely in developing the country. I personally believe we would be turned out of this ownership in a moment if the trust were abused. After all, is there not some virtue in such ownership? With the man who is dealing in his own money the decision as to what form development shall take is a serious matter. Is it not better that men should risk their own money than that of others?

"Assume that a man is worth one hundred thousand dollars a year to the community at the head of a large industry. If that is admitted, I maintain that he would be worth nothing at all loafing. But there are fewer loafers, I think, among the men of large wealth than in any other class. As for capitalists working to own and control all the money in the country, the only ones who are doing that whom I know of are a few speculators. Certainly it is not true of the constructive-minded men."

Most of the owners of notable fortunes who are actively engaged in developing and extending industry believe in the task they are engaged in. If they are on the defensive they do not show it in the statements they make. The president of one of the largest and most important corporations in the country, a busy executive who also is a man of great wealth, both through his holdings of stock in his own company and other

(Concluded on Page 89)

Ted Lewis

This phenomenal Saxophone Artist and Comedian has captivated thousands of music lovers during the past Summer Season at the Strand Theatre and Belvedere Gardens [illegible] Mr. Lewis [illegible] at $1,000 per week [illegible] The Ted Lewis Jazz Band is equipped with Conn instruments exclusively

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FORM an orchestra; they're in demand nightly for dances, theatres—school, church, lodge and factory entertainments. Joining your talent with a few friends you can earn a liberal extra income filling this demand.

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A POOR tool of any kind is bad enough—but a poor saw is hopeless.

The average householder who has the knack and skill to do odd jobs around the house generally tries to use an old, cheap, tinny saw that squeaks protestingly at a half-inch board and refuses point blank to cut anything thicker.

Get a Disston Saw! The handle fits the hand. The keen-toothed blade, of Disston-Made Steel, is so finely tempered it stays sharp and holds set for a long time in every-day use—indefinitely in a home.

Write for the Disston booklet that tells you how to choose, how to use, and how to care for a Disston Saw.

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DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

(Concluded from Page 87)

investments, makes this direct and straightforward reply to the inquiry of why he keeps on:

"It so happens that the corporation of which I am president has been successful and grown large for the simple reason that it has performed an absolutely essential service in the most economical and efficient manner that has yet been devised. Though I have often been tempted to throw over the responsibility and worry that my business involves, I have never reached the point where I felt that we could settle back and say, 'We have gone as far as it's worth while; let's take it easy.' I know that any such policy would result in stagnation of the business, with possible losses and even bankruptcy. This would not only be a bad thing for me and for the pride I have in the achievement of building up a successful business but it would be a serious loss to the country.

"Many people are envious of a man whose success in business brings him a large income; they feel that such an income represents money that they might otherwise have. This is not so. Such part of my income as I do not have to use for the living expenses of my family and myself goes back into my own business or into the securities of other companies. This helps to build new plants, to give employment to more workmen, to reduce the cost of production, to turn out better articles and to improve conditions of mankind generally.

"This belief, together with the responsibility of representing the interests of thousands and thousands of shareholders and employees, who have helped with their savings and efforts to make the business of this corporation possible, spurs me on to make my company do a better and better job as time goes on."

Just a final word as to the motives of Messrs. Rockefeller and Morgan in accumulating large fortunes, these being two of the three names mentioned in the letter from "Mr. Smith" at the beginning of this article. John D. Rockefeller is now in his eighty-second year. He has not been interested in money making for at least twenty years. The literal truth is that Mr. Rockefeller has for many years been largely concerned with golf, his health and the giving away of money. What motives or what conditions made it possible for him to accumulate a vast fortune thirty or forty years ago are now of only historic interest.

Mr. Rockefeller's only son, "Junior," has never been and is not now interested in money making. He and his father together have given away more than $500,000,000, and "Junior" devotes all of his time, except that spent with his family, to the details of these benefactions. His real interests are those of philanthropy and religion, and he begrudges the very small amount of time which he gives to business. He wishes to have his investments conserved but he does not go into new things, and it is a literal fact that he is one of the hardest worked men in the country, not in making money, but merely in overseeing the big staff which undertakes, first, to keep intact what his father and he already have, and second, to give it away to the greatest advantage.

Perhaps it is a "crime" for the Rockefellers, father and son, to have, or have had, title to so much wealth. But the father has not lifted his finger to make any additional "money" in more than twenty years, has in fact given away half a billion dollars, and the son has never cared in the slightest degree to add to the wealth his father had previously accumulated. Anyone who is interested in the motives which led to the Rockefeller fortune should have made their inquiry about thirty years ago.

The same is true of Morgan. The elder J. P. Morgan made a large fortune out of banking, although as compared both with his own opportunities and the accumulations of Rockefeller and a dozen other men it was and is nothing remarkable. He was a man of tremendous personality and abilities, and power came to him because other financial and capitalistic groups trusted him. What he cared for was the prestige and standing of his firm, not the money which it made.

As for the present J. P. Morgan, it would be preposterous to assert that his motives are those of lust for power and domination or lust for money. All he cares about in a business way is to continue the reputation of his firm as sound and constructive in the banking field. The power of his firm may have been in the past and is perhaps to-day unduly great, but that is part of the subject of banking principles and systems and in no sense concerns the question of individual motives.

In a further article it is proposed to discuss another question raised in the letter at the head of this article, namely, how much do such men as named therein actually own and control.

Forest Ranger on the Cache National Forest, Utah

Guaranteed Clothes

Built to take hard knocks

YOU can't expect a boy to keep out of a game just because he has his good school clothes on. "He should worry about his clothes"—that's up to Pa and Ma.

Dress your boy in clothes that are built to stand hard service—Dubbelbilt Clothes. Then, no need to be worrying and cautioning him to be careful.

Dubbelbilts are made extra strong where the wear comes—with double thickness at seat, knees, and elbows—with reinforced pockets and seams. That's why it is possible to *guarantee every Dubbelbilt Suit for six months' service.*

Your boy gets style and good looks, too, in a Dubbelbilt Suit. The attractive, long-wearing Walcloth materials come in blues, browns, grays, greens, olive, and mixed shades. For slight additional cost the service from a Dubbelbilt Suit can be practically doubled by the purchase of an extra pair of pants.

$18.75, $20.75, and upward—same prices everywhere in the United States. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

Ask for, and *get*, Dubbelbilt Clothes at the nearest clothing store. If you can't find them there, write to us and we'll tell you how to get them.

Boys'
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"Cravenette" Proofed

Six Months' Service Guaranteed

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, Inc.
Broadway at 11th St., New York City

PAWNING THE HEIRLOOMS

(Continued from Page 13)

their saddles. They sat, I fancy, with heads dropped forward, silent. They turned their eyes toward Cornelius Hodges when he spoke his words about heirlooms, wordsaboutthings sacred, never to be parted with. After he had finished, I presume for the most part they nodded their assent. Then they had made a law, a law such as was decreed in their old miners' meetings in Alder Gulch when Montana was no man's land. That was when the Yellowstone Park began.

Langford, in his diary, describes this extraordinary scene in his customarily simple fashion:

"Last night, and also this morning in camp, the entire party had a rather unusual discussion. The proposition was made by some member that we utilize the result of our exploration by taking up quarter sections of land at the most prominent points of interest, and a general discussion followed. One member of our party suggested that if there could be secured by preemption a good title to two or three quarter sections of land opposite the lower fall of the Yellowstone and extending down the river along the cañon, they would eventually become a source of great profit to the owners. Another member of the party thought that it would be more desirable to take up a quarter section of land at the Upper Geyser Basin, for the reason that that locality could be more easily reached by tourists and pleasure seekers. A third suggestion was that each member of the party preempt a claim, and in order that no one should have an advantage over the others the whole should be thrown into a common pool for the benefit of the entire party."

Roadway From Summit of Mt. Washburn

Creating the First Park

"Mr. Hedges then said that he did not approve of any of these plans—that there ought to be no private ownership of any portion of that region, but that the whole of it ought to be set apart as a great National Park, and that each one of us ought to make an effort to have this accomplished. His suggestion met with an instantaneous and favorable response from all except one of the members of our party, and each hour since the matter was first broached our enthusiasm has increased. It has been the main theme of our conversation to-day as we journeyed. I lay awake half of last night thinking about it; and if my wakefulness deprived my bedfellow—Hedges—of any sleep, he has only himself and his disturbing National-Park proposition to answer for it.

"Our purpose to create a park can only be accomplished by untiring work and concerted action in a warfare against the incredulity and unbelief of our national legislators when our proposal shall be presented for their approval. Nevertheless, I believe we can win the battle."

Those were able men. Let us disabuse ourselves of the belief that our frontiersmen were ignorant men or wholly simple men. Montana has had no abler citizens than those who came out in the early sixties. So these men knew how to go to work. In brief, we may sum up the results of their labors in the words of the act of creation of the Yellowstone Park, which was and is its basic and sacred law:

"Section 2474, R. S.: The tract of land in the Territories of Montana and Wyoming, lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and described as follows, to wit, commencing at the junction of Gardiner's River with the Yellowstone River, and running east to the meridian passing ten miles to the eastward of the most eastern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence south along said meridian to the parallel of latitude passing ten miles south of the most southern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence west along said parallel to the meridian passing fifteen miles west of the most western point of Madison Lake; thence north along said meridian to the latitude of the junction of the Yellowstone and Gardiner's Rivers; thence east to the place of beginning, is reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people; and all persons who locate, or settle upon, or occupy any part of the land thus set apart as a public park, except as provided in the following section, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom.

"Section 2475: Such public park shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be, as soon as practicable, to make and publish such regulations as he may deem necessary or proper for the care and management of the same. Such regulations shall provide for the preservation, from injury or spoliation, of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders, within the park, and their retention in their natural condition. The Secretary may, in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes for terms not exceeding ten years, of small parcels of ground, at such places in the park as may require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors; all of the proceeds of such leases, and all other revenues that may be derived from any source connected with the park, to be expended under his direction in the management of the same, and the construction of roads and bridle paths therein. He shall provide against the wanton destruction of the fish and game found within the park, and against their capture or destruction for the purposes of merchandise or profit. He shall also cause all persons trespassing upon the same to be removed therefrom, and generally is authorized to take all such measures as may be necessary or proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes of this section."

We ought, as Americans, to be familiar with that act of March 1, 1872, which established the first of our national parks. We ought, as taxpayers, to study every word of its text. You and I are individually interested in the phraseology of the Act of Congress of March 1, 1872. Let each and every succeeding Secretary of the Interior read that text and remember it. It is up to you and me to see to it that no future Secretary of the Interior ever shall forget it.

A Great American Heirloom

In every public assemblage of good Americans on September 19, 1920, in every club of sportsmen, at every camp fire in all America, let us ask a silent toast to the memory of Cornelius Hedges, American and patriot; a man with vision outside an iron dollar; a man big enough to overlook his own personal gain in his love for the welfare of his country.

That was a time of real men. In those days a man's word was his bond. So was a nation's word. The act of March 1, 1872, was a covenant, it was a treaty, with you and me; of the United States of America with James Jones and William Smith, and their children and their children's children. That act created an heirloom, unspeakably beautiful, immeasurably precious, a thing which never ought to be parted with under any circumstances, in any conditions, by vote or act of any American entitled to the name.

That act is a basic law. We have on all our voluminous records no act of Congress more altruistic and unselfish. It is a thing unimpeachable in its wisdom and in its generosity. It was decreed to be immutable. It is the treaty of this republic with you and me.

Now certain men want to take apart the Yellowstone Parkto-day; want to build dams in it; want to use it in a dozen different ways for commercial purposes. That is a thing absolutely and definitely contrary to the act of dedication.

So there is your story; and methinks if you can make two pictures, one of the man selling the miniature of his ancestress and the other of that camp fire on the Madison, you can understand that story as an American ought to understanditto-day. And if you have not interest enough in your own heirlooms to fight for them, if youarenotenough American to tell these men where they head in at this day and age of our history, then you deserve no heirlooms; then you deserve no national parks.

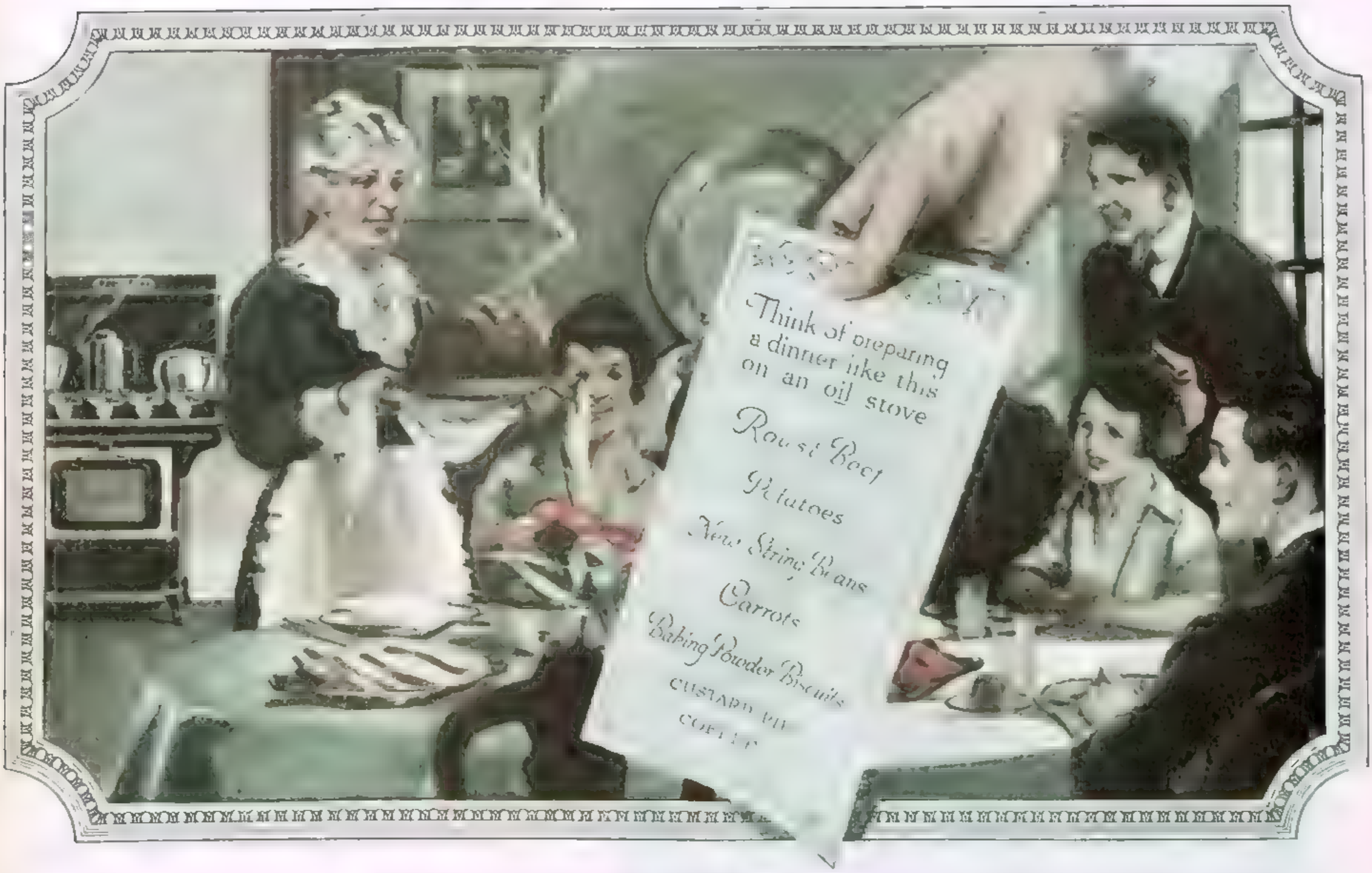
We ought to establish a good familiarity with the topography of the country lying within the present limits of the Yellowstone Park. Taking the Yellowstone Lake as the center of that region, we are on one of the crowns of the continent. The Wind River, Snake, Madison and the Yellowstone Rivers, all head close in round that central point. The snows lie heavy there. Tremendous streams issue from this eternal source of the waters. There are two ways of looking at these facts. Cornelius Hedges and his friends said we should always look at them as extraordinary phenomena of Nature. To-day in Montana and in Idaho there are certain men who look at these things from the standpoint of water power and irrigation only.

It is the attack of these two interests, both of them powerful, with which we now have to deal. Let us deal with them from premises of absolute fact and on a basis only of dispassionate reason.

In June, 1920, the old-time water-power bill again showed its head after knocking round in Congress ten or a dozen years. It came out of conference a few days before the close of the session, was passed by both houses and sent to the President for signature. This bill created a Federal Water Power Commission consisting of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture. This commission was, by the terms of the bill, empowered to grant licenses for the building of dams, power houses and all other structures necessary or convenient in public lands and reservations. It included in its terms all the national parks and monuments! It contained no publicity clauses, asking only the informing of possible bidders for leases by advertisement.

Just in time its real nature was discovered by some of the friends of the national parks. Telegrams began to come in to the President. At the same time the new Secretary of the Interior, John Barton Payne, who shows every indication in the world of being a Secretary of the Interior who will work for the American people, wrote to the President and filed an objection. President Wilson gave this bill the

(Continued on Page 95)



A Dinner Like This Ready in 1½ Hours

HAVE you thought that to prepare a big dinner perfectly and quickly required a city gas range? Dinners like the above are prepared easily in 1½ hours on the "Red Star" Detroit Vapor Oil Stove—the advanced type, all-the-year-'round oil stove.

It will cook a 5-lb. beef roast to delicious tenderness in 1½ hours; boil potatoes perfectly in 20 minutes; cook string beans in one hour and turn out baking powder biscuits, tender and flaky, in 12 to 15 minutes.

10 Features *that assure real cooking service*

1 No wicks or asbestos rings.
2 Burners directly under cooking
3 Heavy 8½-pound grey iron burners
4 Burns any liquid fuel
5 Burns one-fourth less fuel.
6 Fuel tank back of shelf.
7 Easy to operate.
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10 Durable enamel finish.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

These remarkable results are due to the big 8½-lb. grey iron Red Star burner. It converts kerosene, gasoline or distillate into gas. Gives a double ring of hot, blue, gas flame. In operation the burner becomes red hot—adds this intense heat directly beneath the cooking utensil. Gives 19 hours of wonderful cooking heat from each gallon of fuel. Saves 25% of fuel. Does work equal to any gas range. Regulated as easily as a gas range.

See this remarkable oil stove. Look for the Red Star above the shelf. Sold by leading hardware and furniture dealers. Write for Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
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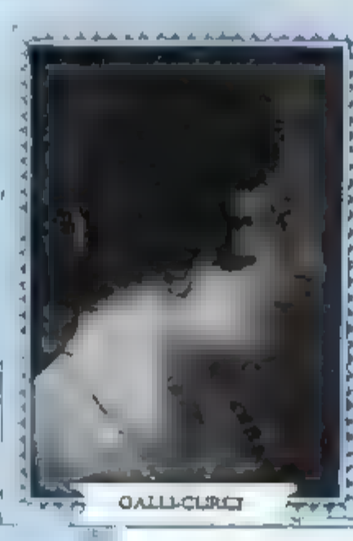
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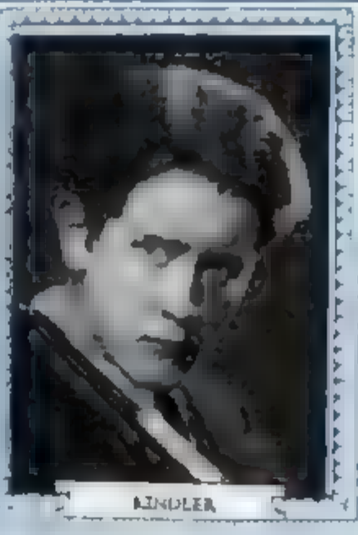
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S. PAT. OFF.

Can you tell a good shovel when you see one?

The average person buys a shovel without any very definite conviction that one make is any better than another. Most probably he buys the one shown him by the clerk.

If he is shovel-wise, however, his choice is determined by four factors—weight, "hang," size and design.

If the shovel seems to weigh about right, if it "hangs" well, measures up to the required length and appears to be correctly designed for the work it must do, you will find it is invariably a Red Edge.

The above tests are all right as far as they go. But the big factors that they do not show up are how the shovel will stand up and wear and how long it will keep its shape and "hang."

The only way to find out those things is by accurate scientific tests. We make such scientific tests before the Red Edge shovels leave our plant.

The Brinell Test

The most modern method of determining the hardness of steel is by the Brinell machine. A small spot of the surface of the Red Edge blade—first polished so that the test itself is applied to the inside of the steel and not to the hard outside skin—is placed under a rounded steel ball which is pressed down hydraulically until a dial registers 3,000 kilograms of pressure. The resultant depression in the blade is then examined under a microscope. If the spot under pressure has spread to too great a diameter, it indicates that the blade is not hard enough; if the "spread" is too small, the blade is too hard and liable to be brittle. In either case the blade must be re-treated. (Note on the blade the small bright mark left by this test.)

Hammer Test

Red Edge blades are also given a very severe shock test under repeated rapid blows of a trip-hammer to determine evenness of quality throughout the blade. This test is also further proof that the heat-treatment has been proper.

Handle Test

Second growth Northern White Ash, an especially tough and sturdy wood, is used in all Red Edge shovels. The handles are tested to a strain of 200 lbs. in a standard testing machine.

Rough and Ready Test

Every completed Red Edge shovel is given a rough and ready test in a special testing block. The edge and sides must bend without breaking, returning to shape when pressure is removed.

Red Edge shovels are made of Chrome-Nickel steel, heat-treated, hard as tool steel, tough as spring steel. They don't wear dull or thin, buckle or bend or nick. They hold their size and shape, keep their edge and "hang."

Great railway systems, mines, contractors and large industries have used them for years and are enthusiastic in their testimony to their endurance.

Enlarged manufacturing facilities have greatly increased our output and we are now able to supply every shovel user with a Red Edge—the finest shovel that can be made.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania

WYOMING

RED EDGE

SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES

(Continued from Page 90)

pocket veto. It did not pass. Then came thousands of telegrams of protest against its nonpassage. It was said that the entire West would rise in a riot against the administration which would not make the parks available for water-power uses! Republicans and Democrats alike now woke up and ranked themselves for or against the measure. One week before the Democratic convention President Wilson did sign the water-power bill, and it became a law.

Meantime Secretary Payne secured the agreement of Senator Jones, chairman of the Commerce Committee, promising to introduce an amendment at the next session of Congress excluding all national parks and monuments from the workings of this bill. As matters stand now, that bill is a law. The amendment is not yet passed.

Apostles of Irrigation

Already the city of Los Angeles has applied to the State Water Commission—through a rather curious error as to authority, of course—to create a diversion of the Marble Fork of the Kaweah River inside the Sequoia National Park, and to build a conduit and power house; also a diversion on the Middle Fork of the Kaweah River; also Merced Lake and Little Yosemite Valley in Yosemite Park, as well as Virginia Canyon in the same park. This last would ruin the Waterwheel Falls. Applications have not at this writing been made to the Department of the Interior for power rights in Sequoia and Yosemite Parks, but no doubt these will follow very soon. An application has also been filed with the Federal Water Power Commission for the use of Cataract Creek in the Grand Canyon National Park.

I shall dwell but lightly on the phases of the water-power law. Its workings are obvious. The amendment excepting the national parks will soften it somewhat, and that alone can do so. But we have not yet got that amendment. The great water-power interests now have avoided the difficulty of dealing with acts of Congress. They have only three men to deal with—secretaries of political appointment, subject to political change. On such a commission, whatever might be its personnel, there might be one good man and the two other men not so good, who would make a majority.

So much for the latest menace to the national parks, a menace which is by no means averted at this writing, but which must be averted by the concerted action of all the Jones and Smith families of this country—which means you and me. But on the whole the water-power danger is not so great as the irrigation threat.

The Yellowstone Park has been made the objective of a stubborn industrial offensive. It has come within an inch of success. It was only the prompt objection of Secretary Payne that kept irrigation dams out of Yellowstone Park. The other parks would have been merely a matter of detail. It would have been Hetch-Hetchy everywhere.

This irrigation attempt really was begun some time ago. Permits were issued to put in water gauges on the streams round Yellowstone Lake. Later on permits were given authorizing surveys and the running of levels in all that portion of the Yellowstone Park.

In last February a bill was introduced in Congress to locate an irrigation reservoir in the Yellowstone National Park. The friends of the parks barely succeeded in stopping, not in defeating, that measure. It will come up again. There is a tremendous backing behind this bill, and this is the greatest danger now threatening the Yellowstone Park.

The especial purpose of this article is to familiarize the people of the United States with the details of this irrigation measure. Reasoning from accepted facts as premises, let us see if we cannot show that all the interests involved in this proposed irrigation enterprise are individual in nature and not of general public support; that the enemies to the extension of Yellowstone Park and to the preservation of Yellowstone Park are of an astonishingly small number and small value as against the popular stake involved; that the proposed establishment of reservoirs in the limits of Yellowstone Park is a thing not in the least necessary, but that the same purpose of controlling flood waters and furnishing large amounts of irrigation waters can be immeasurably better subserved by establishing the proposed dams, not within the limits of Yellowstone Park, but outside the limits of the park. Every one of these premises is, I think, susceptible of establishment.

Congressman A. T. Smith of Idaho has been the great irrigation apostle in Congress, and it was he who introduced the first of the bills looking to the use of the Yellowstone waters for the irrigation of Idaho lands. That was where the first irrigation fight on the park began. But at once the state of Montana, actuated by a pardonable jealousy, observed that it also might have a slice of the Yellowstone Park.

The Yellowstone in Danger

The definite number of irrigation proposals was three—two for Idaho and one for Montana. The Carlisle project, originating in Wyoming, may be disregarded. The Idaho projects may be called the Dubois project and the Bruneau project. One bill asked the privilege of putting up a dam four or five miles inside the southern limit of the park, retaining the waters of the Falls River. The other project is far more ambitious and far more expensive. It contemplates, besides the Falls River basin dam, a far more grandiose proposition—a dam about fifteen feet high and two hundred and fifty feet in length across the Yellowstone River, just at the foot of the lake. This was to raise the waters of the Yellowstone Lake. There was to be a series of tunnels from that lake connecting up Heart Lake and the Snake River watershed, which also includes Shoshone Lake and the waters of Lewis Lake—all great mountain lakes within the park—throwing them all down the Snake River.

After the surveys of these several projects had been made and the matter had begun to attain considerable publicity, something like a year ago, the superintendent of Yellowstone Park, Mr. H. M. Albright, had a reconnaissance survey made in the lower portion of the park, and covered the results of that survey in a report to the departmental authorities. As this represents, in concise fashion, the attitude of the park service toward these and all other similar projects, a résumé may perhaps be made from that analysis of the situation:

"The construction of the tunnel would undoubtedly seriously injure the scenic beauty of the Flat Mountain arm of the lake, but the most serious damage would be caused to Heart Lake. It is proposed to carry off in a very short period of time the winter storage water, which would increase the flow of water in the Snake River from 1000 to 1500 second feet. This would play havoc with Heart Lake and make it simply a dumping hole for water from Yellowstone Lake preparatory to flowing into the Snake River. Furthermore, it would throw such a volume of water into the Snake River that it would tear its banks over a distance of 20 miles, uprooting trees and creating a scene of havoc that would be awful to contemplate. The enormous hot springs below the junction of Heart River with the Snake River would be greatly damaged. I have not been able to ascertain how much of the Heart Lake geyser basin would be affected by the diversion from Yellowstone Lake, but it is likely that part of this basin, including the very remarkable Rustic Geyser, would be injured. Heart Lake is one of the most beautiful lakes of the park. It is mentioned in all of the earlier reports, and its geyser basin was seen and commented upon by the discoverers of the park.

"Much more serious, however, would be the damage to Lewis Lake should the Bruneau project be given the sanction of Congress. It is proposed to place a dam at the outlet of Lewis Lake which would raise the water to the level of Shoshone Lake. I have not been able to have a survey made to determine how much land would be flooded by this enlargement of Lewis Lake, but anyone who has observed the topography of the country can readily see that it will flood thousands upon thousands of acres of land and will destroy a considerable mileage of the road to the south boundary.

"It will also flood the Lewis Lake hot-springs basin near the northeast corner of the lake. The destruction of the timber that this flooding would cause would be the worst thing that could happen to this beautiful body of water. This lake is now well stocked with fish and has great possibilities as a tourist resort. Any flooding of this lake will give it the same appearance as Jackson Lake.

"Furthermore, once having received the privilege of damming Lewis Lake, the precedent would be established for enlarging

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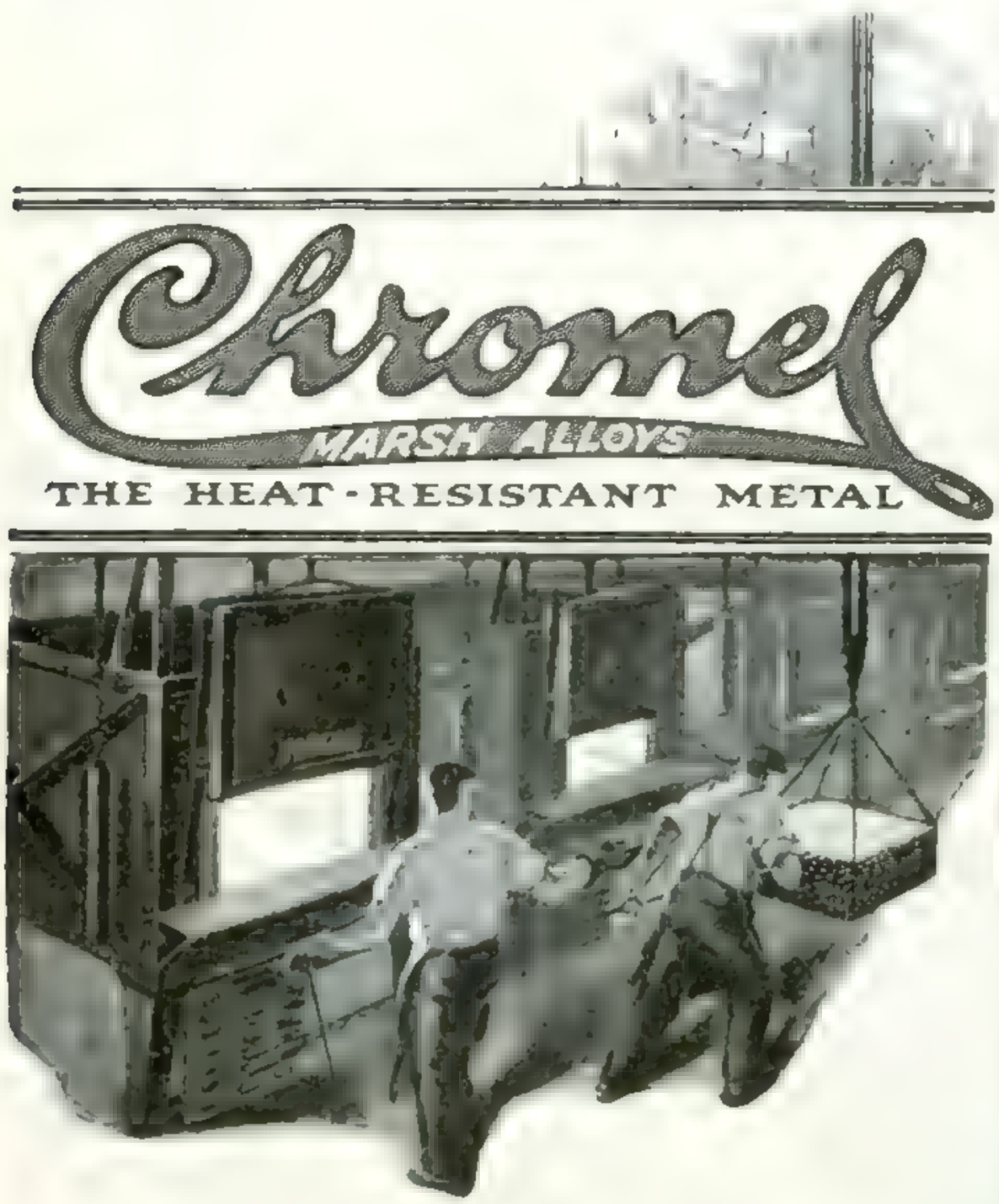
Teton Range and Jackson Lake



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the dam and further increasing the storage until it covered many thousands of acres of the lowlands south and east of the lake. It would also constitute a precedent for flooding Shoshone Lake sooner or later, because both lakes have relatively the same value from the scenic standpoint. If it is all right to flood and ruin Lewis Lake, it is likewise proper to raise Shoshone Lake.

"The fourth feature of the Bruneau project is the flooding of the Falls River Basin in the southwest corner of the park. It is proposed to build a dam in such a way that both the Bechler River and the Falls River valleys would be flooded. This would submerge between 10,000 and 20,000 acres of meadow and swamp lands which are the all-year-round habitat of perhaps our biggest moose herd. Rangers who know this district claim that more than 500 moose range in this territory throughout the year. There is also a fine band of elk in this territory, although the elk do not stay in the basin all winter. This country, while not yet visited by many tourists, has always been regarded as one of the most interesting and important parts of the park, and will some day be developed properly.

"The Falls River part of the project is not directly connected with the Bruneau plan. It seems that the people in the Twin Falls district, Idaho, are to make some trade of irrigation rights whereby the people about Idaho Falls, St. Anthony, Sugar City and other communities in that neighborhood are to receive water from the Falls River Basin in return for certain rights on the main Snake and on the North Fork of the Snake.

"The delegation that visited Washington for the purpose of securing permission to survey in Yellowstone Park comprised the following: Governor Davis, of Idaho; Mr. I. B. Perrine, of Twin Falls, Idaho; Mr. Roy S. Black, attorney general of the state of Idaho, residing at Boise; Mr. R. A. Smith, of Omaha, Nebraska; Mr. Warren G. Swendsen, state's attorney, Boise; Mr. H. L. Hollister, of Chicago; Mr. P. A. Bickel, of Boise; and Judge J. H. Richards, attorney, of Boise. I do not know whether any financiers in the East are interested.

"The Dubois project proposes to irrigate arid lands in Idaho between Aberdeen and Dubois on the west side of the Snake River. This project contemplates the utilization of the Falls River Basin and Shoshone and Lewis Lakes.

"The fact that this project is being prepared for submission to Congress shows that the Bruneau project would not stop with the raising of the water in Lewis Lake, but would sooner or later extend to the ruination of all the territory surrounding Shoshone Lake."

One Dam Follows Another

"G. C. Carlisle, an engineer of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is developing a project which contemplates the placing of a dam at the outlet of Yellowstone Lake which will raise the normal level of the lake approximately 29 feet, his idea being to take the water stored by this dam through tunnels into the Snake River watershed in much the same way that it is proposed to take water from Yellowstone Lake under the Bruneau project.

"Our engineer ascertained that the release of water stored in a reservoir established by the dam proposed by Mr. Carlisle would increase the flow of Snake River about 750 second feet if the flow continued through the year, or 3000 second feet for an irrigated season of three months. This flow would of course create very much more destruction in the bed of the Snake River than the flow of water under the Bruneau project.

"The Carlisle project would also result in the destruction of from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 board feet of timber, of 3400 acres of feeding ground for game and fowl, and of many scenic beauties along the lake. It should also be emphasized that this project will result in the flooding of the Hot Springs at Thumb Station, and would of course obliterate the Fishing Cones and other interesting phenomena that have given pleasure to thousands of people, and which will, if left untouched, be a source of interest and enjoyment to millions of people of the future.

"If the lake level is raised to the high-water mark by one dam the precedent is set for raising it higher, and in time one might become as comprehensive and destructive as the other. The important point is that regardless of whether an irrigation project is going to injure Yellowstone Park or not, it constitutes a precedent for the exploitation of its natural resources, and once the door is opened anything may happen to the park. Once a small dam is authorized, larger dams may follow; once a small lake is raised and a small amount of timber destroyed, larger lakes may next be sought and more timber destroyed, and other destruction wrought.

"Irrigation reservoirs could be pointed to as precedents for the admission of an electric railway to Cooke City, which has been fought by friends of the park for forty years; permission might be secured to bottle the waters of Appollinaris and Iron Springs; Sulphur Mountain might be carried away; and finally, after most of the other beautiful or wonderful features have been exploited commercially, the probabilities would be that the Upper and Lower Falls of the Yellowstone would succumb.

"It seems, therefore, that, regardless of facts or figures, any plan for the commercial exploitation of the park should be frowned upon by the National Park Service, the department and the people of the nation, who own this great playground. Good projects, bad projects and indifferent projects should all meet the same fate, regardless of their merits."

The Falls River Scheme

The Idaho men, though they had reached certain success in earlier irrigation projects—incidentally ruining Jackson Lake, one of the most beautiful bodies of mountain water in the world—found that the big Yellowstone Lake proposition would cost more money than they could swing. They suggested that the Government take hold of the matter, which would cost a mere trifle of some fifty million dollars. That meant that the enterprise should be handled by the reclamation service. The reclamation service was not wholly in favor of it and not wholly against it. A prominent official of the reclamation service is not opposed to the lesser project, which may for sake of better comprehension be called the Falls River irrigation scheme.

The interested local press and some other journals of the country played up the trifling damage to the Yellowstone Park, and the Falls River scheme nearly went through, because some congressmen did believe that that part of the park was a swamp, unknown to the average visitor and of no scenic value in the park. Those are assertions, not facts.

The facts are that the building of this dam on the Falls River would back the waters up some nine miles, or practically to the foot of the mountains. That is a flat country, and a relatively low country, but not wholly a swamp country by any means. It is one of the best portions of the park for wild game and for fish. The fact that these resources are not used and not often seen by the average tourist has nothing to do with the case and nothing to do with the truth. The truth is that it is the best moose country in the park. Build that dam, and there will be five hundred or more moose—perhaps a thousand—destroyed outside of the park the next season. They would have no place to go.

It is not the truth that that country is worthless and difficult to traverse. It has some very good ranch land in it. Twenty-five years ago several hundred head of cattle got in there by mistake and ranged there handsomely throughout the year. Some timothy hay was brought in from time to time, perhaps baled as horse feed, and there are tracts of hundreds of acres in that region where timothy stands hip high to-day. Timothy does not grow in a swamp. Talk to the park rangers if you want to learn the truth about the Bechler River Basin, as the country involved in the Falls River scheme sometimes is called. There would be a number of streams practically wiped out if that dam is built. It came very nearly being built. It was only by accident that that measure did not go through last spring.

These southbound waters come down to Idaho in any case. All that Idaho can gain is what northbound water she can take from Yellowstone Lake north of the Continental—the natural—Divide. Hence the tunnel idea. There are dams which can be built outside of the park, which will conserve those natural Idaho waters just as well as any dam inside the park. Then in the name of reason, if so many settlers in Idaho are in want, why not build these

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 96)

dams outside of the park? Why not, for instance, use the Vinegar Hole basin and the series of smaller reservoir sites below it? All that is outside the park, but close under the south line. The answer is obvious and easy—it would cost more money. It would be using property not belonging to Uncle Sam. That would cost them something.

We may for the time cease further description of the projects in the southern part of the park, though a mass of correspondence and of statistics is at hand covering that whole proposition. The great Yellowstone Lake project is very expensive, and will be more ponderous, more public for that reason. The Falls River project is less expensive and could be swifter.

Let us just keep in view the picture of that camp fire at the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole. Let us read again the act of creation of Yellowstone Park. Then we will know what to do with any proposition which is only the thin end of a wedge to open up all this park and all the other parks. Read a few words from Mr. W. G. Swendsen, commissioner of reclamation for Idaho, referring to the Falls River project in a communication to Secretary Meredith of the Department of Agriculture:

"It does not cover any possible use of the Yellowstone Lake, but of course if favorable action is taken on this bill a precedent will have been established which later should result in such use of Yellowstone Lake as can be had without interfering with the park."

Facts About Yellowstone Lake

The Montana scheme favors the building of the dam across the Yellowstone at the upper end of Yellowstone Lake. Each of these states says it just wants a little, simple dam, a few feet high. The truth is, the dam would go up to its physical limits after once begun. Twenty-five feet would submerge nine thousand acres of land, four thousand acres of which is timberland, and three thousand five hundred acres of meadows used by the great park herds of moose. Many elk also range on that land. It would wipe out several miles of park roads and set back replacement roads many miles, entailing heavy cost for the new mileage. It would obliterate the Paint Pots, the Fishing Cones and many other natural features of interest.

It would disarrange and probably sometimes wipe out both falls of the Yellowstone River; would ruin the Grand Canyon some or all the time, leaving it the pathway of a mill-pond creek. It would ruin Yellowstone Lake all the time. And to do that would work no benefit that cannot be doubled otherwise! Then what is the sense in it?

Believe some papers of Montana, and you would be convinced that the settlers of the Yellowstone Valley have thus far been hanging on only by their eyebrows through a precarious existence, such being the dangers of the flood waters of the Yellowstone River! Also you would understand that millions of tons of additional foodstuffs would be produced—promptly settling the high cost of living in all the cities of the world—if only certain public-spirited Montana men were given the privilege of building a dam across the Yellowstone.

Let us consider both phases of the Montana proposition. The actual truth is that the flood waters of the lower Yellowstone River do not come from the Yellowstone Lake at all, or only in a very small measure. The real flood waters of the Yellowstone come down the Lamar River from the tremendous watershed in the northeastern corner of the park. The Lamar River, Hellroaring Creek, Slough Creek and so on—all the various streams which head in the mountains in the northeastern part of the park, and which have the highest freshets and drain the widest watersheds—come in far below the proposed dam across the head of the Yellowstone River. No one can deny or oppose this truth. Neither can anyone deny or oppose the truth that much of the so-called Yellowstone flood comes out of the Stillwater and the Clark's Fork, great rivers which drain the eastern side of the immense Absaroka Range, just as these park rivers drain the western slopes. All these great waters come in far below Yellowstone Lake, and have nothing on earth to do with it.

All through the month of May, 1920, a spring following the heaviest snows ever known in the Yellowstone district, the water level in Yellowstone Lake and the outlet below it was normal, or slightly below normal. This is the truth, though the snow decreased from forty-seven inches to nothing in thirty days, and though in that time the ice in the lake was melted to a few inches in thickness. All that time the Yellowstone River outside of the park was high and muddy. A local newspaper on May 18, 1920, says: "The rise in the Yellowstone was two and a half feet above normal yesterday, and fourteen inches at Livingston."

Throughout that month the river at Gardiner was from one to five feet above normal. All the time at the lake outlet—that is to say, precisely at the proposed site of the dam—while that high water below was reported, the river was slightly below normal.

These are not speculations, but facts supported by the park records. It seems that our friends interested in this irrigation water have entirely overlooked the fact that their flood waters come, not from the Yellowstone proper, but from the Yellowstone plus the Lamar and its tributaries, not mentioning the Gardiner and its tributaries. I have myself been fishing in the Yellowstone at the Tower Falls Station when it was fairly blue and not too high for fishing. Below the Lamar fork it was a discolored mass of water, which so stank of alkali in some of the great pools as to be unpleasant to the nostrils. It was always said among the fishermen there that it was the Lamar that got high and made all the trouble. And yet the Lamar comes in miles below the proposed dam of the Yellowstone!

The truth from an engineering point of view is this: So far from Yellowstone Lake being an origin of floods, it is a great settling basin and a great deterrent to floods of any sort. That lake lies on the top of a flat depression of the Continental Divide. It does not have to rise up a cañon wall. A rise of a foot in that lake does not all go down to the outlet, but is distributed through a thousand little sloughs and depressions round its vast expansion. In other words, it has an elastic margin. It accepts and handles the floods in its own ancient fashion. It takes Yellowstone Lake three months to make a five-foot change in its levels. It prevents and does not create flood waters. It never has been a disturbing factor, but always has been a factor of peace in the control of the mountain waters of that great mountain region.

Why, then, in the name of reason, should any dam be placed at the foot of Yellowstone Lake? There is no reason for that which will stand any sort of acid test. If you want to conserve the waters of a great watershed, you don't go to the top of the watershed to build your dam. That gets you nothing. Any sane man who wants water will go where the waters have been accumulated. You can prove that for yourself. Do you put your rain-water barrels at the ridgepole, or the eaves?

Solving the Irrigation Problem

At the eaves of the park, under the roof of the continent, there come in, besides the northeastern streams, all the waters of the Gardiner, Fawn Creek, Panther Creek, Glenn Creek, Winter Creek, Straight Creek, Obsidian Creek, Lava Creek, Lupine Creek. I am not mentioning the Bear or the Boulder or Shields Creeks, all of which feed into the Yellowstone long miles below the lake and the proposed dam site. Not all Congressmen may know these facts.

In the month of July, 1920, I rode from the east entrance of the park over to the town of Cody. The road skirts the great reservoir above the Shoshone dam. All at once there came to my mind—just as originally and independently as I find that it has to a half dozen or perhaps a score of minds which have investigated the same thing—the thought that here was the solution of all this proposed use of the park waters. Build your dam outside of the park, where the waters really are, not on top of the park where the waters can only be partially secured! The thing is so simple that there is not a logical leg left for any irrigation man to stand on.

A few days after this visit to the Shoshone reservoir east and wholly outside of the Yellowstone Park, in company with the superintendent of the park and other investigators, I rode beyond the town of Gardiner—which is located just at the north edge of the park—into the open country which lies between that settlement and the so-called Yankee Jim Canyon, up which the railroad comes on the climb from Livingston to Gardiner. Before us lay a wide valley above the cañon. It was a valley dotted with some green ranches, to be sure. The owners of those ranches have received their patents from the Government of the United States. For that matter, so have you and I received our patent to the Yellowstone Park from the Government of the United States. If you rob us of our park we can't be paid for it; we can't get another like it in all the world. But if you buy the ranch of James Jones and William Smith at a fair market price you have harmed no man. Moreover, you will then have established, at a certain cost to be sure, a real reservoir site, offering room for all the waters of the Yellowstone—and all the waters of its great tributaries. Then you can put up your dam on some such basis as that of the great Shoshone dam—anchoring it, not to earth walls and mud foundation, but to enduring rock, which will hold it forever.

The Watchdog of the Parks

There is your northern reservoir site, entirely outside the limits of Yellowstone Park. It is absolutely adequate in every way. It would impound perhaps twice or more than twice the waters which could be impounded by any dam in the neighborhood of Yellowstone Lake. The people of Montana might build this dam in Yankee Jim Canyon, might buy out the ranches, might move the arm of the Northern Pacific Railroad which traverses the cañon, might get their high level ditches taken out of a real impounded sea of mountain water.

True, it would cost money. True, it would not be the cheap purchase of an heirloom. True, it would be a straight business proposition. But these are the facts.

There are proved dam sites outside the park—Shoshone on the east, the Hebgen dam on the west. There is a fine site north of the park, and more than one south of it. There is no feasible, no desirable and no practical commercial reason for building any dam within the limits of Yellowstone Park. Any such dam would ruin the park—that is the truth; and if there are better dam sites, and better from every standpoint, outside of the park than inside of it, why in the name of reason should there be any discussion about this matter? Why should we pawn our heirloom? Why not keep it? It is ours.

A lesser menace than the foregoing exists in regard to the present, and perhaps the future, welfare of Yellowstone Park. Lying between the southern boundary of the park and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake River, there is a wild and beautiful country embracing the most interesting features of that bold region which lies along the crest of the Continental Divide. If you pass from the Upper Geyser Basin on the road to the Thumb of the Yellowstone Lake Station, near the outgo of the Yellowstone River, you can see stretching to the southward the greatest forest which lies to-day in any part of the Rocky Mountains. Far out across that dark and unbroken expanse there rise three tremendous mountain peaks. Now you are looking at the summits of the Grand Tetons, whose history is as old as that of the Western frontiersmen of the trapping days. The three Tetons are immemorial landmarks of our earlier adventurers. They could be, and ought to be, included within the limits of the Yellowstone Park. To the traveler by horse or motor who crosses that splendid country lying below the Yellowstone southern limits, these splendid mountains make one of the most impressive spectacles in or round Yellowstone Park.

Why should not the Grand Tetons be included in the Yellowstone Park, heirloom of the American people? Those early men, Langford and his friends, did intend so to include them. They got through Congress what they then could get. They established a principle of heirlooms which was defended by some of the best men this country ever produced. Senator Vest of Missouri is remembered to-day as the watchdog of the national parks. There is room to-day for another senator to come forward and carry on the work which that advocate so ably assumed.

There is room also for any number of wise-minded congressmen to look into the question of the extension of Yellowstone Park at least to the Buffalo Fork of the Snake River, and at least to the inclusion of the grand peaks of the Tetons. The Mondell Bill covering that extension of the Yellowstone Park has long been before Congress. Why has it not passed? The answer is obvious and easy, as so many times it is obvious and easy in these cases having to do with the natural resources of America. Find the answer in the early words of General Chittenden, who knew the park perfectly:

"In every important respect the Yellowstone Park has so far fulfilled the expectation of its founders, and has justified the wisdom of its creation. Our national parks are growing into an institution, and the Yellowstone was the pioneer and remains the most important of them all. If official ambition for innovation and mercenary ambition for private gain are held under adequate restraint, there is no reason why it may not continue to the latest generation a genuine example of original nature—a benefit and an enjoyment, as the Act of Dedication put it, to the people whose wisdom has preserved it to posterity."

It certainly would be unjust to criticize the state of Wyoming because of the acts of a few men who are not all really citizens of Wyoming. None the less, there has not lacked in Wyoming factional animosity against extending the park, and there are some men willing to pull down the Yellowstone Park, to limit it and denature it so far as possible.

There are only a few cattlemen who are making all this opposition to the wise extension of the Yellowstone Park to the southward. The opposition to this public measure is astonishingly small when you come to measure it. The interests involved are absolutely petty.

In July I was with a party that drove south from the Thumb of Yellowstone Lake into the Jackson Lake country, across the Snake River at the big reclamation dam, and down to the shores of Jenny Lake, at the foot of the Grand Tetons themselves. The trip was of itself a revelation. It was a tremendous mountain wilderness which was crossed. It was an inspiration to see a part of the great Rocky Mountain region still practically unbroken. The Tetons themselves were all the answer needed for the extension of Yellowstone Park. On every lip was the question, "Why not?"

The Time to Fight

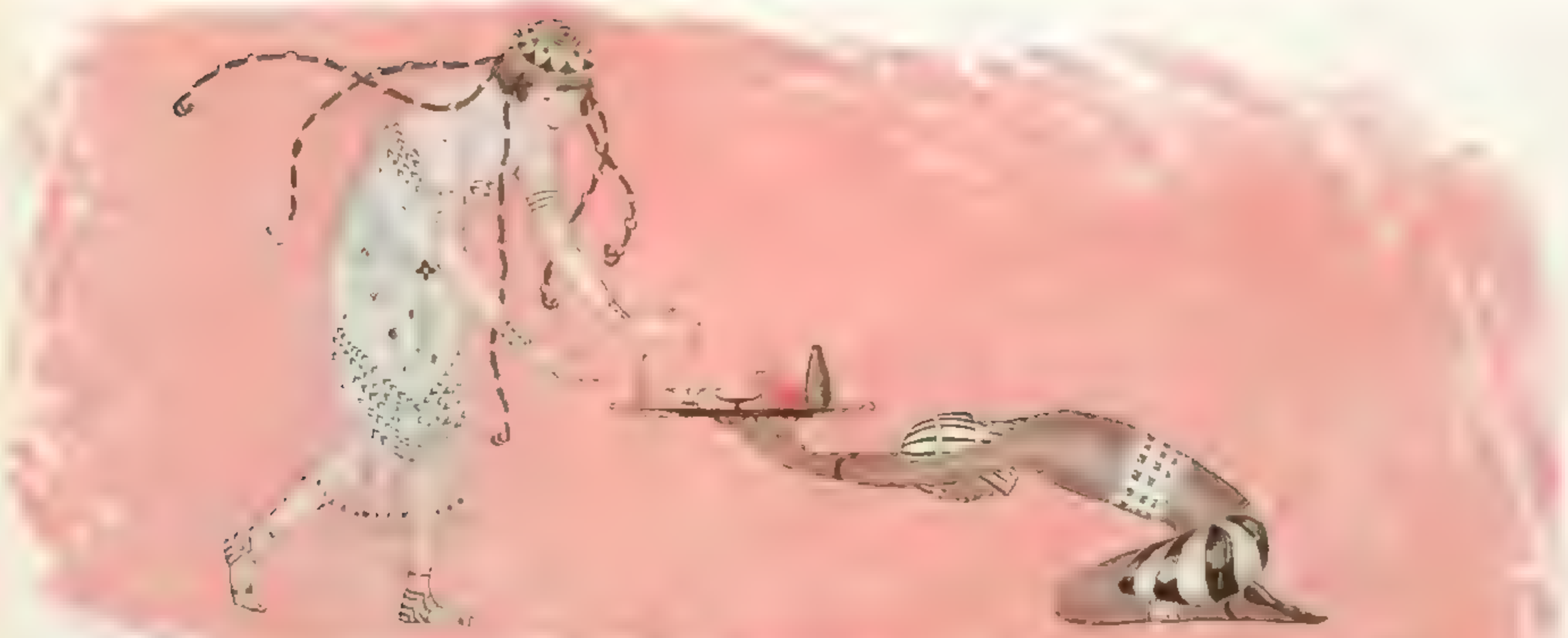
If there be reason in any of these attacks upon the Yellowstone Park—beyond the universal law of open human avarice—then I for one cannot see it. All the logic and all the law seem to be upon the other side.

General Chittenden was a prophet. This is the great year of danger to the Yellowstone Park. The forces of personal avarice, the concentrated desire for innovation and change, this year have found their focus. This is the year for you and me to make our fight for this park and for all the parks. Civilization has been edging in and edging in, until now it is simply a question as to whether you and I want anything of the whole wild country left or not.

What would be the result round Yellowstone Lake if the river should be dammed? A newspaper says that the dam would add to the beauty of Yellowstone Lake. It is difficult to see how one can write that. The statement is impossible of any manner of belief. If you do not think so, go look at Jackson Lake, just to the south of Yellowstone Lake. Scan its mud flats, its wide horror of whitened forest trees submerged. If that does not convince you, go down to the reservoir of the Hebgen dam on the Madison River outside of the park. Look at the miles and miles of whitened shore line, where the dead trees lie. When they draw down the water—and they must draw it down to use it—an abomination of desolation is revealed. The curse of civilization lies there openly and frankly to view. It would be much worse round Yellowstone Lake, because of the nature of its shore line, with countless arms and bogs and marshes. It would be one vast picture of ruin, a blight, a curse, a byword.

When the power company draws down the water in the great Hebgen reservoir on the Madison River it sometimes does so just after the spawning of the trout. The rangers and wardens will tell you that they have seen barrels of trout and grayling spawn dried on the shores when the waters have gone down just after the breeding season of the fish. Would it not be the

(Concluded on Page 102)



The Means to Beauty

in a simple cake of soap

THERE is a secret in caring for the complexion many women don't know. It is simple and safe and sure. The means are always at hand.

It begins and ends with such thorough cleansing that every tiny pore and minute gland is free from poisonous accumulations. Then there can be no dangerous clogging with the dust, dirt and oil secretions which precede irritation and consequent skin disfigurements.

But we warn you—do not scrub too hard, nor use harsh soaps. Do this cleansing with the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive, as mild as it is thorough.

The safe way to wash your face

Work up a stiff Palmolive lather with your two hands. With these same two hands massage it softly into your skin. (This is better for the skin than rubbing on soap with a washcloth.)

Then rinse thoroughly—don't leave a trace of soap. Use pleasant tepid water—end with very cold.

Next comes a coat of Palmolive Cold Cream—as much as the skin will absorb. Wipe off any surplus.

If your complexion is very dry, we advise the use of Palmolive Cream both before and after washing. This supplements the lack of natural oil and keeps the skin smooth and supple.

The best time for this thorough cleansing is at bed time. During the day use Palmolive Vanishing Cream.

The mildness of Palmolive

The mildness of Palmolive is due to its rare ingredients. These are the Palm and Olive oils which served Cleopatra both as cleanser and cosmetic.

In her day they were rare and costly. Only royalty could command them. Today millions enjoy their scientific combination in Palmolive Soap.

The enjoyment of these millions is the secret of Palmolive's low price. If made in small quantities it would be very expensive.

The Palmolive factory works day and night to supply the demand. The oils are bought in enormous quantities. Result—a popular price.

Palmolive is sold by leading dealers everywhere. It is supplied in guest-room size by America's most popular hotels.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

EDNA MC GRATH

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ZENITH FURNACE COMPANY
DULUTH, MINN.

BELT CONVEYOR

SPECIFIED:- GOODYEAR BELT

54" - 11 PLY CONVEYOR BUILT TO MEET CONDITIONS
32 OZ. DUCK — 3/32" TOP, 1/16" PULLEY COVER
MATERIAL - BITUMINOUS COAL CAPACITY 1200 TONS PER HOUR
SPEED — 500 FT. PER MIN. INSTALLED — APRIL 28, 1916
AMOUNT OF MATERIAL CARRIED TO DATE-2,000,000 TONS

Un-retouched photograph and facsimile blueprint of Goodyear Conveyor Belt in service of Zenith Furnace Company, Duluth, Minnesota

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Half the Unloading Time— And the G.T.M.

They unload a 10,000-ton cargo of coal in from 10 to 12 hours at the Zenith Furnace Company's dock in Duluth, Minn., with the aid of their specially built Goodyear Conveyor Belt. To do the same job used to take from 20 to 24 hours. So the economy of the great belt tells in money saved by swift and trouble-free conveying, and in quick clearance of the boats that have to make every hour count in the limited season on the inland seas.

The long life and operating economy of this conveyor are striking tribute to the value of scientific analysis in the specification, design and construction of a belt to the particular duty required of it. This belt was built and installed on the expert analysis principle which is the working method of the G.T.M. —Goodyear Technical Man.

Every service condition was carefully analyzed, with Zenith Furnace Company officials co-operating in furnishing operating data. The conveyor is troughed and driven by a 200 H. P. motor, with gear and clutch arrangement regulating the speed, sometimes at 300 feet per minute, usually at 500 F. P. M. The drive is tandem, with lagged pulleys. Head, tail and drive pulleys are all 60" in diameter, with 63" face. Troughing idlers are spaced three feet center to center, return idlers, 8' 3".

Four grizzly feeds simultaneously load the belt. The coal is fed from automatic feeders, spreading first a layer of dust and fine coal as a cushion for the one- and two-foot lumps. The belt itself is 1,525 feet long, 54 inches wide, 11-ply, special construction throughout, with 7/32" top cover and 1/16" bottom cover.

Throughout the intense season of navigation on the Great Lakes, the conveyor is in intermittent service, carrying in the neighborhood of 1,200 tons of bituminous coal an hour. It is seldom idle, for the boats wait impatiently on one another for unloading. During the long, rigorous winters at the head of the lakes the belt is subjected to severe cold, and during the summer exposed to varying weather conditions.

Its staunch, Goodyear character is best revealed by its condition in this its fifth season, after having carried more than 2,000,000 tons. The average wear on its specially compounded cover is one-sixty-fourth of an inch. Only a high grade cover stock such as Goodyear Conveyor Belts have could resist with less than 10% wear the weather and abrasion conditions that this belt has withstood. It looks good, Supt. Collins says, for years to come.

The qualities of Goodyear Conveyor Belts are summed up in ability—ability to carry the tonnage, to resist abrasion, to work steadily under varying atmospheric conditions, to set up new records for economical conveying, to operate with a notable freedom from trouble, to last a long time and to protect our good name. If you have a conveying problem, it is to your advantage to have the G. T. M. analyze it with a view to your profit. Write about it to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

CONVEYOR BELTS

(Concluded from Page 98)

identical case in Yellowstone Lake if the dam were built? That would mean the wiping out of the ancient, almost inordinate, fecundity of those waters in fish life. No waters in the world have produced so many trout. That lake is the greatest breeding station in the country.

Just recently the Secretary of the Interior, John Barton Payne, looking at the ruin created in Jackson Lake, said: "If this park is extended we will leave that lake out of it. We'll keep in the Tetons, but we want Nature and Nature only within the limits of Yellowstone Park!"

And yet Jackson Lake originally was one of the most beautiful mountain waters in the world.

Hands Off the Parks

Secretary Payne during his visit to Yellowstone Park in July, 1920, declared unequivocally to all these irrigation friends and to all these persons who want to use Yellowstone Park for commercial purposes that while he remained in office the parks would be regarded as a sacred trust for a national administration; that they should be kept free of commercial utilization; that his own policy was and would remain: Hands off the national parks.

Those are words of comfort to the patient and long-suffering American citizen to-day, who is beginning to do a very considerable wondering as to what his country is to-day and where it has gone. They are the words of a man bold enough to say that he was not looking to further political preferment or financial fortune, and that while he was Secretary of the Interior he proposed to be a secretary for all the people. If we have men statesmanlike enough, individuals courageous enough, for words like those, we can have some hope for the preservation of our heirlooms.

The irrigation press of Montana has been very bitter against Easterners, calling them meddlers, nature fakers, highbrows, longhairs and many other epithets which have a pleasing sound locally. There is not the slightest necessity for comment on such weak methods. I cannot think that such attacks come from representative Montana men. Those who make these may reflect that many of the men openly named in vilification are men who can play any kind of a man's game, Eastern or Western, that these local champions can name.

So much has the Montana campaign assumed to itself in importance that the irrigation apostles have been training students in schools for slogan contests. As a good slogan for Montana to remember, I would suggest that doctrine of Cornelius Hedges as good enough for Montana at any stage of its history. It is good enough for Idaho. And I am sure that we who pay the taxes which support these parks need not bother ourselves much over the terms highbrow, meddler or faker. Wyoming, a Western and not an Eastern state, is wise enough to see that, in common with every other state, she has all to lose and nothing to gain if she joins in a local scramble.

Why should a few men in these states hurt the best interests of a majority of the people in these states? What better meal ticket has any Western state ever had than Yellowstone Park? The reports show a tremendous influx of Yellowstone Park visitors for the current year—in all likelihood somewhere between ninety thousand and one hundred thousand tourists. All these travelers bring money. Wipe out this park, and the states adjoining it would be the immediate sufferers.

All round the national park the price of hay is higher than it is anywhere else. The price of farm lands and ranch lands is higher close to the park than it is away from the park. Why? Wipe out the park, and what would these ranchers do? Their products would sell for less. Their lands would sell for less. They would see less money each year than they do now.

Few people stop to realize the enormous value of publicity. Viewed from the publicity standpoint alone, from the advertising basis pure and simple, Yellowstone Park is worth ten million dollars every year to the three states of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Why in the name of good business sense should these states wish to wipe out one of their best commercial assets?

As to the parks themselves, they need little more publicity on their own account, for they are overcrowded now. They don't need more opening up, but less; don't need more Coney-Islandizing, but less. Let them alone! Let them remain in their own sweet wilderness as far as may be. Keep out all schemes of commercialization.

General Chittenden, one of the best informed and most courageous friends the Yellowstone Park ever had, covers many of these things prophetically in his book, printed in 1895:

"The instructions of the Interior Department to the first superintendent of the park, two months after the Act of Dedication became a law, thus announced the policy of the Government upon this subject: 'It is not the desire of the department that any attempts shall be made to beautify or adorn this reservation, but merely to preserve from injury or spoliation the timber, mineral deposits and various curiosities of that region, so far as possible, in their natural condition.'

"It requires no argument to show that nothing would so interfere with this natural condition as the construction of a railroad through that country; and the danger involved in these projects early became apparent to all who were well acquainted with the situation. Railroads would mean the inevitable destruction of the large game. Railroads would destroy the park forests. Six months from the entrance of the first locomotive within the limits of the park there will not be one acre of its magnificent forests left unburned."

Give the irrigation men their park dams and in one season we should hear again the old demand: Open up the park by steam or electric railroads—run by park power! Thus far we have always won the fights for the park, but this year is the most dangerous one ever known in all the history of the park. Long ago that lover of the Yellowstone told how these things are done:

"The general public, although always in favor of its preservation, knows nothing of the merit of these various projects. A bill is introduced in Congress in the interest of some private enterprise. It is supported by representations and statistics gotten up for the occasion. There may be no one at hand to refute them, and they are the only information upon which Congress can act. More than once these bills have been reported favorably from committee, when every essential statement in the committee's report was contrary to fact. Unless some friend of the park is present, ready and willing to devote time and perhaps money to its defense, there is only too much danger that these measures will eventually prove successful."

Friends of the Yellowstone

"Thus far the park has never been lacking in such friends; and there is no more encouraging fact in its history than this, that someone has always been on guard against anything which might work to its injury. Men like Senator Vest in official position, or William Hallet Phillips in private life, and journals like Forest and Stream, have stood for years, in a purely public-spirited manner, without remunerative inducement of any sort and often in face of the bitterest vituperation and abuse, against the designs of selfish and unscrupulous schemers. In like manner, government officials connected with the park have always, with one or two exceptions, earnestly opposed these dangerous projects. It is plain to anyone who is familiar with its inside history that but for the agencies just mentioned there would not be to-day any Yellowstone Park at all.

"A glance at the list of bills pertaining to the Yellowstone National Park which have been presented to Congress in the past six years"—he wrote in 1895—"will show that nearly every objectionable measure has been fathered by the very men whose first duty would seem to have been to oppose them. Senator Vest referred to this subject with justifiable indignation. He said: 'When those states'—Montana, Wyoming and Idaho—'were territories, and not represented in the Senate, I considered it the duty of every senator, as this park belonged to all the people of the United States, to defend its integrity and to keep it for the purposes for which it was originally designed. Since senators have come from those states, who of course must be supposed to know more about that park than those of us who live at a distance, and since they have manifested a disposition to mutilate it, I must confess that my interest in it has rather flagged, and I feel very much disposed, in plain language, to wash my hands of the whole business. If the constituencies who are more benefited than any others can possibly be in the park are willing to see it cut off, the best disposition of the matter would be to turn it open to the public; let the full greed and avarice of the country have their scope; let the geysers be divided out and taken for the purpose of washing clothes; let the water of that splendid waterfall in the Yellowstone River be used to turn machinery; let the timber be cut off; in other words, destroy the park and make it a sacrifice to the greed of this advanced age in which we live!'

"Unquestionably," Chittenden then continues, "a majority of the people of these young and enterprising states are immovably opposed to anything which may tend to mutilate or destroy this important reservation; and it is not believed that their broader patriotism will ever be overridden by the narrow and perverted wishes of a few straggling constituencies."

Words Worthy of Hedges

"The effect of a single evil precedent upon the future of the park must be kept constantly in mind. The door once opened, though by never so small a degree, cannot again be closed, but will sooner or later be thrown wide open. A privilege granted to one cannot be denied to another. The only way to avoid these dangers is to keep the door entirely closed."

Captain Harris, in his report as superintendent of the park, wrote:

"In my experience in connection with this National Park I have been very forcibly impressed with the danger to which it is subjected by the greed of private enterprise. All local influence centers in schemes whereby the park can be used for pecuniary advantage. In the unsurpassed grandeur of its natural condition it is the pride and glory of the nation; but if, under the guise of improvement, selfish interests are permitted to make merchandise of its wonders and beauties, it will inevitably become a byword and a reproach."

I shall add to the foregoing only one more quotation, that from the last annual report of Mr. Stephen T. Mather, director of all the national parks, whose words cover his wish not only for the extension but for the preservation of the Yellowstone Park:

"The Teton Mountains and the headwaters of the Yellowstone River can never be put to any commercial use. There should be no question about their preservation forever in a state of nature as a part of the park. These magnificent Tetons are each year becoming better known, and already hundreds of tourists have claimed them for the park. Naturally belonging to the park, they should be formally added at the earliest practicable date, in order that immediate steps may be taken to render them more accessible to Yellowstone visitors.

"I contend that there can be no utilization of the lakes of the park or of the Falls River Basin for irrigation that will not bring with it desecration of the people's playground for the benefit of a few individuals or corporations. All of the lakes of the park are in heavily timbered districts. Great forests reach down to the water's edge. In some parts of the park level tracts of land embracing thousands of acres lie at an elevation of only a few feet above these lake shores. Raising these lakes would kill millions of feet of timber, wipe out miles of roads and trails and create a scene of chaos and destruction that would be an eyesore for a thousand years.

"Is there not some place in this great nation of ours where lakes can be preserved in their natural state; where we and all generations to follow us can enjoy the beauty and charm of mountain waters in the midst of primeval forests? The country is large enough to spare a few such lakes and beauty spots. The nation has wisely set apart a few national parks where a state of nature is to be preserved. If the lakes and forests of these parks cannot be spared from the hand of commercialism, what hope can we entertain for the preservation of any scenic features of the mountains in the interest of posterity?

"Yellowstone Park has been established for nearly half a century. Every plan to exploit it for private gain has failed to receive the consideration of Congress. Mighty railroad projects have even gone down to everlasting defeat. Must all the victories of the past now become hollow memories by the granting of reservoir rights that will desecrate its biggest and most beautiful lakes and form the precedent for commercial exploitation of all of its scenic resources—its waterfalls, its forests, its herds of wild animals, its mineral waters? It is to be hoped that the projects now being developed will meet the fate of the others that have come before Congress in the past."

All these quotations given above, from Chittenden on down, are able and manly words, statesmanlike and citizenlike words. They are worthy to be set beside the words of Cornelius Hedges, father of the park idea; or of Langford, father of the park; or of the long line of able men who have served as superintendents in that park. In addition to these, we may now add, I presume with propriety, the outspoken and sound declaration of the new Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Payne. In a letter to Mr. Mondell, representative in Congress from Wyoming, a powerful friend of the park and an advocate of the much-discussed extension to the southward, Mr. Payne wrote, under date of April 15, 1920:

A Dangerous Bill

"Mr. Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, has shown me your letter of April sixth *re* H. R. 12466, together with a report touching the same containing a letter under date of March 6, 1920, from Alexander T. Vogelsang, Acting Secretary. I had no knowledge of the bill until Mr. Mather just now called it to my attention. In my view it is not safe to encroach upon the national parks for any commercial purpose and I beg leave to suggest that the bill ought not to pass."

The foregoing was in answer to Mr. Mondell's letter to the director of national parks, in which he pointed out that the proposed legislation raised important questions not only as to Yellowstone Park but as to all the national parks. It is desirable that every voter and every taxpayer in America should also realize that such danger does exist, though that bill has not passed.

The park still has friends, and strong ones. I believe that practically all the people of America are its friends, once they know its need of friends. Certainly I have absolutely no interest in Yellowstone Park beyond that of a taxpayer; but in that way I do have, and so have you.

It is time for a sterner and stiffer administration of all our national resources; time that we used this country for the good of all, and not for the good of a few; time that all should rule this country, and not a few. That means that it is time for all of us to give a sterner and stiffer inspection to the acts of all our public servants. That is the Government of America. If that be not our Government, then we have none.

Some Facts on Milk Economy

NATURALLY you wish to maintain the most economical, convenient, and satisfactory milk supply it is possible to have.

You wish to have unfailing supply of pure, fresh milk of high uniform quality. That is your first demand.

Klim Powdered Milk assures you of such a supply and in addition it solves the questions of wastage, refrigeration, and convenience.

Klim eliminates waste; you restore it to liquid form in such quantity as you wish to use at the moment.

Klim does away with the ice bill; it is not affected by heat and cold, and remains fresh for a long period.

Klim is the most convenient form of handling and maintaining milk, for Klim is not "bulky" and it does not necessitate the same care as perishable liquid milk.

Because of its freedom from wastage, its convenience and ease of handling, the leading ice-cream manufacturers, bakers, candy makers, and others handling vast quantities of milk long ago began the use of powdered milk.

The arguments which apply to their milk supply apply also to the milk supply of every household and the answer is found in Klim Powdered Milk.

Klim is not a substitute for milk. It is fresh, pure milk of high quality—powdered. Nothing is taken away but water. Nothing is added—no chemicals or preservatives.

Physicians, food experts, and scientists all endorse Klim unreservedly for every purpose to which milk is put.

As a beverage it is unsurpassed. It makes cocoa, coffee, and tea richer. It is used for cereals, berries, and desserts. The best bakers and cooks depend on it for all recipes.

Spell it backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N.Y.
CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

Klim is not sold in bulk. It comes only in 1 lb. and 2½ lb. sealed tins

How to get KLIM

Send us the coupon and $1.25 for our special trial outfit of 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk—sent postpaid. We will also send you our Free Booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Hundreds of distributing agencies are established to supply you quickly and regularly with Klim Powdered Milk. After you have tried Klim and like it, our nearest agency will arrange to supply you regularly.

SPECIAL TRIAL OUTFIT

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25) (checks, money orders or currency accepted) for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity, when restored to fluid form according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Send me Free Booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Right-Posture

Boys' Clothes

The quality of "Right-Posture" Boys' Clothes means real economy. Cheap clothes are like a rosy apple with a worm at the core. They are the most striking example of false economy. First, we choose *Quality Fabrics* for "Right-Posture" Clothes; secondly, we put into them long-lasting *Quality Tailoring*; lastly, we put upon them a Price that is fair to the buyer for a Quality that is guaranteed by the maker. "Right-Posture" Clothes wear out sometime, of course, but they are in no hurry about it.

There should be a dealer in your town — if not, write us.

The "Right-Posture" Feature is exclusive with "Right-Posture" Clothes

The Snellenburg Clothing Company
Philadelphia and New York

Some Boys' Clothes *Have* Style But "Right-Posture" *Is* Style

NEW PATHS FOR COUNTRY BANKERS

(Continued from Page 29)

last bleeding dollar and sends widows and orphans to the poorhouse. Instead, he is a hard-working, nervous bundle of energy, not distinguishable in appearance from the successful grocer or shoe merchant. He shares with the physician and minister the inmost secrets of families and is called on for advice that reaches into the most personal affairs of life. The public's growing familiarity with financial methods has robbed the bank of its old air of mystery—too many persons own bank stock. When, as is the condition in some Western counties, there is a bank for every two hundred families, the acquaintance becomes intimate. The customer has found that the banker is human.

Because of his close relations with his customers it has been difficult for him to readjust his methods to meet the conditions this season has forced upon him. Often he has imperiled his own business standing by his desire to serve. The bank commissioner of a Western commonwealth said a few days ago: "Under my department are thirty banks that, if I were to enforce the law technically, I would close to-morrow and cause a panic in the state. They have loaned more of their resources than they are entitled to do under the law. Out on the farms round these banks are farmers with last year's wheat in bins; down by the depots are elevators filled with grain. The farmer must have money; the elevator man borrowed to buy the wheat he holds—the bank has the notes. The security is good; the men are honest, but there is no way possible to compel payment. So I have allowed the banks to continue and only insisted that they do their best to get back to normal at the earliest possible date."

It is estimated that it will take over a year under the best of conditions to move the wheat raised this season and that carried over from 1919. On top of it are coming the corn crop and the minor products, meaning that the banks have a long period of extreme conservatism ahead if they are to care for the actually essential needs of their communities.

Hindsight Comment

One manufacturing authority puts the transportation problem this way: "If every locomotive and car-building plant in America were run to its full capacity, not enough locomotives and cars could be built in two years to meet the present pressing needs of our railroads; but as a matter of fact we are building comparatively few cars, and locomotives which we are turning out are for foreign countries. Until our shops are crowded to the limit with orders ahead for two or three years all talk about lessening railroad congestion is mere idle dreaming—it is indeed worse than dreaming, for it deceives the public and perhaps even deceives some railroad people themselves.

"We are desperately short of transportation. Every day's delay intensifies the situation and every day lost means the loss of many millions of dollars to the public. Even to approximate the aggregate loss already made we must learn to think in terms of billions, and unless a change is made very rapidly our thinking must run into many billions."

Naturally there is a considerable hindsight comment.

"We allowed everybody to buy anything he desired and brought it on ourselves," one interior banker put it. "Men came to my bank and borrowed one to five thousand dollars at a time last fall, went out and bought oil stocks not worth the gorgeous green and yellow paper they were printed on. They borrowed to buy automobiles, piano players and a multitude of things that they did not need—at least with a note attached to them. Over a million dollars went out of one Kansas county for oil stocks—mostly worthless. Speculative stocks in rashly promoted industrial concerns have sold like hot cakes—money borrowed again. The country roads have been congested with stock salesmen getting from five to twenty per cent commission selling stocks to farmers. The bankers were the backers of the scheme indirectly, for the notes taken in exchange for shares were discounted and passed out of the promoters' hands. Then when it came to the legitimate loans to carry through the period of transportation stringency we were unable to meet the conditions."

Perhaps he was somewhat severe, yet there is much truth in his remarks regarding the success stock promoters have met in their efforts to dispose of their paper. With the high prices for everything the farmer could produce, it was natural that he was eager to branch out into the realms of high finance, and the spectacular offerings tempted him beyond his judgment.

Talk with any banker five minutes and he will bring up the motor car and its effects on finance. Usually his remarks are somewhat pessimistic

"The man who used to buy a hundred-dollar horse and a fifty-dollar buggy now rides in a fifteen-hundred-dollar car, worth more than all the machinery on his farm," said one. "At the beginning we objected to loans to buy automobiles, but cars became so universally used and there were so many business advantages in them that we let down the bars and for the two years preceding last spring almost anybody could possess one—and almost anybody did."

Nevertheless, the motor car has come to the country communities to stay. Rare is the farmer without one—or maybe two, so that the young folks can have their own. The banker's new position has lessened the buying on credit, which is undesirable, but there are plenty of customers of the country banks who have their deposit accounts in condition to warrant drawing checks. Of course this lessens the bank's resources temporarily, for the money that goes to the automobile factory to pay for cars cannot come back until the foodstuffs needed by the employees can be moved to their doors. In the meantime the bank adds another straw to the load.

Modern farming methods are putting up to the bankers another proposition that is causing them to revise their former theories. Following the motor car are coming the motor-driven truck and the tractor, hundreds of thousands of them. The farmer who drives his sweaty horses through the blistering summer days and looks across the road at his neighbor sitting under a canvas, steering a tractor and doing twice the work—and perhaps by turning the machine over to a helper and equipping it with a headlight continuing the task all night as well as all day—decides that he must get in line. Or on the road he is passed by trucks carrying two or three tons while he hauls less than one with his team. In a day more wheat can be delivered to market than he can transport in a week—and the price of wheat is finicky. So he decides that he must have a tractor and a truck. These aids to his farming equipment cost one to two thousand dollars each and must be paid for in cash.

Buying Motor-Driven Equipment

The banker has been somewhat chary of entering on this new financing. He feels that many farmers with small acreage are not making a wise investment in taking on the expensive machines. Glib-tongued salesmen may have made the man who would better keep his horses desire to purchase, but the banker is necessarily the backer of the plan. So he has hesitated, and it has been necessary to show him the actual need.

A farmer who had three hundred acres of wheat ready for cutting last July bought a harvester-thresher, one of the new ideas in implements. It cuts and threshes as it goes over the field and is of moderate size. Horses cannot handle it successfully; a tractor is needed. He was able to get the implement on time, but he wanted the tractor and it must be a cash purchase. He went to the banks; they refused any such loan. The dealer in tractors then went with him to the president of the leading bank.

"Nothing doing," was the banker's dictum. "There is no cause for lending money on tractors; he can get along without spending fifteen hundred dollars just to save his horses."

"But," put in the dealer, "he cannot operate the harvester-thresher well with horses and his wheat is ready to cut. It will mean a loss to him if he cannot get the power to pull his machine."

"Do you really want him to have it?" queried the banker.

"I certainly do, and it is a good business proposition."

The loan was made—for ninety days. With the tractor the wheat was cut, threshed and most of it sold on the early market before the elevator was filled—at a top price. The farmer paid the note in two weeks. Perhaps the banker changed his mind and perhaps he did not. Like others he was inclined to keep a tight lid on loans and he knew that many a farmer wants things he could do without. But the railway stations in the farm section are cluttered up with trucks and tractors being unloaded, and they find ready sale. With the building of thousands of miles of hard-surfaced roads the producers are going to utilize modern improvements in transportation; and if the banks are not able to finance them they will find some other way. It does not take many loads of wheat or hay or corn these times to buy a thousand-dollar machine.

Not all the deposits drawn out from the country bank have gone into fake stocks or motor equipment. The farmer has been using his eyes and head in considering other investments. He bought plenty of Liberty Bonds during the war and was a little shocked when they fell below par, but he saw the advantage of the purchase at the new figures. While the salaried man or the big corporation was sacrificing Liberties he was buying more of them.

Banks as Bond Brokers

"We have been sending out three to five thousand dollars a week," said an interior country banker, "for Liberty Bonds at the low figures. The orders are not large, many being for only one hundred dollars, but it counts up—for all this comes out of our deposit account. We do not object, for it gives us a sound resource for the community, and many of these bonds will come into the bank as collateral for loans later. Anyhow, it is a satisfaction to know that this county has some three million dollars in government securities that will be available in time of stress. The bank has become a bond broker to a degree never known before the war. Then we occasionally sold a farm mortgage or a municipal bond; now we have practically a new department for purchase of securities of every sort, from industrial stocks to Victory notes.

"Curious is the turn that interior residents have taken in foreign securities. Until a year ago not one man in ten thousand knew what a foreign bond was like. And one would have thought that after the war there would have been less concern than ever. On the contrary, thousands of dollars have been going into bonds of our Allies, attracted by the favorable rate. A salesman for bonds of German cities went out through country towns of the Middle West and sold the securities by the thousands of dollars' worth. One firm sold two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of Belgian bonds over the telephone in half a day. Belgian bonds, French bonds and other foreign paper have met with welcome. Personally I think there ought to be as much effort put into selling railroad securities to build up our transportation facilities, without which the agricultural section as well as the industrial—not to mention fuel supplies—faces a long period of struggle to return to normal conditions."

It is interesting to note the change from the position of the agricultural sections at the beginning of the war financing. Then the banks were criticized for taking the Anglo-French loan, as if we should not even give financial aid to anyone overseas. The first Liberty Bonds were honestly bought by some with apparently the idea that they were contributing to the Government. It was not uncommon for bonds to lie for months after the coupons were due without being shorn of the valuable interest sections, because the owners had given that feature no thought. Often they had never seen the bonds, having subscribed through the bank and had the papers laid away to their account. The banker has educated his customer in investing, and he could do no better act, providing it can be directed into sound channels. Now he finds that he is becoming an agent for his customers in ways that formerly were unknown and that lead into entirely new fields. The bank has broadened its scope materially and is serving the community in a larger capacity.

Out of this education there may be instilled into the owners of savings funds in this country some adequate conception of the basis of sound securities and such knowledge of values that it will be increasingly difficult for the sharper with a glowing prospectus and a big red motor car to hypnotize his victims into dreams of enormous profits. The banker may, through his close intimacy with his customers and his new position, accomplish more than all the blue-sky laws and Federal agents. Once it is generally understood that through the country bank may be obtained sound investments and that there the truth may be learned of the market's trend, it ought to serve as a helpful influence on every community. This position is being taken by the country banker as the outcome of the wartime finance, and as we get further into the readjustment period its reaction is touching the business sense of the average citizen.

Along with the other elements entering into the banker's recent experiences has been the land boom that has swept over the entire agricultural section. Following the armistice was a sudden turning to real estate as a most desirable investment. Farm land had been creeping up five to ten dollars an acre for years. In the spring of 1919 it suddenly became an object of speculation and prices leaped by the fifty dollars an acre as sales and resales were made. All through Iowa, Eastern Kansas and Eastern Nebraska, where the greatest increases were made, astonishing fortunes were heaped up in a few weeks by bold speculators who found purchasers overnight at fine profits. The banks were the mediums through which much of the financing was done; there the papers were made out and often the token money deposited. Then when the contracts were completed deposits were swollen by the sums that changed hands.

The country bankers deprecated this speculative fever and urged caution on their customers, fearing that there would be a slump in values, and finally great losses. The land speculation reached such a point one year ago that bankers in many instances refused to countenance sales that seemed to them out of reason, because it was evident that the buyers were going too deeply in debt and could never pay out. However, it was not until last spring that there came a real halt. Then the banks and the loaning agencies were unable, because of the money market, to lend assistance to the would-be mortgagors and the business became dormant. The banks, which have held hundreds of millions of dollars in farm mortgages, disposed of part of their paper in order that they might better accommodate the necessary business of their customers. This lessened the market for farm loans and the realty craze was of necessity distinctly dampened.

Curtailing Land Speculation

The high-price level of products has, however, given to the producer such liberal returns from his commodities that he yet has faith in farm values. Good real estate still holds to its high figure all through the stable producing states—but the sales are few. Many of the speculators were unable to complete their contracts or to resell them, and took losses. The men who have held to their land are imbued with the idea so often expressed that "God is not making any more farms," and that the food demands of this country and for export will continue to hold up the farmer's income for years to come.

The guaranty of a wheat price of two dollars and twenty-six cents at central markets, maintained for two years by the Government, expired last June and the price of wheat advanced. To a great extent this was the result of the inability of the producer to deliver it to the consumer, and the embarrassments of our foreign trade owing to the rates of exchange.

The farmer did not always consider this. He believed that the guaranty had in effect taken from him profits that he should have possessed. He figures it out that it costs two dollars and seventy-five cents to raise a bushel of wheat on his high-priced land, and demands that he receive at least this for the new crop. However, when he did, at the opening of the harvest, receive two

(Concluded on Page 108)

Hudson Owners Hold this

HUDSON SUPER SIX SEDAN

Faith in the Super-Six

It Is the Bond of Reliability That Each Individual Super-Six Keeps Without Fail

EVEN people who are not particularly observant often remark the great number of Hudson owners who do their own driving. Men and women who maintain chauffeurs are no exception. In fact, it is their evident preference to take the wheel which most frequently gives rise to the comment.

We doubt that any of Hudson's more than 100,000 owners would need to be told the reason.

All Have Felt This Appeal

FOR there is a delight in the commandership of a Super-Six wheel that few are willing to relinquish. To know it means to yield to its spell. So smooth the response to throttle and wheel, there seems no mechanical intervention between the driver's desire and its accurate execution by the Super-Six. It is not a detached mechanism, but a unit with the driver, as responsive and sensitive as a nerve. And so seldom is there any need for adjustment or repair that even a remote concern of such difficulty never intrudes.

This Confidence Every Hudson Owner Knows

IT is the source of a reliance and confidence that seems unique among cars, in relation to their owners. No mere qualities of speed or exceptional performance could win this favor. For it is the pride of men to give their trust slowly. And ability must be founded in steadfastness and endurance to win such a place as Hudson's in the esteem of owners.

It was built in years of unfailing service. It is upheld today, not only by the way the new Hudsons perform, but by the same enduring distinction of performance that even the oldest Super-Sixes in service reveal.

Today, as for five years since its introduction, the Super-Six outsells all other fine cars. What other car is so highly regarded by such a great following of owners? This good opinion is not assumed from the friendly attitude of the few. It is made valid by the only test we know—the desire of men to possess Hudson qualities, as shown by the fact it has always led fine car sales.

The Super-Six Motor Alone Gives These Abilities

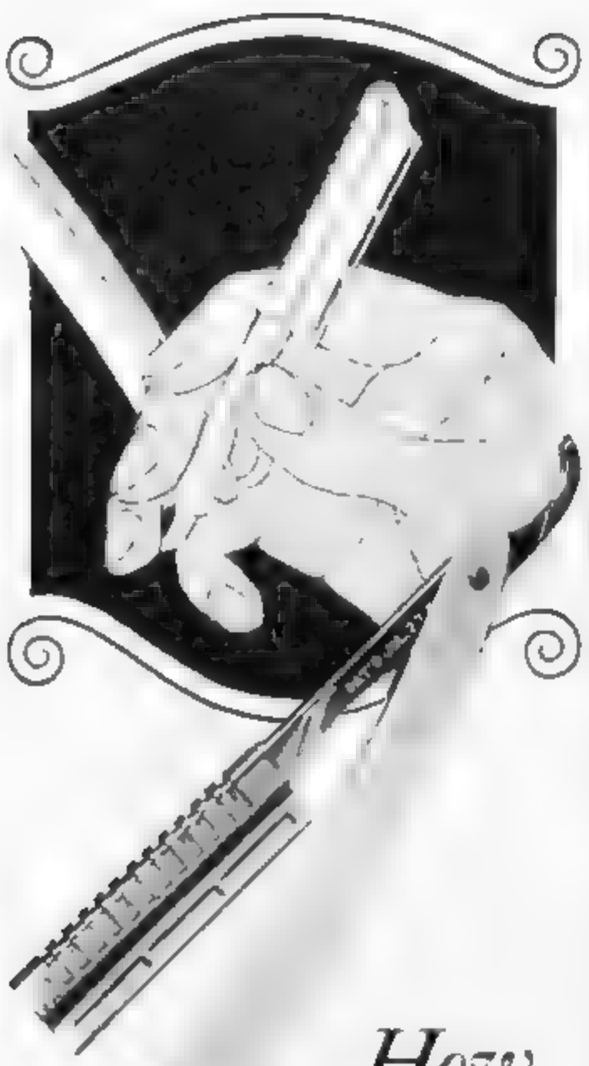
THE outstanding fact in Hudson's proofs is not merely that Hudson is the fleetest of all stock cars. You will never require direct application of such speed or power. But it is important that these marks result from absolute smoothness and the reduction of vibration to almost nil. And the over-capacity of speed and power means reserve ability and freedom from motor labor in any task. It means minimum wear and fewer repair needs. It means easy riding, without fatigue. These things you do want.

All Seven Hudson Models are Distinguished for Design as Well as for the Notable Ability of the Super-Six Motor

The 7-Passenger Phaeton
The 4-Passenger Phaeton
The Sedan—Seats Seven
The Coupé
The Cabriolet
The Limousine
The Touring Limousine

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(4001)



How Easy —Sextoblade Fits the Hand

WHEN you hold a SEXTOBLADE Razor it naturally fits into your hand in the correct position for proper shaving.

Have you ever noticed how difficult, if not impossible, it is to resharpen some razor blades on a strop? It's because they're not made to *be* stropped.

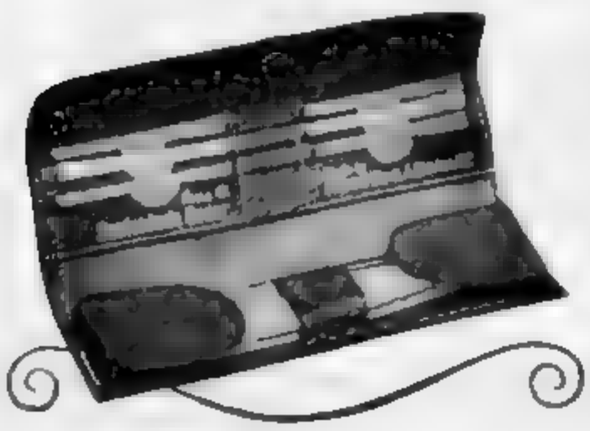
SEXTOBLADE edges, like the barber's razor, are ground and honed so as to respond to stropping almost instantly; they cost more to produce, but will last almost indefinitely.

You may strop the SEXTOBLADE during shaving as handily as the barber strops his razor—no fuss—no trouble. You may use it as a plain razor or as a safety with equal facility.

Sold in a variety of kits, $2.50 to $7.50. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, send direct. Write for booklet "Common Sense Razor Talk."

EDWARD WECK & SON, Inc.
206 Broadway, New York

WECK
Sextoblade
Guaranteed RAZOR



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dollars and fifty cents a bushel he was pleased, and it was only when he found the elevator closed because it could not ship grain and he could not borrow at the banks indefinitely on the wheat in his bins that he fully realized what service had been given him by his local financial institutions in the past.

As the country banker saw his customers owning land with its increased values, with the need for an increased income in order to make return on the growing investment, he took on a new function—that of aiding in the development of interests that would add to the farmer's success. So all over the country began the banker-farmer movement, which has for its object the direct assistance of the bank in the uplift of agricultural operations. The banker who buys a carload of registered Holstein cattle in Wisconsin and ships them into Missouri, selling them on time to the intelligent farmers, seeks no profit. The operation is actually carried on at cost. He hopes that there may be built up in that county a higher grade of stock. I recently checked up over eighty banks that maintain regular agricultural departments, each with an expert in charge and devoted to betterment of farm conditions. These were practically unknown a half dozen years ago; now they are undertaken in larger or smaller degree by banks even in small towns.

No small degree of effort and considerable expense are involved in this new movement. In front of a Middle West bank last summer were tied a half dozen likely-looking Hereford calves. Behind the wide plate-glass window was a varied collection of corn, wheat, grasses, sorghums and all the field products of the community.

"What is this—a county fair?" was asked of the manager.

"It is better than some county fairs we have had," he came back. "This is our show day for the boys and girls who have been raising products for prizes. We loaned them the money to buy the seed and to buy the young stock—on their own notes too. And every one will be paid. Here is the situation of the average county: It goes along for years doing the same old thing; the young folks grow up and go to the city. We are trying to keep them at home and teach them something about business. We are giving a great deal of time and going to considerable expense, but it pays."

Farmer-Banker Activities

So the country bank finds itself taking on farming as a side line. As a matter of fact many bankers are also farmers or have come from the farm and realize the necessities of better agriculture. They have been so long in close touch with the operations of their customers that necessarily they have absorbed some of the farm atmosphere, but not until recently have they been identified directly with farm improvement.

Probably no other one feature of the country bank is of more value than this where the institution is located in a farming or stock-raising community. It not only makes the bank a clearing house for the best ideas in the management of farms but brings the producer in touch with world events. He learns what effect the export trade has on the prices of his grain and foodstuffs; he sees why an eruption in the European east front has an influence out in Fragrant Hill township.

All this has come since the war and has made of the producer a student of world affairs. He has secured much of his information through the bank and the banker has been compelled to study something more than the proceedings of the board of county commissioners if he would meet the queries that come to his desk. It has made the bank a very different place from what it was in the old days and given it a standing that has added to the education of every citizen. The broadening influence that has come through the world knowledge has taken away any provincialism that may have existed, and even out in the smallest hamlet is an understanding that reaches into the greater financial problems of the day. Not every banker is a college graduate; indeed many of them have come up from the soil with only moderate opportunities, and it is helpful that they are grasping the facts of international affairs and bringing them home to their own people.

One of the effects of the demands on the modern country banker is that he is kept closer to the counter than of old. He has little time for managing other lines of business though he may be interested in various enterprises. One of the weaknesses of the old-time one-man bank was that its owner had all his multifarious interests inextricably connected. Then one day the factory had financial trouble or the store was mismanaged, and the bank went under. When one bank, which had been the stronghold of a whole county for years, failed, I wrote the resignation of the president from eleven organizations, in all of which he was spending money and time that should have gone to this bank. When his affairs were settled he paid to the bank's creditors three cents on the dollar. He had dissipated his energy until, though a leading citizen, he was a failure as a financier.

The private one-man bank is rapidly passing, giving way to the organization with many shareholders and representing diversified interests. It is not uncommon for banks with only ten thousand dollars capital to have nearly one hundred stockholders and no one with a controlling interest. Then the president is likely to be a farmer and the cashier in active management of the institution. In some of the Western states is a movement for coöperative banks that may be operated by groups of owners, as are the coöperative elevators and stores, subject only to their own management. This is looked upon by conservative business men as unsafe because of the direct influence on a community of a bank failure. Even with the best of inspection and the most cautious charter boards failures do happen. The banking departments are demanding that the managers keep close to their work and seek to secure from the bank management a personal oversight, unaffected by outside concerns, to insure safe and sound financial operation.

Causes of Expansion

The producing country has been using much more money than ever before. Six years ago a carload of eggs meant twenty-four hundred dollars borrowed from the bank until sold at central markets; to-day fifty-two hundred dollars is necessary until it can be delivered. A carload of flour meant a thousand dollars; to-day it means four thousand dollars. A carload of butter meant forty-five hundred dollars; to-day it means twelve thousand dollars. The many investment enterprises at home, the remarkable growth of Western and Southern cities, the development of the small town as a business center and as a residence for retired farmers, the building operations, the land boom, the irrigation enterprises of the semi-arid region—all have combined to make a demand on the country banks that has led constantly toward the expansion of credit.

Then, too, there is the development of local industries. In every community are certain opportunities, or what are believed to be opportunities, for the profitable use of capital, and there are men, usually without sufficient capital, who wish to test the propositions. The banker has another visitor to the little room behind the brass-railed counter, and upon his advice and promise is the enterprise launched. These enterprises employ local capital, give work to those who are usually compelled to be idle during certain months of the year, bring new families to town, build up the community in wealth and in commercial importance, and altogether are its inspiration. Behind them usually are a country bank and the country banker's advice.

All these call for a constant strain on the banker's nerve as he endeavors to protect his depositors and at the same time to aid in the growth of his business territory. The latter must be cared for or he cannot conduct his institution successfully.

The growing number of banks has brought to the banker the necessity of making an earnest effort to obtain new business. When there was but one bank in a large town, and none in the smaller villages, the banker could sit at ease and wait for the customers to seek him. Now he finds that his rivals are taking his customers unless he is working for his business. So he extends his service to attract new accounts. "Stocking rooms" are arranged for the women customers; presents are provided for the children and babies; pocketbooks and calendars come at Christmas; special holiday savings accounts and a varied collection of thermometers, wall ornaments and souvenirs are distributed—all with the object of attracting to the bank those who have not established banking connections. But the inflation of wartimes and after has made these efforts somewhat less necessary for the present. Indeed the banker frequently finds business coming to him that he does not desire.

"I want to open an account with you," says the stranger oil-stock promoter. "We shall keep a good balance and turn you some business."

"Going to sell stock to our customers?"

"Well, possibly, if they want a good thing."

"Not for me," declares the conservative banker. "What good will it do to transfer their accounts to yours and have you leave the county with the money? You would better go over to the other bank."

This has happened more than once in the past few months, as the wisdom of protecting the business of his customers has appealed to the custodian of savings. He feels that it is better to be safe than sorry. Likewise he is not overenthused when an ambitious young man without capital proposes to start a new store in a town that already has more stores than it needs. There is the possibility that the bank will be in the merchandising business before the end of the account is reached.

The character of the accounts is important these days and the banker, with all his eagerness to add to his deposits, knows that he cannot afford to be too liberal, even in taking on new customers. He has a long view into the future when it is probable we shall have a lower price level; and coming down the hill is much less simple than going up. When prices decline, every merchant will need the bank's advice and assistance in readjusting his affairs. The producer may find that he must bridge over months by depending on the bank. For that contingency plans must be made, and going through the past year with all its many tests of judgment has been a good preparation for whatever may occur.

As the country banks have come into autumn they have acquired a stronger confidence in their ability to carry through the year without embarrassment. The months of conservatism preceding have taught them and their customers the real reason for caution and made an easier path for all. It is to the credit of the average borrower that he has taken the situation philosophically. Often on mature consideration he has found that it was on the whole beneficial that he did not go in debt. The farmer is not hard up. He is not borrowing now for necessities. His loans are generally in small amounts to tide over immediate demands. When he borrows heavily it is to buy cattle or hogs for fattening, and the stock itself is the collateral, growing more valuable with every feeding.

The Outlook is Good

The harvest has exceeded the early anticipations. The producer is doing his full part in feeding the nation and the world. The transportation problem remains unsolved and will continue a serious one for many months. In the meantime the country bank must finance the farmer and the trade of the locality, and at the same time preserve its own stability. With deposits the highest in history and with a new vision of what the real province of the bank should be, indications are that the situation will be met with courage and good sense.

Once the country establishes its foreign trade and is able to move its own products freely from producer to consumer the banks will bulge with loanable funds and be in a position to meet every demand. Perhaps it will then take more courage than to-day to guide wisely and not exceed the speed limit. The experience of the past few months should be of advantage in dictating the policy of easier days.

The country banker knows better to-day than in the past just what are the ambitions and desires of his customers. He knows that given a liberal income the average citizen is disposed to plunge, and that the limit of the income is likely to be exceeded by the amount expended. He knows, too, that sane counsel will be heeded if it is backed by determination, and that the end is good.

The number of country banks is increasing. Knitted together by increasingly strict regulations and under constantly improved inspection, they are a powerful force in community welfare. More than that, they are the points of contact at which the nation's financial organization touches the public, and by their aid they make possible the establishment of sound financial policies for all the people.

Entrance Spanish Embassy, Washington, D. C.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

"*MY* MOTOR improves with use!"

At the club, or when tourists meet, or wherever the topic is motor cars you may hear this remarkable declaration of the Willys-Knight owner.

The valves of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor are ports in sleeves which slide on a film of oil. They never need grinding or adjusting.

Thus, the only change a Willys-Knight owner notes in the original excellence of his motor's *continuous, dependable* operation is *improvement* in power and smoothness as the car grows older.

There you have *permanence of investment*, the true basis of motor car economy.

Willys-Knight Booklet on Request

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED, Toronto, Canada

THE JOHN N. WILLYS EXPORT CORP., New York

Willys Knight
SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR IMPROVES WITH USE

ADDING SPEED

By E. MILLER,
OF McMANUS & MILLER, ORANGEBURG, N. Y.

This Burroughs Adding Machine enables McManus & Miller to get quickly and easily valuable figures on turn-over, mark-ups and much other information about their business that without the machine would take too much time and expense.

Making Quick Assets Quicker

If you give the bank a statement of your business, you will put down certain goods in stock as "quick assets." So they are—if you sell out. But if you stay in business they aren't quick enough unless you can sell them easily and get a good turnover.

Our adding machine tells us what stock we have on hand, what it costs, how fast it moves and what profit it pays. It also tells us how to make that statement for the bank, and that statement shows a good volume of business without too much tied up in stock.

Perishables Must Pay Before They Perish

Our Burroughs gives us figures on the sale of perishables—fruit, for instance—which help us to get a profit on our *real* cost of business plus loss from decay.

Our perishables have to move fast and pay for themselves on the way. Speed spells profits in these lines.

The Time Element in Mark-up

When we mark up different articles we always figure what we have in stock and how long it will represent an investment. Thus we know how much overhead will have to come out of the selling price. How do we do it?—it's the Burroughs again. Any Burroughs man can tell you how it works.

Canned Goods are Canned Profits

Canned goods are sealed up. They keep in good condition. They can sit on the shelf two years if necessary. *But they don't* in our store. No sir! The tomatoes may last that long but the profit in them would be gone in six months. That's why we keep a little rough and ready inventory going with the Burroughs and check it every few months by stock-taking.

What "Our Trade Wants"

It pays to keep certain items in stock because the fancy trade wants them—but we don't overload ourselves with anybody's brand of salad dressing or some other fellow's line of preserves. We *know* just how much of these things to carry in stock, because the Burroughs tells us what we sell each month.

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

PROTECTS PROFITS

The Burroughs and attractive display help to keep McManus & Miller's stock moving.

On the Shelf—or in the Bank?

What counts in a retail business is the amount of net profit going into the bank. Many a store carries twice the stock we do and yet fails to make the money. We may render as good or better service and not charge a cent more for the goods—but, we see to it that we don't buy more than we can sell, and we don't carry a *badly balanced stock either.*

Slow Pay and Big Investment

Maybe you sell out a stock of sugar every three months and think you are turning over your money four times a year. True—theoretically.

But if it takes you another month to get that money into the bank, it's really more like three times a year. The real truth of the matter is—*you have a bigger investment in proportion to the return.*

Turnover Beats Discounts

Now and then a salesman wants us to stock up for a year on an unadvertised line or some new fancy goods, or offers a special discount on an old reliable item.

He doesn't fool us, because we've always got our little figures to show *how long it takes us to sell,* and it's usually the case that turnover on a popular line of goods beats discount on 16 other kinds.

Little Losses Ruin Staple Profits

Here's where the adding machine pays big profits. Without the machine errors occur in at least 10% of daily additions. Nickel and dime errors are dollar losses before you know it.

We figure that the Burroughs prevents enough usual losses to pay for itself every year—and more too, when you consider that here's a machine which hasn't cost a cent for repairs in the three years we've had it.

The A B C of Business

Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping, and Calculating Machines are made in many sizes and styles. There is a machine for every figure need in any business, large or small.

You'll find the address of the nearest Burroughs Office in your telephone book, by inquiring at your bank, or you can get in touch with it by writing the Home Office at Detroit, Michigan.

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

MARY OTTERY

(Continued from Page 15)

"Now I see!" she exclaimed. "But that would be too easy. What I have to do is to get someone in who'd be difficult, and make a romance."

She fell asleep, blaming herself for sending Mr. Morriton empty-handed into the night.

It may of course have been a mere coincidence that Lady Westonbury's letter was tilted against the toast rack next morning. Her Ladyship was a neighbor who had called once or twice upon Mary's banking account. She wrote:

"*Dear Miss Ottery:* It has occurred to me, living as you do in some loneliness, that the society of an agreeable and well-educated young lady might prove a welcome addition to your ménage. An acquaintance of mine has spoken to me of a Miss Margery Milne, who ——"

The remainder of the letter was formally to introduce and recommend.

Her Ladyship was great at passing things on. She ran a philanthropic correspondence bureau, the extent of her charity being the cost of stationery and postage. If anything came of it she absorbed one hundred per cent of the credit.

Mary Ottery, who could see the work of the fairies behind a folded sheet of crested note paper, dispatched the cherry-lipped handmaid with an immediate reply.

Two days later Margery Milne, in a hired motor, came over from Lyme Regis for interview. Margery's hair was the color of Devon loam and her eyes were blue, like drops of Channel water. Her face was oval and rather white—her expression sad.

Mary led her through the open windows and put her in a chair where the sun's rays slanted upon her.

"And so," she said, "you think you would like to be a companion."

Margery's answer had the effect of someone speaking against music.

"Thank you, yes. I believe I am suited to the part. I have a fair knowledge of keeping accounts, and secretarial work comes easily to me."

"I see," said Mary, who did not believe in forming conclusions too rapidly.

"I would be competent to undertake all your correspondence."

"I expect you would," replied Mary, "but, I'm sorry to say, I don't have any, except a monthly letter I write to Miss Pearn, who used to sit next to me at the post office."

"I could read to you," suggested Margery.

"Yes," came the doubtful reply.

"And I am pretty well up in the affairs of the day."

"Which day?" asked Mary.

"Political events, I mean."

"Are you, really?"

"Yes; lately I have been taking a great interest in the movement."

"The movement?"

"The woman's movement."

"Where are they moving to?" asked Mary.

"Toward liberation and independence."

Mary nodded.

"That's very sad!" she said.

Margery Milne raised her little penciled eyebrows to the arch of surprise.

"But surely you appreciate the enormous value of independence!"

"Well, since you ask me," came the reply, "I don't think there's much in it, my dear."

"Not much in freedom?"

"Except loneliness."

Margery Milne donned a skeptical smile woefully out of harmony with Nature's intention.

"Then," she said, "I'm afraid we should not be very likely to agree, for I am heart and soul in favor of emancipation."

"And what made you so?" asked Mary with sudden directness.

The unexpected character of this remark caused Miss Margery to blush and flounder.

"Common sense," she stammered.

"Do tell me!" Mary pleaded.

"There was a time when I had different views."

"And was he nice?"

"He was detestable."

"Oh!"

"And I told him I never wanted to see him again."

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed Mary, "but what a mad thing to do!"

"It was the sanest thing I've ever done."

"Sh!" said Mary. "Perhaps they can hear you."

The Car Stopped and the Girl Sprang to the Road and Clambered Into the Seat Beside the Man

And she was thinking of the fairies, who can be malicious little folks when they like, and sometimes take people at their word.

"I don't mind who hears me. I've done with folly of that kind, and given myself absolutely to the cause."

"Well, well!" Mary sighed. "I may be old-fashioned, but to me it seems much more beautiful to have a man in the house than a cause."

Margery rose to her feet.

"Since you are not in the least likely to engage me, I suppose I had better say good-by."

"But I am going to engage you."

"You're joking. I should only convert you if you did."

"Then come and try," said Mary.

And the following Monday was named and elected.

As Mary was turning from the gate a voice hailed her:

"Is the dual religionist at home?"

Looking round, she saw the Rev. Pethwick Barnes smiling in the roadway.

"Come in," said Mary. "I'm so excited."

They walked up the rose path together.

"I've been puzzling over what happened last week," said he.

"But that's nothing to what's happened now."

And she told him about the coming of Margery.

"Is it significant?" he asked.

"It's a real answer of course."

"All this is very unorthodox, Miss Ottery."

"And that's what makes it so delightful."

"I wonder whether I understand you at all properly."

Mary colored very prettily for her years.

"There's nothing in me to understand," she said.

"You are mediumistic—spiritual—you create an atmosphere."

"I only try to—to find one," she said.

"And have you?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know—but I hope so."

"And what does the coming of this girl portend?"

"The first element of romance."

"A little skeptic!"

"That's only skin deep," said Mary.

He put his hat and stick upon the window ledge.

"And can you convince me that to contrive a romance for this stranger girl will render you a service?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And where is the profit?"

"In looking on."

"And then passing by?"

Mary nodded.

"That is true Christianity," he said. "A rare quality."

"Nonsense!" said Mary. "The world is full of people who are happy looking in at shop windows, and yet have not the means to buy for themselves."

"There's a difference," he said. "For you dress the windows with the very silks you would wear most becomingly."

Mary shook her head.

"I believe you could take a lesson in honesty from the burglar who visited me the other night."

"Burglar?"

"Yes. I told him I wanted a wedding from the house, and he laughed because he thought I meant my own. He was honest."

"Bless my soul! I wish I'd been about! I'd have ——"

"What?"

"There's a man somewhere beneath the cloth," he replied, running a hand over his biceps.

"But that wasn't at all necessary," said Mary.

But, nevertheless, she was conscious of a little thrill.

"And what happened?"

"I told him to go away."

"And he went?"

"Oh, yes!"

He nodded gravely.

"It makes the miracles seem very possible," said he. "D'you know, Miss Ottery, of late I have been rapidly growing into a materialist. But I seem to be recovering lost ground, or discovering new—I don't know which."

"It is very dreadful to be a materialist," said Mary. "Have you confessed it to your wife?"

"She died ten years ago. I thought I told you."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

"I should have told you."

"You couldn't, for we talked in a fairy ring, where death must always stand outside for fear of frightening the new things that are born."

"What new things?" he asked.

"How should I know?" she whispered. "I'm only a probationer. But moods of happiness, I expect."

"You think always of happiness," said he. "And that is the part of those who are sad."

"But I have no cause to be sad."

"You may not know," he answered. "The unknowing are often the saddest."

"Pooh! I'm a sentimentalist, that's all. Just one of those silly women who are born with a lump in their throats."

"The land divine," he said, "tills its acres at the edge of tears."

"Well, I'm sure," said Mary, "you have never said a more beautiful thing than that. I think tea is ready. Shall we go and see?"

Margery Milne, with three suitcases and a small propaganda library in a sugar box, duly arrived and installed herself the following Monday. Mary assisted her to unpack, and trembled a little when the books were set out on the small hanging shelf above the mantelpiece. Certainly they had the most dreadful titles, such as The Vital Question, The Essential Need and The Forward March.

Margery confessed a great esteem for The Forward March.

"We had one this year," said Mary, "with all the cherry trees in bloom. It was so pretty!"

Margery smiled cynically, and continued putting away her things. As her head was averted, Mary seized the opportunity to slip a small edition of The Little White Bird between two volumes entitled The Bars and The Cage. She felt all the better for having done so, but sustained a reverse

(Continued on Page 114)

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

Stewart Trucks have won— By costing less to run!

QUALITY and Economy have brought Stewart success. For Stewart Trucks built eight years ago are still working and earning; making money for their owners; building up a reputation now world-wide. The very first ones made still serve the needs of trade. Ward first bought one Stewart in May, 1916. And quickly this wonderful truck value proved out; today he operates a fleet of twenty Stewarts.

Ward's experience is duplicated many times. For Stewarts are in use today in 800 American cities, on hundreds of farms and in 38 foreign countries. Business men and farmers know why the Stewart Quality Truck has become one of the world's leaders in only eight years. They know the advantages of simplified design; hundreds of useless parts and hundreds of pounds useless weight eliminated; lower cost at the start and less cost afterwards for tires, repairs, gasoline and oil.

More than a million dollars a month are being paid for Stewarts. Quality reputation brings more orders each month, each year. Factory capacity has been doubled, and deliveries are made promptly. Stewarts are made in six capacities, to meet the requirements of all lines of business.

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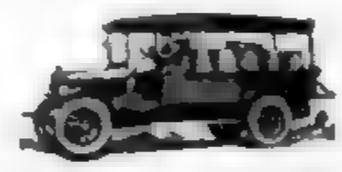
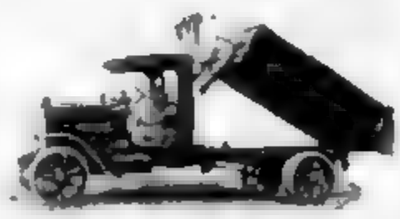


1-Ton

1½-Ton



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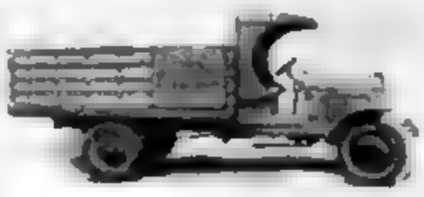

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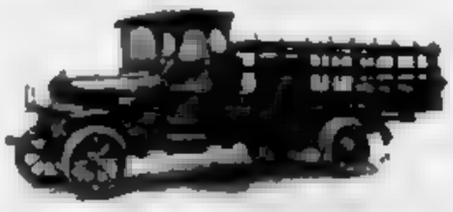

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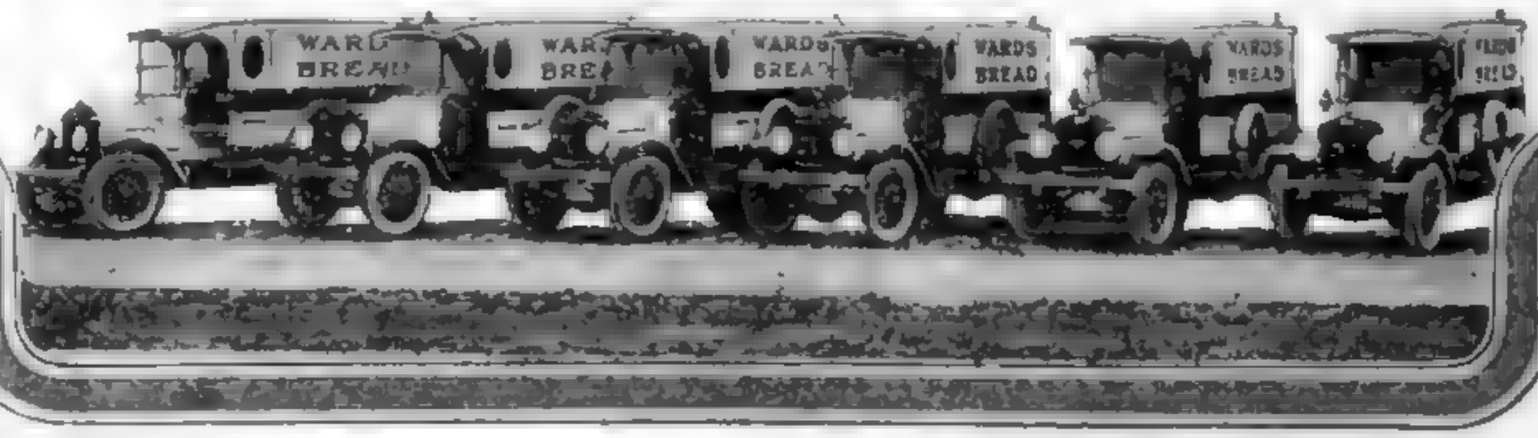

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1c—3 Minutes—the job is done! A few miles and the patch is part of the tube—never to come off. The heat of the road does the trick—it fuses the patch with the tube, that's why Monkey Grip is a permanent repair.

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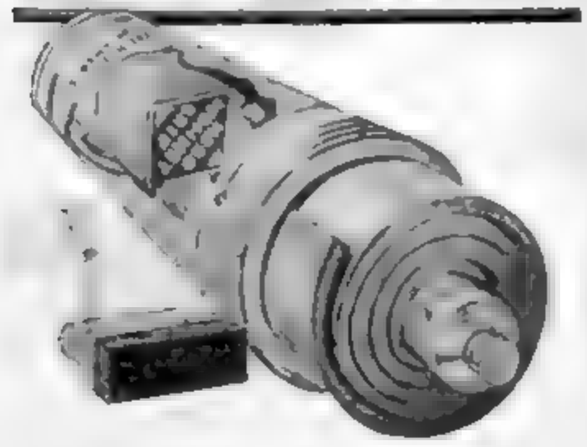

(Continued from Page 112)

later in the day when The Little White Bird was liberated and restored to her.

"If you haven't read it ——" she began.

"I have," replied Margery. "It's a silly, sentimental sort of thing."

Mary scrooped her chair violently on the floor boards to cover the sound of the words, for there was a spray of tea roses peeping in at the window—and one never knew!

"What would you like to do this evening?" she asked.

"If you don't want me for anything," said Margery, "I should be glad to get on with my writing."

"You're writing a book? How lovely! What is it called?"

"Problems of the Vote."

"Yes, but we've got the vote," said Mary.

"Certainly, but it's very essential that we should know how to use it."

"That reminds me of a little nephew of mine," said Mary, "who bought a razor years before his beard grew."

Margery flushed, and Mary went on.

"I thought it would be rather nice to make some toffee to-night."

"Toffee?"

"Yes, I've often wanted to, but it isn't any fun making toffee by oneself."

She dispatched Margery to Mrs. Crockett's shop to get some butter, and she sent her round by the lane, because the moon was up and the lovers of Ottery St. Mary would be walking there.

The toffee making was an avowed success. Margery burned the tip of her third finger through incautious dipping, but quite forgot the discomfort in the pleasure of watching the little test drops set and harden in the bottom of a vessel of cold water.

They ate toffee and Marie biscuits before going to bed, which is a diet very sweetening to the disposition.

"Another night," said Mary, "we'll go sugaring for moths."

Margery looked up, surprised.

"I shouldn't have thought you'd have cared about that," she said. "Taking life, I mean."

"Oh, but I don't!" Mary corrected. "I make the mixture very weak, with only a little beer in it, so that they can have a lovely feast and then be able to fly away."

Margery laughed—her first natural laugh.

"That's rather sweet," she said.

"After all," Mary replied, "I don't see why one throws crumbs and bits of toast to the sparrows and robins and forgets all about the moths, do you?"

As she blew out the candle that night, Mary said to herself: "I think I'm getting on rather nicely, but I mustn't hurry things. I wonder whether to-morrow would be too soon to look at babies? Well! Well! We shall see."

It was impossible to preserve an attitude of aloofness with Mary Ottery, her nature was too compelling, so Margery capitulated to the length of talking about old times, which was a very great concession indeed. Her attitude, however, was uncompromisingly severe on the subject of men, who, she declared, were all alike. In the matter of fairies, too, the position she took up was most forbidding.

"I'm afraid I only believe in what I see," she said.

And Mary replied: "I think believing is for what one feels."

The Rev. Pethwick Barnes called once or twice, ostensibly to inquire how the campaign was furthering.

"But I cannot understand," he said, "what you are trying to do."

"Why, to create the receptive mood of course."

"And then what happens?"

"Then I shall have to look about for the second element."

"The eligible male?"

"That sounds awful," said Mary, "when one has thought of him as Prince Charming."

"And where is he to be found?"

"I don't know," said Mary.

"And you implicitly trust he will fall from the clouds?"

"Beckon from them," she amended.

"Your knowledge of paradise is infinite," he said.

"I just imagine."

"Some artists draw best out of their heads," said he.

Margery's refusal to join the tennis club was final and absolute.

"If it were a debating society I might say yes," she remarked. "But this little place is much too dead and alive for progress of that sort."

This nature of observation hurt Mary Ottery more than she cared to confess, until with her usual philosophy she set about to discover its lead and significance. It is a very treasurable quality to be able to look through a frosted glass and find the sun shining at the back of it.

"You should go about more," said she.

"Yes?" replied Margery doubtfully.

Mary read the meaning behind the yes. How can a young person go about when there is no conveyance to go in?

"I think," said she, "I shall buy a motor car."

Even Margery's indifference melted at this suggestion. She greeted it with far more enthusiasm than she had displayed for the village babies.

"It would be rather jolly. I expect I could learn to drive, or, better still, you could have a chauffeuse."

It was quite amazing the number of people who seemed to know by instinct that Mary was contemplating the purchase of an automobile. They hummed round from every quarter with offers of aid and counsel. But though Mary listened to all, she heeded none, having decided to make the purchase at her own time and discretion.

"I have a feeling," she said to herself, "that something will come of this—something rather wonderful."

So she lay low and waited with her eyes wide open.

And then one day the following advertisement appeared in the agony column of The Times—she did not read the papers, but the sheet in question was wrapped about a currant loaf she had gone to the village to buy:

"Disappointed young man who is sick of his own and everybody else's society and is weary of too much money and not enough to do is prepared to accept employment in any capacity. Something unpleasant preferred."

Mary caught the midday train to town, called at the newspaper office, and presented herself at a small Queen Anne house in a turning off Harley Street. She was conducted to a white-paneled sitting room, upon the shelves of which old brass and copper shone very bravely. And here she sat on the extreme edge of a Sheraton chair with a heart that bumped so vigorously as to bid fair to tumble her off.

After an interval the door opened and a tall young man came slowly into the room. He rolled an unlighted cigarette between his fingers, and his expression was listless. He was good to look at.

"Are you disappointed?" asked Mary.

"Very," replied the young man. "How do you do?"

Then Mary said: "What about?"

The young man lit his cigarette and dropped into a chair.

"You will forgive me," he said, "but is your question inspired by mere curiosity?"

"Yes—at least, I think so."

He laughed, and his face was still more attractive in humor.

"Oh, many things!" he returned. "But chiefly, I believe, through looking into the cup and finding it empty."

"Ah," said Mary, "but that more often comes of looking into a banking account and finding it full."

"A philosopher," he observed.

Mary hesitated; then: "Have you ever been crossed in love?" she asked.

"I never grant interviews, madam," he warily observed.

"Or exchange confidences?"

"That is an even more dangerous practice."

"Only when the one to receive them is untrustworthy."

"Which generally proves to be the case."

"Oh!" said Mary, and retired into her shell.

Donald Cassillis experienced a qualm of conscience.

"I suppose," he said, "I have been crossed in what I was foolish enough to mistake for love."

And Mary popped out of her shell to say: "That was nice of you to tell me."

"Youth is always a bit of a fool," he went on. "I claim that indulgence. Experience assures me that love, romance, whatever you like to call it, is a mere bubble—froth in a glass of champagne—a something too transient to take into account. That it exists at all is, I suppose, Nature's device to lure the unthinking toward the tragic expediency of marriage."

"If you don't mind," said Mary, "I would like to talk about something else now."

"Sorry to weary you with my views," said he.

"I only wanted to ask whether you would accept the post."

"I have no idea at all. What is it?"

"To drive my car."

"Sounds simple enough. Do you use it much?"

"Never! I haven't bought one yet."

"Then surely ——"

"I thought we could buy one to-morrow."

"That is always possible," said he.

"Then you accept?"

He extinguished his cigarette and rose.

"The conditions of my advertisement appear to have escaped you. I am seeking an appointment in uncongenial surroundings."

And he bowed rather charmingly.

"Thank you," said Mary, and she blushed. "But I have a companion who is very unpleasant. Wouldn't that weigh with you?"

"I will come for a month," said he.

"As an ordinary chauffeur?"

"Certainly! I have no ambition at all to parade my identity."

They bought a secondhand landaulette the following morning. Donald, in a livery of green and black, took his place at the wheel, and Mary admired the back of his head through the glass windows that separated them.

"I presume," he said as they stopped for tea at Chard, "my meals will be taken in the kitchen."

"Certainly—if you wish. My cook is very sweet looking, and the maid is the prettiest little thing you ever saw. They will be bright company for you."

"Heavens," he exclaimed, "I didn't bargain for that!"

"If you prefer to join us ——"

"Well, I have no desire to become embroiled in rustic romances."

"Then you shall have a place at my table," said Mary, "where there will be no danger of that."

Margery was standing by the gate when the car turned into the lane.

"Who's that?" Donald demanded, speaking over his shoulder like a taxi driver.

"My companion," said Mary.

"Yes, but you said ——"

"But she is really odious, I promise."

It was Margery who threw open the door.

"What a lovely car!" she cried. Then in a whisper: "Who's this man?"

"The chauffeur of course."

"But I thought you were going to have a woman driver!"

"I never thought so," said Mary, and proceeded up the path.

Donald stepped forward to collect the rug and the tiny suitcase, but Margery intervened a shoulder.

"You can leave those to me," she coldly observed. "The stables are at the back. I expect cook will give you tea if you wish for some."

"You need not trouble to instruct me," he returned. "These matters were arranged between Miss Ottery and myself."

Margery colored, and said: "I strongly resent your attitude."

"It leaves me indifferent," said he, and picking up the rug and suitcase followed Mary Ottery into the house.

Five minutes later Margery knocked at Mary's bedroom door and entered.

"That man is actually sitting in the drawing-room!" said she.

"I dare say he's tired after the long drive."

"In the drawing-room!" Margery repeated.

"Oh, yes. I gave him the choice of being with us or having his meals in the kitchen. He was rather frightened of the feminine influence in the kitchen, so he chose us."

"I don't understand."

"I told him you weren't a bit feminine—that's what made him decide in our favor."

"Not feminine! But I'm an absolute feminist!"

"Exactly," said Mary, "but I never can think of the word I want to use."

Margery pursed her lips.

"I think I should tell you that he spoke to me in a very offhand manner. I just told him what to do with the car, and he answered almost rudely."

"Depend upon it, that man's a born mimic," replied Mary, and taking the girl's arm led her down the stairs.

(Concluded on Page 117)

Package Electricity for Every Flashlight

MISTER Ray-O-Lite is the first means of identifying these *better* Batteries. The second sure way is to ask for them by name—French Ray-O-Lite Batteries.

Most all flashlight users give uncommon praise to the service these Batteries unfailingly render. Their experience proves that French Ray-O-Lite Batteries burn brighter and last longer. They give this better light for a longer time, *because long life is built into them*.

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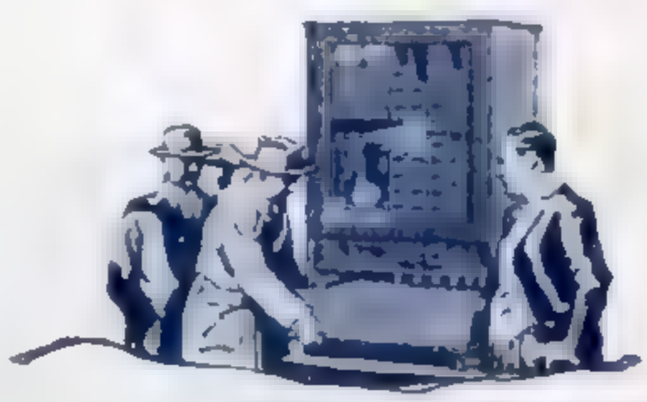

Smell the naptha. It is *real* naptha in sufficient quantity to loosen dirt. Blindfolded, you could distinguish Fels-Naptha from other soaps.

Smell it! Real naptha makes this a super-soap

The clean naptha odor instantly says "*Fels-Naptha*"! It won't allow itself to be hid. You can detect the naptha as long as a sliver of the golden bar remains.

Naptha is a surprising dirt-loosener. Dry-cleaners use it for even the most delicate fabrics. When combined with good soap the way it is in Fels-Naptha, the soap *plus* the naptha produces the greatest clothes-cleansing combination ever invented—the only product of its kind—a super-soap!

The naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt. It takes the place of hard rubbing—saves wear on clothes—makes washing so *easy!* It makes clothes sweet and truly clean—every fibre. It restores their bright, fresh appearance—preserves their life. Fels-Naptha washes articles not to be trusted to ordinary soaps.

Use Fels-Naptha any way you wish, but there is a special simple way by which clothes *soak* clean, described inside the famous red-and-green wrapper—a definite suggestion for each kind of clothes—to save time, backs, clothes and money. Get the real Fels-Naptha of your grocer.

Three things identify it—the clean naptha odor, the golden color of the bar, and the red-and-green wrapper. Ask for it by the full name—Fels-Naptha. Get it before next wash-day!

For Washing Machines

Fels-Naptha helps the machines do better work. Does not make inside of machine sticky. For especially soiled pieces, rub with Fels-Naptha and let them soak ½ hour or more. This gives the naptha a chance to loosen dirt and gives the machine a good start.

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Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bath tub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything cleanable.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Concluded from Page 114)

They had a high tea that night, because there is something far more lofty about a high tea than an ordinary dinner. Who can resist the invitation of boiled eggs, of sardines, racks of toast, of strawberry jam and cream? It is the kindliest of all meals—a nourisher of confidence and a diet of good fellowship—sometimes. But not on this occasion. Halfway through its service Mary rose up and closed the window.

"But it's so warm in here!" said Margery.

"I feel very cold," said Mary.

It was the first time she had listened to two moderns of opposite sex talking off the ice to each other.

"I presume, Mr. Cassillis, you believe in the superiority of the male."

"It is occasionally borne home upon me," he confessed.

"As for example?"

"When his inferiority is being exploited."

"That is an answer with no meaning whatsoever."

"I would remind you, Miss Milne, that certain seeds fell upon the sand and others upon the rock."

"I had no idea the parables were included in a chauffeur's curriculum."

"It is no more strange," he returned, "than that the quality of companionship should be omitted from a companion's."

"If I were not entirely indifferent to your point of view your replies might be regarded as offensive."

"But you expect your questions to inspire chivalry?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Margery.

"One thing is quite certain," said Mary, "heaven would never forbid chivalry."

"Heaven has been reorganized to meet with modern requirements," said Donald.

And Mary fled.

A few minutes afterward Margery joined her in the garden.

"It was quite refreshing to have an argument," she observed, "but I don't know whether I could stand too much of it."

"I was wondering the same thing," said Mary.

"I don't want to be a nuisance, but if he's to stop, do you mind if I have my breakfast in the kitchen?"

Mary nodded.

"Thank you. Good night."

"Good night."

Presently the light of Donald's cigarette showed among the rose bushes. Mary moved toward it.

"Aren't the stars beautiful?" she asked.

"I fancy," came the reply, "that I made a mistake in accepting a seat at your table. In future, with your consent, I should like at least to take my breakfast in the kitchen."

Again Mary nodded.

"After all," she thought to herself, "it is rather wonderful the way Fate brings young people together."

But that was only the beginning of it, and in the fortnight that followed the soul of Mary Ottery was very badly shaken indeed. Literally and without exception Donald and Margery never addressed a decent word to each other. It seemed that her pretty garden was overrun with bramble and with thorn. Her chosen elements of romance fulminated the lightnings of repartee.

Every afternoon she dispatched them on a distant errand with the car. Margery would sit at the back and Donald in front, and no word would pass between them. Like two icicles they fared forth into a sunshine that had no power to melt.

Then one day three weeks later the Rev. Pethwick Barnes came in answer to her invitation to dinner. Mary, who was on the fine edge of despair, captured him in the hall.

"But, dear lady, you look sad!" he said.

"I've made a mistake, perhaps," she answered. "Tell me, is it very wrong not to be content? You see, I came into great possessions, and I wanted more—and—it hasn't happened."

"It can never be wrong to seek sunshine," he replied.

"I opened the windows to let it in."

"I know. And instead there has entered a cold draught which has blown out all the fairy lights." He was looking into her eyes as he spoke. She nodded slowly.

"Yes, I suppose it has all been waste of time—or I chose the wrong elements. I've failed—and they've failed me."

"They?"

"The little folk"—and she nodded toward the meadow.

"But one never knows," he said, "when the fairies will strike."

"I've almost given up hoping."

"D'you know, I've a strong mind to wring the necks of this precious young pair and tip them in the rubbish heap."

"If only one could make them see what they are missing!" said Mary.

"That's a common fault," he answered. "Perhaps it is not intended we should control other destinies than our own."

"But it was for myself, and it would have been so beautiful to have had a wedding in the house."

"We can only select for ourselves," he said. "There is no room for us in another's romance."

"Yes, I suppose that's true, but I should like to cheat myself that it wasn't."

"H'm! Yet somehow I feel that it would prove a very valuable lesson."

They entered the drawing-room together.

The conversation at dinner was chiefly divided between Donald and Margery. It covered a diversity of subjects. It abolished marriage; it approved state nurseries; it denied the possibility of an enduring affection; and when it had finished it asked the Rev. Pethwick Barnes what he thought about it all.

And this is what he replied, "My dear young sir and lady, I have only this observation to make: When two young people of opposite sex engage in merciless debate it usually denotes one of two things. Either that they are unhappily married, which is very sad, or alternatively that they are violently attracted to each other and don't know it."

It is worthy of record that Margery and Donald kept their heads and their places. But Mary was on her feet in an instant, rising as it were with her own color.

"Oh," she cried, "if you die this moment, tell me, is that true?"

But the clergyman was on his feet too.

"In the name of honesty and of good faith, I charge you children not to answer the question. Come!"

But Mary had gone pell-mell to the fairy ring.

Margery and Donald were staring at each other, and their faces were quite white, when the clergyman turned to follow Mary out. The woman of course was first to speak.

"They've gone mad," she said.

"Quite mad," said he.

"We've agreed about that."

"We've agreed."

"Attracted to you!"

"Ha! Or I to you!"

"To think of such a thing!"

"Don't let's."

"One can't help it."

"Something's making us then," he gasped.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm crazy—but there's a force in the air."

And all of a sudden the candles blew out to a chuckle of wind.

"There is a force," he quavered.

"There's nothing," she moaned

"You feel nothing?"

"No! It's cold—that's all. Shut the window."

"It's hot—leave it open."

"Then I will." And he heard her moving across the floor.

"Don't come near me!" he warned. "Keep to your own side! I'm dangerous!"

"There's a chair in the way," her voice sounded faintly.

"Stay where you are! I hate all women!"

"Let me get out. Where's the door?"

"Not this way."

"I'm drifting."

"Toward me?"

"I'm frightened."

"I'm here."

Their bodies collided in the dark and clung fiercely.

"You—you beast of a chauffeur!"

"You—you cat—vixen! You cold—vile—blessed—adorable—companion! I'm going to kiss you again."

"Yes, again! Here! Oh!"

A very long silence; then, "What happened—what are we?"

"Nothing extraordinary. We're just two ordinary people—that's all."

"Think we could find some matches?"

They blushed dreadfully in the new-kindled light.

"Hullo, Margery!" he said.

"Hullo, Don!" said she.

It was like a first meeting—of lovers.

They sat facing each other across the table.

"Look here, we can't tell her! We should feel such fools."

"I know! We must think of something."

"I can't—your eyes twinkle so."

"D'you mind?"

"I love it! Where are you going?"

"To bed. I should give it away if they saw me."

"Hasn't it been wonderful, eh?"

"Can't talk," said she with a hand on her throat.

"Well then," said he.

Which, as everyone knows, means "May I? Will you?" and "I'm going to."

And down in the fairy ring another dialogue was in progress.

"And you think it's true what you said?"

He nodded.

"Yes, but I'm selfish enough to hope it isn't."

"But why?"

"Because then you might be satisfied, and I didn't want you to be satisfied that way."

It cost Donald Cassillis a great deal to be calm, cold and collected when they returned to the house. But it cost Mary Ottery more.

"I'm an idiot," she said as she climbed the stairs to bed. "A sentimental idiot—that's all."

"Would you mind if I drove over to Exeter this morning?" Margery asked at the breakfast table next day.

Mary consented without question.

A little later Donald came in to say: "I fancy I shall shortly have to terminate my engagement with you, Miss Ottery. I'm sorry, but it's more or less inevitable, I'm afraid."

"Yes, I suppose it is," she assented.

Presently the car came round to the gate. Donald looked very formal sitting at the wheel. Then Margery came from the house and occupied the back seat. Mary saw the cold nod she gave for Donald to start the engine.

Mary walked disconsolately down the rose path to where the garden hedge turned with the junction of the lane and the highroad.

"If I were a really good woman," she said to herself, "I suppose I shouldn't mind. I suppose I should do district visiting—and crochet work and prepare my empty little soul for the next world. And I suppose I should be happy. Old maids have nothing to do with romance—their own or anyone else's. I suppose that's why old maids are never really good at heart. Oh, dear! Well, there it is."

She hid herself in a green mantle of lilac boughs as the slow ticking of the engine told her that the motor was coming down the lane. And through a rift in the foliage she saw the two young people who could have love for the asking sitting isolated and upright, proud, peerless, in their separate spheres.

The hooter chanted and the car turned into the highroad abreast of where Mary stood. And then a very remarkable thing happened.

Margery threw a glance over her shoulder, and leaning forward tapped twice on the separating window. As if by magic the car stopped, and still with the furtive over-shoulder glance the girl, whose hair was as Devon loam and whose eyes were bright as drops of Channel water, sprang to the road and clambered into the seat beside the man, in whose nature was no place for gentleness. And as the car glided slowly forward he turned and looked at her with an expression so strange, yet so meaningful, that Mary's heart nearly leaped from her side.

Margery wriggled ever such a little closer, and that was as close as could be—and so the lovers pass out of the picture.

Mary couldn't speak, but she could run—and she ran up the garden path like a child of ten. From the bay window in her bedroom the road could be seen for a mile or more.

The cherry-lipped handmaid paused aghast as Mary flashed up the stairs.

Like a ribbon of white stretched the road, and a puff of dust rose like a cloud in the wake of the vanishing car. Smaller it grew, and smaller—becoming a mere wisp—a speck—then nothing, nothing but the road—the white, empty road.

Mary turned to the mirror on her table and addressed her reflection there.

"Oh dear!" she gasped. "I'm crying so I can hardly see myself to believe it's really happened, but I shall have my wedding after all."

A white shape tucked in the bevel of the glass took form and became a letter.

"And they've written to tell me so."

With fingers that trembled she broke the seal.

"We couldn't face you," said the letter. "After our dreadful exhibition we simply hadn't the nerve—so we've run away to get married."

It was signed by both of them, but there was a postscript in Margery's hand to say that the car would be sent back from Exeter.

And Mary said, "Oh! So I've had my romance, and now it's over. It didn't last very long, but it's over and I must say my grace."

She descended the stairs and moved lonesomely toward the meadow, golden in the morning sun.

It did not seem in the least strange, but only very comforting that the Rev. Pethwick Barnes was sitting in the middle of the fairy ring hugging his knees. His eyes were closed and his lips were moving, and as she stood to listen Mary distinctly heard the names of Mab and Tinkabell whispered with a fierce earnestness very hard to believe.

A twig cracked beneath her foot. He started and looked at her.

"Don't get up," she said, and sat on the grass by his side. Then, "So you were praying too—why?"

"It couldn't do any harm," he answered. "Besides, a moment ago I saw two lovers in a fairy coach, or perhaps it was a pumpkin drawn by rats but they were lovers, going down the road. Somehow it made me sad to watch them passing by, for the road is a lonely sort of place when one travels it all alone."

"Yes," Mary sighed. "It is lonelyish."

"But I suppose you are very happy about it."

"It lasted such a little while," she answered wistfully, and gave him the letter to read. "So, you see, I'm not really happy, because, after all, I shall never have a wedding from the house."

He was silent for a moment, then, "I can't see why you shouldn't," said he.

"I haven't the heart to begin all over again."

"Mary Ottery," he said, "have you ever had a selfish thought?"

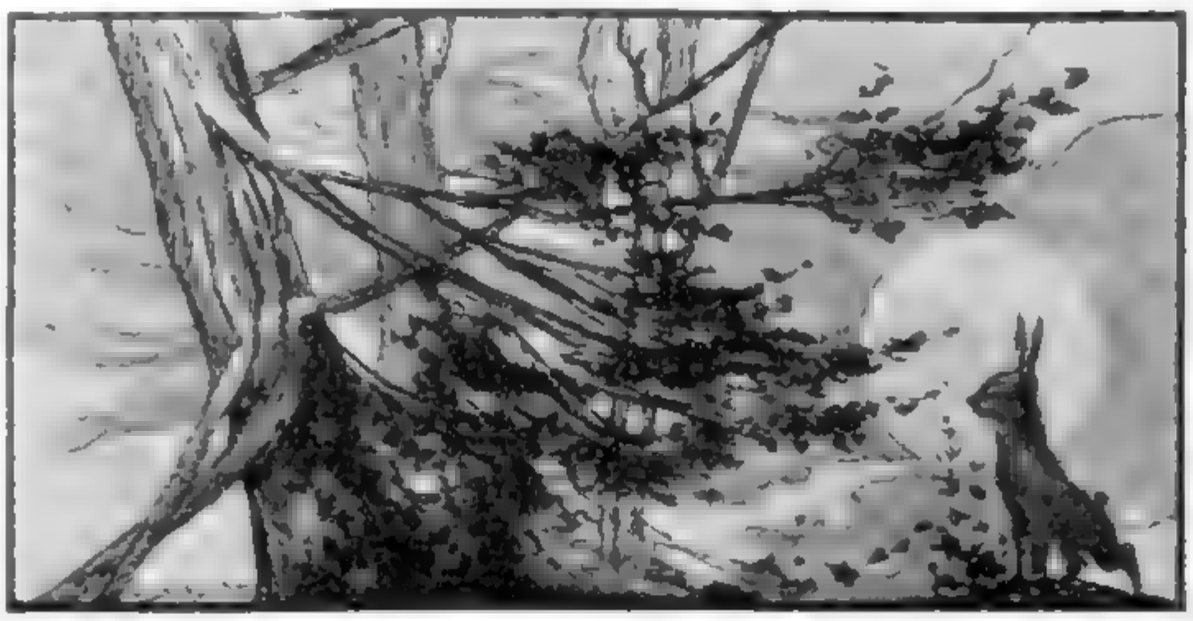
"Heaps."

"Would you consent to share one with me?"

"I don't know what it is," she answered.

"Then," he suggested, "let's hold hands like children and try to find out."

And as their hands met the seed pods in a neighboring gorse bush fired a grand salute of twenty-one guns, and a lark rose caroling upon the wing.



And you have built this business

By saying to your dealer, "Show me your best shoe at a medium price"

YOU are one of the millions of men who never troubled to remember the name of a shoe.

You have said to your dealer merely: "Show me the best shoe you have at a medium price." And if the shoe wore well, you have said next time: "Show me another pair like the last."

So unconsciously you have been helping to build the W. H. McElwain Company into one of the biggest businesses of its kind in the world.

For when you have said "best at a medium price" your dealer has often responded by selling you McElwain Shoes.

THE McElwain business was founded on faith in the shrewd common sense of the average man.

Its founder said: "If I can eliminate costly waste in manufacture and so make a little better shoe at a medium price, the men of America will find it out, whether it bears my name or not.

"The style and wear of the shoe will be its advertisement. And the satisfaction of millions of men will make the business grow."

He was right. We are proud of what the McElwain name has come to mean to the trade—so proud that we have stamped it on the shoes. We would like to have you remember now to ask for a "McElwain Shoe."

If you cannot learn to do that all at once, then continue to ask for "the best at a medium price."

And when you turn the shoe over and look at the sole the chances are you will find that it bears the McElwain mark.

You can get McElwain Shoes at the stores of 25,000 leading independent shoe merchants throughout the country.

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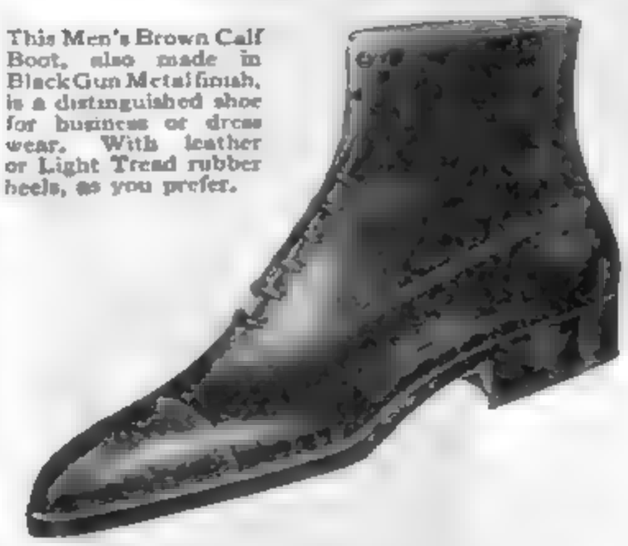
"How to Make Your Shoes Last"—Our booklet of definite facts to help you reduce your shoe bills—will be sent on request.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES
FOR DRESS AND EVERYDAY WEAR

IN three days and five hours McElwain could make a pair of shoes for every lawyer in this country.

This Men's Brown Calf Boot, also made in Black Gun Metal finish, is a distinguished shoe for business or dress wear. With leather or Light Tread rubber heels, as you prefer.



A Men's Black Gun Metal Blucher of splendid style and wearing qualities. Also obtainable in Black Kid and Brown Gun Metal.

McELWAIN SHOES

TRADE MARK

Spend the afternoon motoring

Or downtown shopping

Or out walking

Or with your friends at tea, happy in the knowledge that a delicious dinner will be ready to serve when you reach home

30 minutes' preparation of the meal, then simply set the wheel and a delightful, free afternoon is yours

Women can now have

Three or more extra hours every day

With the "Lorain" hours formerly spent in the kitchen can be yours for other accomplishments, pleasure or recreation

THINK of having three or more extra hours each day—hours you now spend in the kitchen.

Think what you could accomplish in those hours—sewing, shopping, motoring, matinées, parties—a thousand and one things you cannot do now simply because you must be constantly in the kitchen watching and preparing dinner.

Thousands of women now have this freedom—and you can have it, too.

This is how you obtain extra hours

The wonderful invention that makes this possible is the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator.

This remarkable device on your gas range not only measures your heat as accurately as you do flour, but also maintains your oven at the exact temperature you want it.

With the "Lorain" you can cook an entire meal in the oven at one time—entrée, meat, vegetables and dessert. You prepare your meal just as you do now, then you put it in the oven, set the wheel for a three, four, five or six hour cooking, and your afternoon's work is done.

Every dish delicious

At dinner-time there is a hot meal all ready to serve—every dish as delicious as if you were constantly in the kitchen. In fact, everyone declares that "Lorain" cooked meals are improved in flavor. Self-cooking meals is but one wonderful advance the "Lorain" has achieved over the old-time cooking way.

Even the most expert cooks have "lucky" and "unlucky" baking days. That is because they have to *guess* at their oven heat, and *guess* when their baking is ready to be taken from the oven.

No cooking guess-work

With the "Lorain" there is no guess-work. You know the exact heat required for everything you bake. You set the "Lorain" at that exact temperature.

You know to the minute how long your baking must be in the oven at that temperature. As a result your baking is always baked just right—never overdone, never underdone—that golden brown that delights all housewives.

See the "Lorain" demonstrated. See it on any of the six famous makes of gas ranges listed below—for these gas stoves are the only ones equipped with this invention that has revolutionized all cookery.

Any dealer for these gas stoves will gladly demonstrate the "Lorain" for you without obligation. Only in this way can you truly appreciate its marvelous accomplishments.

This book free

In the meantime write us for our free book, "An Easier Day's Work." Learn all about the "Lorain" and its wonderful success. See how it revolutionizes cooking. How it frees women from pot-watching. How it saves time, work, food and gas. The facts will amaze you. Write for the interesting book today. A post-card brings it free and postpaid.

"LORAIN"
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
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DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
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We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 19 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

"W. G."

(Concluded from Page 7)

historic utterance, for some noble phrase, for some apt expression that could go ringing down the ages, or, in any event, would read well in the press stuff. Harding should have straightened to his full height, looked very consecrated and emitted a notable and quotable sentiment.

Instead he turned to those present and said: "Well, boys, we filled on a pair of eights."

Of course his cue, if the alchemists had been on the job, which they were not at the moment, was to get on the pedestal then and there, but he didn't do it. Not then. That came later. He was the natural Harding up to that point and has remained rather steadfastly ever since. Of course he has the physical equipment for the pronouncements. Harding is a fine figure of a man. He is an inch or so more than six feet, erect, broad shouldered, deep chested, and has a strong and handsome face. If so be it was the custom for our senators to wear togas Harding would get away with one better than most of his colleagues. He has the physique and the face and head for one. It would be a bit grotesque to put a toga on Philander C. Knox, for example, and a toga on Boies Penrose would make him resemble the main top of a circus; but Harding could wear one and look the part.

When he is off the pedestal he is a frank, free, cordial and colloquial person. When he is on the pedestal he is as solemn as a cathedral and most impressive. So far as personal equipment goes Harding will be the best-looking President, if he is elected, we have had in years. And in manner—his manner is all that the most exacting could desire or demand. He is suave, dignified, almost stately—Warren Gamaliel Harding, the Republican candidate for President. That's the pedestal part of it. When he is in seclusion he is "W. G." His speech is senatorial, presidential, oratorical when the occasion requires. His conversation is in the vernacular when he is at ease.

He is a man of slow and deliberate movement, and must have epitomized repose before they tilted him out of his chair and stuck him up before the populace for all to see. He has that repose and deliberation yet, but there are some evidences that the pressure is getting to him somewhat. He has a little habit of fussing with his necktie when he is talking and of tugging at his collar. However, it would not be remarkable if he should jump over his desk at any time or begin running round in circles. The Americans have no mercy on their candidates, nor have the politicians. Once a man gets a presidential nomination he is public property, to be badgered, hectored and harassed. He is the target for every letter writer in the country, and most of us are letter writers. Vast mails come to him, principally of advice, caution, admonition and criticism. Inasmuch as every letter writer is a potential voter and votes are needed—well, you know how it is. There is only one man who is less his own master than a presidential candidate. That man is a President.

Outstanding Characteristics

The outstanding characteristic of Harding is caution. He does no tilting at windmills. He waits to see if the windmill will tilt at him, and if that comes to pass, considers his course in a calm and methodical manner. His idea of his responsibilities is a very solemn one. He takes his obligations with the utmost seriousness. He is modest about it, and proceeds almost in a spirit of humility. He seeks counsel. If he is elected President he will not take any important step until he has consulted about it with his friends. There will be no decision first and attempt to find reasons afterward. He is a careful and a methodical man. If there are any great Republicans, and he is elected, he will offer those great Republicans places in his cabinet—that is, he will if he runs true to his natural form, which he probably will.

Harding is massive enough physically to typify calm. That is what he does typify. He also does not start anything unnecessarily nor stop anything abruptly. He is deliberate, deliberative and dignified. He forms his opinions judicially and transmits them oracularly. His opponents say these characteristics denote timidity, lack of initiative and lack of courage. His friends say they denote maturity of mind and clarity of view. In any event, they are the outstanding characteristics of Harding.

Regularity is the Harding keynote. He is regular in all his relations to life and regular in his relations to politics. He is as Republican as the protective tariff and as much of an organization man as Joe Cannon. But he is no bigot. His speech of acceptance showed that. He can adapt himself to existing circumstances. Indeed he can, and has, adapted himself to the existing Republican platform, which shows a real elasticity. However, in case Harding shall be elected, the Democrats will find that this elasticity will be confined to the Republican Party and the policies thereof and that there will be no stretching to include the opposition. In his speech of acceptance Mr. Harding said he intends to be a Constitutional President; meaning, no doubt, that he will be a Republican Constitutional President. If his party splits on him, provided he is in a position where that splitting will be of first importance, it will not split until Harding has applied all available glue, adhesive tape, solder and salve in the attempt to hold it together.

An Oratorical Orator

Personally, Harding reminds one of the man who comes out on the platform during a row, holds up an imposing and impressive hand and says: "Gentlemen—gentlemen—let us cease this tumult and proceed in a dignified and orderly manner!" That is his best manner of mind—to proceed according to the rules—in a dignified and orderly manner. That is the way he is organized—politically and publicly. That is how he stands on the pedestal; but, at that, there are times—there are times!

Harding's approach to public affairs is the oratorical approach. He is an orator—a professional orator. Don't mistake that. I do not intend to class him as one of those extremely numerous men who think that the only way to settle a thing is to make a speech about it. He is not an orator for the sake of oratory, but because he is practiced in it. He began early. He has the presence and the voice, and can string phrases together in sounding and resounding sequences. He uses words with more facility than he evolves ideas, for there is nothing sensational or disturbing about Harding's oratory. It is as regular as his politics, but it sounds well, and reads well, albeit it is sometimes encumbered with too many words. He has that faculty of saying the obvious thing in a most impressive manner—that faculty that gives a man the oratorical reputation, provided he can enunciate his platitudes clearly. He knows his people. He tells them what they want to know with considerable grace of diction and much and melodic resonance of voice. No man ever made a reputation by telling the people what they do not want to know or what they cannot understand. The speaker who does not stick to the middle of the oratorical road will never get anywhere with the people who do not want to think and do want to hear.

Harding has all the paraphernalia of the political orator. He has every prop. Moreover, he is a lecturer of high esteem on the Chautauquas and a stumper of renown in campaigns. Four years ago, at the convention in Chicago which nominated Hughes, he was selected to make what they call the keynote speech. He was widely advertised as a surpassing orator, and he was to make his national début. He made it. It was a failure—a good enough speech but not the superspeech that had been advertised. It was mediocre, colorless, commonplace. Whereupon Harding came in for a considerable deprecation.

Now, that wasn't Harding's fault. It is true enough that his advance notices were extravagant, but it is also true that he was obliged to submit that keynote speech to the greatest outfit of trimmers, straddlers, pussyfooters and practicers of the expedient the world has ever known—the Old Guard of the Republican Party. They sat on that speech like a coroner's jury. They held an inquest over it and dissected it and changed it and carved and cut and maltreated it until poor Harding could not have known the child of his own brain when what he was to say was returned to him.

However, he is no Daniel Webster. He is a good, practiced and resonant orator, who will always hew close to the organization line and see to it that the chips fall into the party basket. His inclination is to be verbose. Like nearly every other public speaker he has mighty poor terminal facilities. His speech of acceptance was too long by half. It wasn't Editor Harding who wrote that speech. Orator Harding wrote it.

Attend: "We must bear the torch of constitutionalism to the menacing involvements of international justice and advancing aspiration, for the supergovernment and preserved inheritance of national freedom can only be reconciled with readjustment and world relation if the designated sentinels commit the moral force of the covenant of conscience to the fraternized conscience of the nations."

That is a sentence from one of Harding's speeches. What he meant was, "Let us watch our step." What he said was that amazing clutter of words, that oratorical outgiving of an oratorical mind. They get that way. And no wonder. This running for President is a parlous matter. Harding the editor, the senator, the private citizen, can express an opinion, or not, as he chooses, and it will be just that—an opinion, to be taken or rejected, or neither. But when Harding the candidate has an opinion it is not only Harding's opinion but it is the opinion of his party because he is the leader of his party; and the easiest way to express opinions, or seem to, is to use much language in the operation. Language, commonly held to conceal thought, is used in presidential politics to obliterate thought. You'll find that true of all candidates, especially all presidential candidates. The only time they can be direct is when they are assailing the opposition. When they are upholding themselves they must be cautious, for anything a presidential candidate says about himself or his party can be used against them both.

On Parade and On Guard

There are handy boys all about who can torture an innocent premise into an ironclad promise, and what the editorial writers and speakers and press agents of the opposition can do with a loosely formulated policy or discussion of a policy is beyond belief unless you have had experience of it. A presidential candidate in his public utterances, and mostly in his private ones, must continually be both on the offensive and on the defensive. Naturally this puts them all in the middle of the road so far as their own candidacy and their party are concerned, and gives them little elbowroom save in attacking the other fellows.

It isn't likely that Harding is overly fond of the pedestal phase of his job. He isn't that sort of man. He is a companionable man, gregarious and neighborly. He likes to talk to the folks. He is easy and natural and cordial. This strait-jacket the candidacy put on him, this continual obligation to be both on parade and on guard, no doubt irks him sorely. But he is standing up well under it all. He is further from being an egotist than any man in high public life I know, and I know most of them. He is honestly modest and reverentially humble before the vast elevation that has come to him. I do not mean in any sniffling or Pharisaical sense, but really.

Here is a man, the editor of a paper in a smallish city in Ohio, who within a few years has come to be the leader of a great political party and its nominee for President. He is awed by the circumstances. He is solemn about it. He realizes his responsibilities. He appreciates his opportunities. He is a right-living, right-thinking man, and it cannot be otherwise. He understands his shortcomings and is under no delusions about himself. The fact that he has been stuck up on a pedestal hasn't made him think that a pedestal is his natural habitat. He prefers to be on the ground, among his fellows. He is as much "W. G." as circumstances will permit. He does no boasting, no bragging, no threatening, no ballyhooing. After talking to him for a time I can set down one sure thing about him and that is: He will do his job, both as a candidate and as a President, if he is elected, sincerely, simply and solemnly as a regular American. He is just that—a regular fellow.

Stop—Look—Listen

It is interesting to watch him meet people. He is unaffected about it, but not undignified. He is graceful, cordial and simple. He has the persuasive manner and the broad tolerance of the man who has been much in politics; too much of it, maybe, for it all to be interest and unpolitical. His greatest asset is his smile. He'll get a lot of votes with that. It is a genuine sort of smile. People like it. He has shaken down into a capable candidate. He knows the mechanics of it all.

Calm and cautious as he is he is not inelastic. He has phrased every utterance so far, mid-August, with an eye to any future contingency that may arise. He is open to counsel and to advice. There will be no radical departures from his plans and policies, unless—that is, unless circumstances require it. Then his departure will not be radical. It will be reasonable and measured; cautious and contained. His opinion is that this country, as well as the world, is suffering from a severe attack of nerves. He is a nerve soother, not a nerve exciter.

Modern campaign necessities seem to demand what they call a slogan for each candidate—a war cry—and this in its various manifestations has been always the case in our politics. The Harding managers could do no better for Harding, nor get anything more descriptive or fitting, than to take the railroad warning: "Stop—Look—Listen." That embraces him like a cloak.

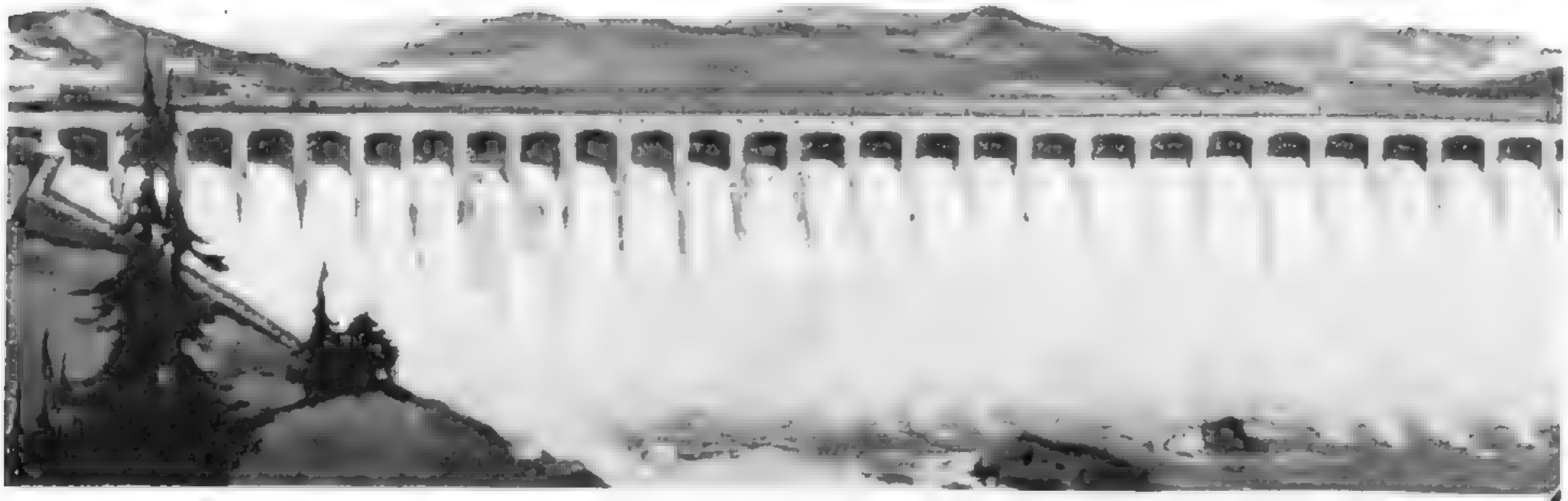
Years ago, just before the Spanish War, I met a famous congressman on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, just coming from the White House. He was stepping high. His hat was tilted a bit to the left. He twirled his stick jauntily and smiled genially.

"Judge," I said, "you seem to be feeling fit this morning."

"I am, my boy, I am. I have just been over to the White House to see the President, and he put his arm round my shoulder and said to me: 'Bill, on you, above all men, I am depending for help to win this war.' I've been opposing him some, but now I'm for him. He is depending on me."

And I passed on, marveling at the power McKinley had to make men his friends, none the less because I knew exactly how many others McKinley was depending on in the same manner, and with the same results, to help him win the war.

As for Harding—if Harding goes into the White House he'll get them, too, and in the same way. Don't forget that smile, that manner, that cordiality that is not undignified, and that dignity that is not uncordial. He'll depend on them; never fear of that; or at least they'll think he does, which amounts to the same thing, and will make a useful President of him provided he has the chance to operate.



Running Trains with Running Water

Across the lofty ranges of the Rockies, electric locomotives—the mightiest passenger locomotives in the world—propel the swift transcontinental flyers of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Down the slopes of these same ranges, rushing streams hurl their stupendous energy.

Unused and wasted for ages, these streams are now harnessed to generate electric power to drive the motors of these titan locomotives.

In "running trains with running water" over the peaks of the Great Divide, the C., M. & St. P. has achieved an epoch-making feat of engineering of the most far-reaching significance to electrical and railroading science and to the conservation of natural resources. With an ultimate saving of millions of tons of coal, electricity now drives 950-ton passenger trains at high speeds over 650 miles of some of the heaviest and longest railroad grades in the United States.

In the accomplishment of this revolutionizing railroading enterprise, Westinghouse has been privileged to play no small part. From its almost unlimited manufacturing and engineering resources it has provided much of the power and transmission equipment, ranging from the largest to the smallest operating units of the system.

The attention of the engineering world has been arrested by the huge 275-ton Baldwin-Westinghouse locomotives—the most powerful passenger locomotives in the world—built to operate over the Rocky Mountain divisions of the C., M. & St. P. Each, with a potential development of 4200 horsepower, is superior in hauling power to any type of steam locomotive.

Besides the development of such tremendous tractive capacity, the motors of these electrical giants, turned on descending grades into generators, brake the momentum of the train and generate power which is returned to the line to help other trains make the ascent. Air brakes are used only in emergencies and in making complete stops.

Other Notable Westinghouse Electrifications

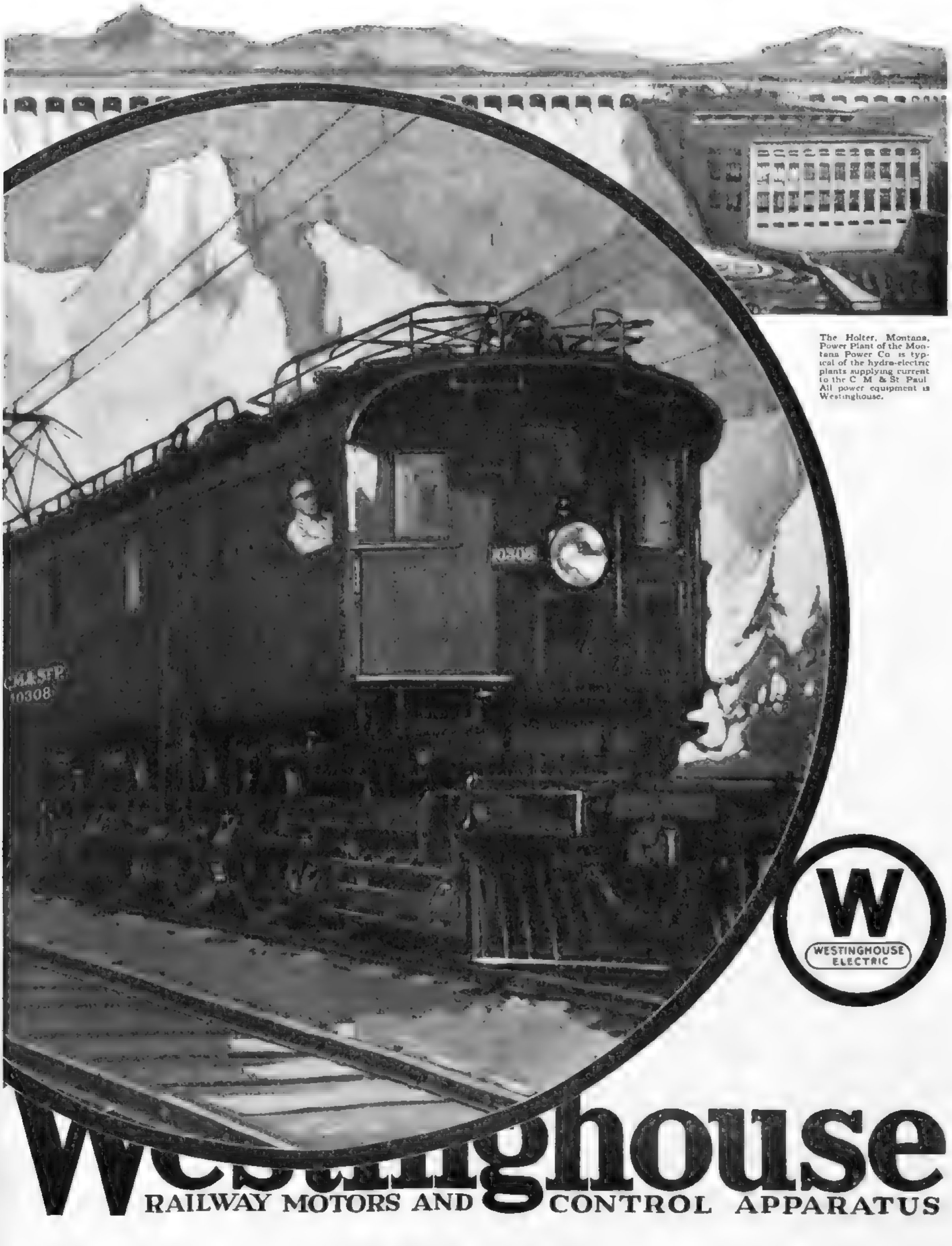
Many of the most important steam railroad electrifications in the country are complete Westinghouse installations. Among them are the Elkhorn Grade electrification of the Norfolk & Western Railway, the heaviest tonnage mountain grade electrification yet achieved; the New York, New Haven and Hartford electrification, the busiest four-track railroad in the world; the electrification of the New York Terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the world's most stupendous tunnel and terminal electrification; and the Philadelphia main line electrification of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the most important terminal installations in the United States.

The same engineering genius that developed these stupendous electrifications and harnessed mountain streams to drive gigantic locomotives has made Westinghouse pre-eminent in every application of electricity to industrial and domestic use.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Westinghouse

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT



The Holter, Montana, Power Plant of the Montana Power Co is typical of the hydro-electric plants supplying current to the C M & St Paul All power equipment is Westinghouse.

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

RAILWAY MOTORS AND CONTROL APPARATUS

THE PERFECT CRIME

(Continued from Page 19)

The house contained two rooms. One of them he arranged as a kitchen and dining room, the other as parlor and bedroom. Shortly after midnight he took the last car to Lawrenceton. It was half past one o'clock when he walked up the alley and inserted his key softly in the door of his apartment. He undressed without turning on the light and crept into bed, well satisfied with his day's work.

III

THE following morning Walter Griggs began his double existence. From eight-thirty A. M. to four P. M. he was Wally, the middle-aged messenger of the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank. At fifteen minutes past four he emerged from the rear door of the bank, after having changed his uniform for a suit of civilian clothes at the lockers, and repaired for a frugal repast at the dairy lunch round the corner, as he had done every day for years, since the restaurant was first opened. After supper he walked to his apartment and stayed there from fifteen to forty-five minutes. At the end of that time he left the house and walked to the electric railway terminus and boarded a car for Shoreham, or caught the car at various points a few blocks after it had left the terminus.

He was careful never to catch the same car more than twice a week, nor to board the car oftener than once a week at the same point. He was particular about this and followed a definite schedule of conduct laid out carefully on a sheet of paper from week to week. Also he wore different clothes as often as his limited wardrobe permitted. He possessed only three suits—a blue serge, a light gray one and an old brown one. He alternated them constantly, in different combinations. Sometimes he would wear a suit complete, sometimes the trousers of one and the coat and vest of another. This gave him several different combinations. His hats—he possessed only two, but purchased two more of widely different shapes, and a cap at a second-hand store—he also changed daily.

He followed religiously every little detail laid out by himself. The important thing was not to become a familiar figure to any conductor of the Shoreham line. The fact that car crews were changed often worked in his favor; also the fact that the cars were crowded to the doors at that time of the evening.

Two more details he followed carefully: He never omitted removing his spectacles a few minutes after leaving the house on Semple Street, and he always approached the railway terminus daily by different routes. Another thing—and this was perhaps the most important of them all, for there is nothing like teeth to change the contour of the human face—Wally changed his false teeth every night before leaving the house on Semple Street. Some twelve years earlier, before he had come to work at the Oil and Grain Commercial, he had had all his upper teeth removed because of pyorrheal infection of the gums. The dentist who made the false set had been more of a carpenter than a dentist. The set was an ill-fitting one. Wally had worn it as a makeshift for about a year, until he could afford to have a good set made by a high-class specialist. The old set he had stowed away in the bottom of his trunk for an emergency. It now came in handy. It altered the outline of the lower part of his face to a surprising degree. Being ill fitting and heavy it also impeded his speech slightly. He suffered great inconvenience at first. His gums had adjusted themselves to the new set until he was barely conscious of having false teeth. The old set bothered him. It took every ounce of will power to accustom himself to the old set.

Upon arriving in Shoreham, at dusk or, as winter approached, after dark, he strolled about town for an hour or so, making friends and establishing his identity there thoroughly. He would then proceed to his cottage on the cliffs, stay there for a while, and leave in time to catch a late car back to Lawrenceton. In this, fortune favored him again. The midnight run of a trolley is an undesirable one. To keep the car crews from being dissatisfied the company changes the men every week, so Wally's nocturnal trips to Lawrenceton were not observed continuously by any one crew.

Sundays and bank holidays—and there are many such, twenty to thirty a year—Wally spent abroad on the streets of Shoreham or fishing on the end of the breakwater. Thus at least for eighty days of the three hundred and sixty-five the identity of James Brown was being impressed upon the inhabitants of Shoreham.

James Brown became known as an ardent devotee of the rod and reel. His figure soon became a familiar one on the end of the breakwater. He made many friends. Fishermen are a gregarious lot. Most of them lived in Lawrenceton. Occasionally he took such a friend to his cottage on the cliffs and treated him to a dinner of freshly caught fish. James Brown became known to a select few as a mighty good fellow, whose acquaintance was worth cultivating when in Shoreham on a fishing excursion.

Wally had been established in Shoreham some two months when Halliday paid his first visit of the mackerel season to the breakwater with his high-priced reel and split-bamboo rod. The president of the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank was sitting one Sunday morning early on a wharf stringer smoking a cigar, with his eyes fixed contemplatively on his reel, when a small man took a seat beside him and proceeded to unstrap a wicker hamper and get ready for a day's fishing.

Halliday glanced up.

"Why, hello, Wally!" he grinned, with a strenuous attempt at democratic American jocularity. "I didn't know you were a fisherman."

The little man looked up, mildly inquiring, from his task of adjusting his reel to the rod.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely. "Aren't you mistaking me for someone else? My name is James Brown."

"Your name is what?" Halliday's jaw dropped. He stared at Wally for a moment in silence. "I'll be hanged!" he muttered then.

For a minute the two men sat side by side in silence. Then Halliday spoke:

"You said your name was Brown?"

"James Brown, of Chicago," Wally answered promptly.

A deprecating smile lurked at the corners of his mouth. He had rehearsed this scene over and over again. He felt very sure of himself. Halliday stole an awed glance out of the corner of his eye at him.

"Ever have a brother by the name of—Walter Griggs?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon?" Wally's eyebrows were raised in polite interrogation. "I have no brother, and if I did his name would hardly be Griggs."

Halliday's face turned red with embarrassment. He coughed apoplectically. "Of course not," he stammered hastily. "How stupid of me."

A few minutes passed in silence. Then Halliday spoke again. He was looking at the reel in Wally's hand. Wally had bought the reel at a knock-down price in a secondhand store on the water front. The reel was of an expensive make. Halliday's estimation of his neighbor rose several points.

"I hope you'll pardon my familiarity of a moment ago," the banker said. "Your likeness to an"—the word "employee" seemed a too disparaging one to a man who owned such a reel—"an acquaintance of mine is nothing short of phenomenal; astonishing. At first glance I thought I was mistaken. My—er—friend, Mr. Griggs ——" He paused and gave Wally a searching look. Wally smiled inwardly; to the humblest employee of the Oil and Grain Commercial he was never anything but plain Wally. "My friend, Mr. Griggs," Halliday resumed, "always wears glasses. He is quite nearsighted, I think. At second glance, however, I was sure you were Griggs." He paused again and frowned perplexedly. "Even now I can hardly believe that you are not."

After Thirty Minutes of Intermittent Sweating Wally Was Released From the Chair and Led, Staggering Blindly, to His Cell

Wally chuckled softly. "I should like very much to meet my double," he said.

Halliday's reel clicked. For the next two minutes he became absorbed in the task of reeling in a ten-pound halibut that had used the bad judgment of mistaking the banker's cunningly arranged sardine bait for the real article. Halliday reeled the fish to the edge of the wharf and prepared to land it in approved fisherman style. The halibut had, however, other views upon the subject. Halliday had a bad three minutes, during which time he thought he had lost the fish half a dozen times, when Wally lowered his gaff to the edge of the water, hooked the fish securely in the gills and drew it to safety.

Halliday was effusive with thanks. The big fish gave a few discouraged flops with its tail and gave itself up to the business of dying. Halliday shook hands solemnly with Wally across the quivering body of the halibut. At once an undying friendship was established between the banker and Mr. James Brown.

From that moment on Halliday began to cultivate Wally. He succeeded admirably. Wally was there to be cultivated. For a solid hour the two men talked tackle, bait, reels and everything appertaining to the art and guile of fishermen. Halliday found that his genial new acquaintance was almost as well informed upon these subjects as he was himself. They compared notes and observations, discussed currents and deep-sea temperatures. When there was a fine run of mackerel, shortly before noon, they raced each other to fill their hampers.

At two o'clock, when Halliday wound up his tackle after the best morning's fishing he had had in months, Wally invited him to his cottage on the cliffs for a bake of fresh-caught mackerel. Halliday beamed his assent.

The banker spent a most enjoyable afternoon with his new-found acquaintance at the latter's unpretentious cottage near Point Carvin. After a bounteous meal of juicy young mackerel baked in butter, with hot rolls, coffee and baked potatoes, the two men repaired with rocking-chairs to the grateful shade of the grove of pines which surrounded the house.

Halliday pulled out a cigar case, filled with his special blend of choice Havanas, and offered it to Wally. For the next two hours the banker surrendered himself to the pleasant effects of a well-filled stomach and the agreeable companionship of Mr. Brown. He grew mellow and reminiscent. Below them lay the ocean, bathed in the light of the late afternoon sun. The evening breeze stole soughing through the pine tops. The smoke from their excellent cigars mingled with the fragrance of the pines. Halliday was enjoying himself thoroughly.

Naturally the subject of Mr. Brown's striking likeness to Mr. Halliday's friend Griggs again came up. The two men discussed it at length. Halliday was a mild student of psychology. He found in Mr. Brown an interested listener. For once in his life Halliday had an opportunity to air his views upon a subject with which he was only slightly familiar, and therefore very earnest about, and he made the most of the opportunity. He discussed hereditary influences, environment, and the value of continual suggestion in determining the actions and lives of men.

Wally smiled grimly to himself as he thought of the money that had been left lying about to entrap him. Evidently Mr. Halliday's theories of psychology did not apply to the feeble intellects of janitors.

Growing mellow and confidential over the cigars Halliday finally admitted to Mr. Brown that the man he had mistaken him for was a bank messenger—his, Mr. Halliday's, own bank messenger, in fact. Of course Mr. Halliday saw now, since making Mr. Brown's acquaintance, how absurd this mistake must appear. They both laughed heartily over the absurdity of the notion, and then congratulated each other sincerely upon the result.

When at dusk Mr. Halliday gathered up his well-filled hamper to depart for Lawrenceton he shook hands with Mr. Brown warmly at the gate, and promised to be on hand at the end of the breakwater the following Sunday.

Wally remained at the gate watching Halliday's slight, almost boyish figure swinging down the trail to the street, until it was out of sight in the gathering dusk. When he returned to the house there was a half-humorous, half-serious smile on his lips.

"He's almost human," he sighed.

IV

MONDAY morning at nine-thirty Wally was sorting a sheaf of notes at a table near one of the front windows of the bank when Halliday entered and passed by the table on his way to his private office.

"Good morning, Mr. Halliday," Wally said courteously.

Halliday returned Wally's greeting with a perfunctory nod. Instinctively the banker had slacked up his pace at Wally's table. Wally's heavy-spectacled eyes were fastened upon the face of his superior interrogatively. Halliday's first impulse was to speak to Wally, but on second thought he changed his mind and passed on.

Wally gathered up his sheaf of notes, buttoned the coat of his uniform and started on his rounds.

Late in the afternoon, when he was checking in at the bookkeeper's window, Green, the assistant cashier, told Wally that Mr. Halliday wanted to see him in his private office.

"All right, Mr. Green," Wally said.

He picked up the receipt the bookkeeper had handed him and walked round the back of the tellers' cages and knocked on Halliday's door. Halliday's crisp voice bade him enter. When Wally's hand turned the knob his brain was filled with the same

(Continued on Page 127)

Recipe **Marshmallow Fruit Cocktail.** *Dissolve one tablespoonful cocoa in ... cup sugar in 2 tablespoonfuls boiling water. Cool mixture and add to cup of heavy cream flavored with ½ teaspoonful of vanilla. Cut 24 Angelus Marshmallows in quarters. Slice eight white grapes or cherries and cut in small piece ... slice of pineapple and two peaches. Reserve part of fruit and marshmallows and put all cream mixture to use in decorating dish. Mix rest with cream and place in glass cup. Pile the rest of cream mixture above and decorate with marshmallows and fruit.*

Pure as a ray of sunshine

The name **Angelus** is your assurance of marshmallows that are **as pure as a ray of sunshine.** Fluffy, delightful, delicious—they are a masterpiece of the confectioner's art.

It has cost us years of experience to learn to make Angelus Marshmallows so fluffy and short that they fairly melt as they touch your tongue. Lightness, not weight, is the true test of marshmallow quality.

Mark that package well in the picture above. It is wax-sealed to preserve for you all the original freshness and purity of these nationally famous marshmallows. Send for our free recipe book of delightful salads and desserts, edited by Janet McKenzie Hill.

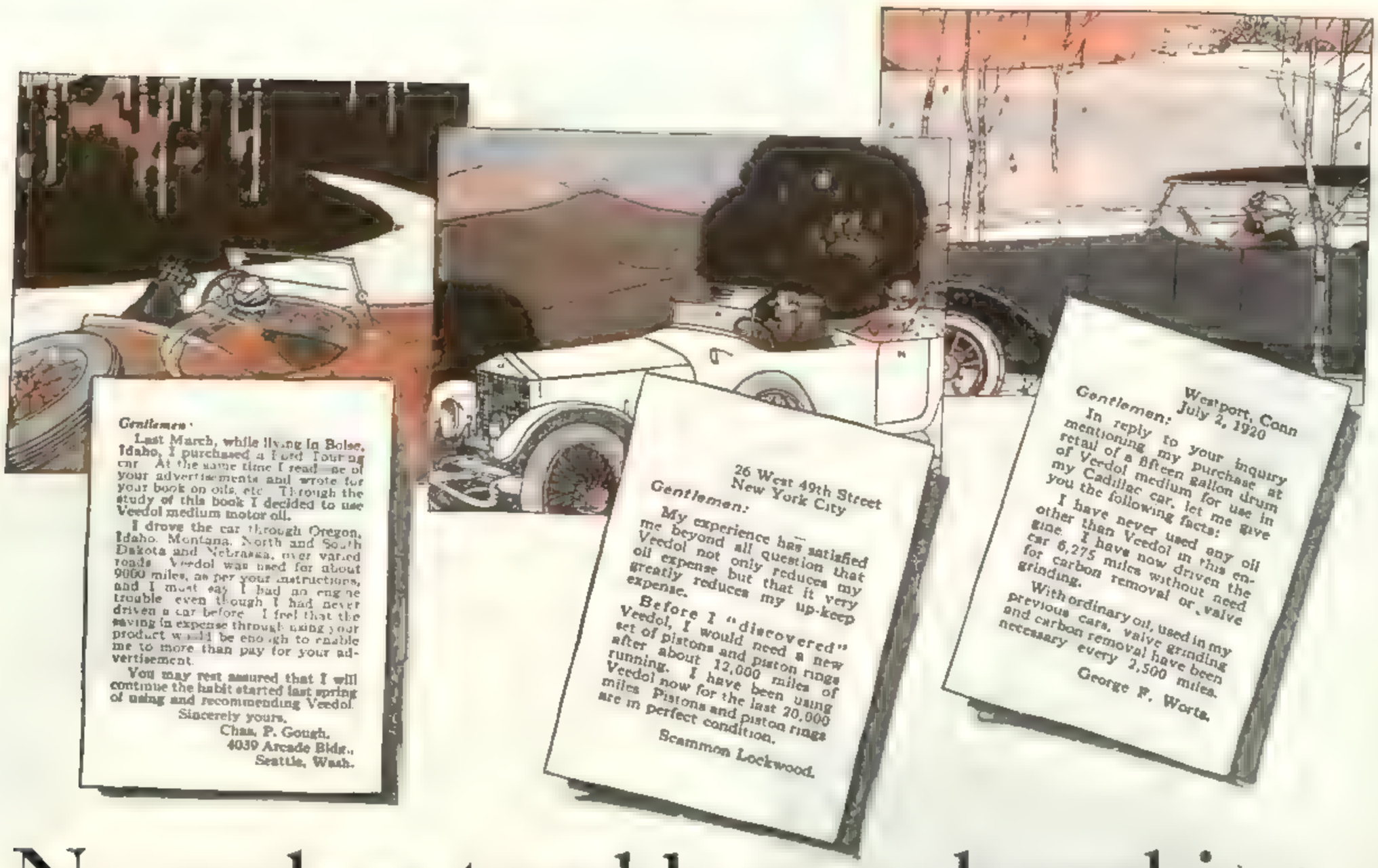
Your neighborhood dealer who sells candy will appreciate your Angelus patronage

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and other "RELIABLE" Confections
Chicago and Brooklyn

One Taste Invites Another

ANGELUS MARSHMALLOWS

Made by the Cracker Jack People



Gentlemen:

Last March, while living in Boise, Idaho, I purchased a Ford Touring car. At the same time I read one of your advertisements and wrote for your book on oils, etc. Through the study of this book I decided to use Veedol medium motor oil.

I drove the car through Oregon, Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota and Nebraska, over varied roads. Veedol was used for about 9000 miles, as per your instructions, and I must say I had no engine trouble even though I had never driven a car before. I feel that the saving in expense through using your product would be enough to enable me to more than pay for your advertisement.

You may rest assured that I will continue the habit started last spring of using and recommending Veedol.

Sincerely yours,
Chas. P. Gough,
4039 Arcade Bldg.,
Seattle, Wash.

26 West 49th Street
New York City

Gentlemen:

My experience has satisfied me beyond all question that Veedol not only reduces my oil expense but that it very greatly reduces my up-keep expense.

Before I "discovered" Veedol, I would need a new set of pistons and piston rings after about 12,000 miles of running. I have been using Veedol now for the last 20,000 miles. Pistons and piston rings are in perfect condition.

Beammon Lockwood.

Westport, Conn
July 2, 1920

Gentlemen:

In reply to your inquiry mentioning my purchase at retail of a fifteen gallon drum of Veedol medium for use in my Cadillac car, let me give you the following facts:

I have never used any oil other than Veedol in this engine. I have now driven the car 6,275 miles without need for carbon removal or valve grinding.

With ordinary oil, used in my previous cars, valve grinding and carbon removal have been necessary every 2,500 miles.

George F. Worts.

No carbon trouble—no knocking

After 3000 to 5000 miles of running

Gentlemen:

Yonkers' hills test a truck. With ordinary oil in the engine it would be necessary to stop twenty times a day to let it cool off. Carbon forms in the cylinders as though they were power house chimneys. It is to prevent trouble and delays like these that we use Veedol exclusively. It keeps down carbon, valve-grinding and engine trouble.

Sincerely yours,
Feuer's Express,
66 Main Street,
Yonkers, New York.

Gentlemen:

I have driven my Olds six thousand miles without need of carbon removal. Veedol is superior to all the lubricants I have tried.

Harold Cary,
29 Charlton Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

My Haynes is quieter, runs more smoothly and more powerfully, deposits less carbon and requires less repairs since I began using Veedol. The valves have not been ground for 8,000 miles but I rarely hear a knock on the worst hills.

Samuel H. Richey,
440 Riverside Drive,
New York.

These six experiences are typical of thousands of motorists in every state

HOW often do incessant engine knocks—lack of power on the hills—poor pickup in traffic, send you to the garage to have carbon removed?

Excess carbon deposits are the bugbear of thousands of motorists. It gathers unseen, destroying the efficiency of the engine, building up dangerous troubles to come, even before you notice the carbon knocks themselves.

You need not be troubled with this nuisance—over a million motorists have learned how to keep down carbon. The six letters tell how these motorists *prevent rapid carbonization.* These drivers travel 3000 to 5000 miles before having the carbon removed.

Ask some of your friends who use Veedol. They will tell you their experiences agree with these typical instances cited above.

The cause of excess carbon

Improper lubrication is the greatest cause of excess carbon deposits. Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. Large quantities of black sediment are formed which has *no lubricating value.* Even when first put in the engine, at operating temperatures, ordinary oil is too thin to prevent the escape of the unburned gases past the pistons. In consequence, all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. It is still further thinned down as the sediment forms.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

It escapes past the pistons, fouls the plugs, valves and firing chambers. Carbon rapidly forms. Bearings may burn out, knocks are incessant, power is feeble.

Though carbon deposits cannot be prevented entirely, carbon can be *greatly reduced.*

How the sediment problem was solved

To produce an oil that reduces sediment, engineers evolved the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

Veedol reduces the amount of sediment formed in the engine by 86%. This is graphically shown by the two bottles in the sediment test at the left. In spite of the lower grade gasoline in use today, Veedol maintains the piston seal, preventing piston leakage and contamination of oil in the crankcase. It also reduces evaporation from 30% to 70%—giving long mileage per gallon of oil.

Make this simple test—buy Veedol today

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol. A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power.

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Every Veedol dealer has a chart which shows the correct grade of Veedol for your car.

The new 100-page Veedol book on scientific lubrication will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL
Sales Corporation
1522 Bowling Green Bldg., New York

Branches and distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

"One of the chief causes of automobile engine troubles is ***cheap oil.*** *The motorist who drives up to a garage and takes any oil that is offered is measurably shortening the life of his car.* ***By paying a little more for an oil of a known quality, the average car owner can do away with a large percentage of his engine repair bills."***

(Signed) *A. LUDLOW CLAYDEN*
Consulting Engineer, author of leading papers on the gasoline engine.

(Continued from Page 124)

subtle sort of intoxication that he had experienced upon his promotion from janitor to messenger.

He opened the door, removed his cap and entered, closing the door softly behind him.

The president of the Oil and Grain Commercial looked up from his desk, stacked high with wire baskets containing the day's finished business.

"Sit down, Wally," Halliday said.

Wally sat down, balancing himself deferentially on the edge of a chair against the wall. Halliday leaned back in his chair and gave Wally one of his quick, scrutinizing glances. The merest suspicion of a smile lingered about the corners of the banker's mouth. He realized at once how ridiculous his mistaking of the genial Mr. Brown for this obsequious little self-effacing man with the absurd heavy-crystaled spectacles had been. He came to the point at once.

"Wally," he said, "the stockholders of the Oil and Grain Commercial have ordered an immediate ten per cent reduction in salaries." He reached out his hand and consulted a card. "Your present salary is seventy dollars a month. In the future it will be reduced to sixty-three dollars."

He paused and tossed the card back in the wire basket before him. Wally looked at his hands nervously.

"Yes, sir," he stammered without looking up.

A half smile, half sneer, flitted for an instant over Halliday's face. How easy these poor idiots were! Taking everything without a murmur of protest! No wonder the world belonged to a few chosen ones. Halliday was very sure that he himself was one of the chosen ones. Just the same, he felt a momentary tweak of conscience when he remembered that the reduction in salaries was the direct result of his own demand of twenty per cent increase in remuneration. Bank presidents of Halliday's unquestioned ability were about as common as hen's teeth, so the stockholders had decided upon this ingenious scheme to reimburse themselves for Halliday's demands.

"Anything else, sir?" Wally inquired dejectedly.

Halliday looked at the slight figure in the chair opposite. Wally was fidgeting nervously with the visor of his cap. Suddenly Halliday had an inspiration. He would take Wally with him on his fishing trip to Shoreham the following Sunday. The man looked as if a day's outing would do him good. Halliday would have a good joke on his friend Brown, and, besides, Wally would come in handy to lug the hamper to the end of the breakwater and back to the car.

"Would you like to go fishing with me next Sunday, Wally?" the banker asked condescendingly.

Wally looked up. His face was surmounted with a faint flush that might have been embarrassment, might have been reproach.

"Mr. Halliday," he stammered, "I—I thank you for your kind invitation, but I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not, Wally?"

Wally hesitated. His embarrassment was painful.

"Well, you see, sir—the fact is, I—go to church every Sunday. I'm afraid my pastor wouldn't like it."

Halliday laughed indulgently.

"Then you consider it wicked to fish on Sunday?" he asked.

Wally squirmed uneasily on the edge of his chair.

"I'd rather not answer your question, Mr. Halliday," he stammered.

"It's all right, Wally," Halliday grinned. "You needn't commit yourself. This is a free country." He rose. "That's all, Wally."

When the door had closed upon Wally, Halliday reached for his hat.

"The poor boob," he soliloquized.

Half an hour later, when Wally was shedding his uniform at the lockers, he made the same identical observation regarding Mr. Halliday.

▼

AS THE months passed Wally grew conscious of a curious reaction of feeling. The contemplation of what he meant to do no longer excited him. He grew to look upon it as a man does toward the goal of his ambitions after a long and careful preparation to fit himself for a certain position. A draftsman apprentice of architecture, who by close application and study hopes some day to plan and erect structures of intricate design and originality, perhaps experiences the same feelings that Wally did. The draftsman knows that close study and the utmost care of detail are necessary for success. Wally never forgot this for a moment. He grew to love the part he was playing, as much for its own sake as for its ultimate consummation. For the first time in his life he had discovered the value of a hobby. He was not aware of it in this light perhaps, but the exhilaration he drew from it was something far greater than could be measured in mere dollars and cents. The instinct to accomplish and create which lies dormant in most of us had been awakened in him. The venture upon which he had embarked was his masterpiece.

So, when the opportunity presented itself some eleven months later he was ready. A few minutes before noon one day a package containing in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of negotiable securities was handed him to deliver without delay to the offices of Dutton & Co., a firm of uptown brokers.

Wally knew that these securities, though negotiable, could easily be traced by their numbers. He also knew that the offices of Dutton & Co. were closed during the noon hour—from twelve to one. This latter fact was most propitious. The ability of the bank to trace the bonds by their numbers did not enter into the consideration at all.

Wally's scheme was a far cleverer one than merely stealing the bonds, which in itself was a simple matter. Also, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was far beyond Wally's simple needs. A lesser amount—say twenty-five thousand dollars—was sufficient. Twenty-five thousand dollars at six per cent was fifteen hundred a year; more than double his present salary. Wally could live, for him, almost riotously on fifteen hundred dollars a year.

When Wally passed out into the hallway behind the vault, with the package of bonds buttoned tightly inside his coat, he did not leave the bank through the back door at once, as was his habit. Instead he walked downstairs to the locker rooms in the basement.

In the wall facing the lockers a large fireproof vault with a door of manganese steel had been built. The vault was used as a depository for old records and filing cases, records that dated back twenty years and more; a miscellaneous collection of yellow dusty papers in old-fashioned cardboard filing cases.

Wally was in possession of the combination of the vault, which contained nothing of negotiable value. From time to time he was sent down to this vault for filing cases when some old record had to be consulted.

Wally paused before the door of the vault and listened. Hearing no sound he began to twirl the knob. A moment later the bolt fell. He swung the door open and stepped within, switching on the light. Walking quickly to the rear of the vault he drew from the inside of his coat the package of bonds and placed the package on the top shelf behind a filing case marked "Miscellaneous Records—1901-02, Inclusive."

Then he turned off the light, stepped out of the vault and closed the massive door. He had just given the knob the necessary twirl to lock it when he heard steps on the iron stairway. It was Carr, the senior teller, coming down for his hat before going to lunch.

Carr gave Wally a nod, opened the door of his locker and departed. Wally followed him up the stairs. A few minutes later the two men were eating their lunch at different tables near each other in the dairy lunch round the corner. Wally was through a few minutes before Carr. When the messenger paid his check at the door and passed out Carr was still eating.

Wally walked briskly north on Broadway to his apartment on Semple Street, and changed his uniform for a suit of civilian clothes. The uniform he put in a small hand satchel. Snapping the satchel shut he passed out into the alley and walked briskly by a circuitous route to the terminus of the electric railway, where he boarded a car for Shoreham.

At one o'clock Green, the assistant cashier, returned from lunch. He left instructions at the information desk to send Wally to his counter as soon as the messenger returned. By one-thirty Green was growing impatient, when the phone rang. It was Anderson, the cashier, speaking from his office out in front.

"Dutton & Co. just called, Mr. Green," said Anderson. "Please have those bonds sent over at once. Mr. Dutton has an out-of-town customer waiting for them."

Green was conscious of a shock passing through his body. He sensed at once that something was wrong. Before replying he drew his breath in sharply.

"Mr. Anderson, Wally left here with the bonds an hour and a half ago," he said quietly.

Anderson did not answer at once. Green felt the foreboding of disaster transmitted along the trembling cord. Anderson's reply was terse.

"Come to my office at once," he said.

When Green hung up the receiver Carr, the senior teller, was standing at his elbow. Green gave Carr a quick, frightened glance.

"Haven't seen Wally, have you, Carr?" he asked imploringly.

Carr knew about the bonds. He gave Green a startled look.

"Wally was in the dairy lunch at a quarter past twelve when I was there," he replied.

Green rose. "Come with me to Anderson's office at once," he said.

For fifteen minutes the three men were closeted together. President Halliday was out of town on business. Anderson, the cashier, was therefore in charge. At two o'clock he called Dutton & Co. on the phone for the third time. The messenger had not yet arrived with the bonds. Mr. Dutton's voice was petulant. His customer was growing weary of the delay.

Anderson rang off. For a moment he sat staring at his two subordinates, with his hand clutching the telephone instrument. When he took the receiver off the hook and called a detective agency a moment later his face was white as chalk:

"Oil and Grain Commercial Bank speaking. Please send a man as quick as possible," he said with an effort to control his voice.

The voice at the other end of the phone asked a few quick questions and rang off. A man would be over at once. Then Anderson got the city detective bureau on the phone and reported. Captain Summers, of the metropolitan squad, promised to have a man on the job in ten minutes.

Anderson hung up and rose. He turned to Green and Carr.

"Not a word of this to anyone. Understand?" he said. "I'll call you both later."

The two men nodded and passed out of the office.

Thain, of the metropolitan squad, was the first man to arrive. Thain was a pleasant-voiced man with small black eyes and a humorous mouth. His manner was gentle, his attitude serene and unruffled. He was not at all the conventional sleuth of fiction. For this reason he was perhaps the most successful detective in that section. He sometimes failed to get his man, but his successes far outweighed his failures. The Armada Street murder was one of his record performances. In less than twenty-four hours he had brought Harvey Putz, the murderer, to justice, by using nothing but ordinary horse sense. Other detectives overlooked the obvious. Thain rarely overlooked anything. That was the secret of his success. For fifteen minutes he listened to Anderson, making notes in pencil on a pad before him from time to time. At the end of the fifteen minutes Thain rose, shook hands with Anderson and left.

All he said before leaving was: "I'll report at closing time, Mr. Anderson. Please wait."

"I'll wait," said Anderson. His voice was hoarse with emotion.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a nightmare for the cashier of the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank. Hoping against hope for Wally to show up, Anderson delayed sending a message to Halliday. At four o'clock he sent a telegram asking Mr. Halliday to return at once.

He had just handed the message to the waiting telegraph messenger when Thain was announced.

The detective took a seat at the desk opposite the cashier. His report was discouraging.

"I've found out no more than I knew when I left here two hours ago," Thain said. "As far as I've got, the last man to see Walter Griggs was Carr, your senior teller, when they were eating at the dairy lunch round the corner. The landlady of the apartment house where Griggs lives stated that she had not seen him since he left for work at eight this morning. I showed my badge and was admitted to his rooms. There is every evidence that if he did commit the robbery it was done on the spur of the moment. His clothes are still in the closet. The dresser drawers are full of underwear and shirts; the kitchen shelves are stocked with food. He has lived there a good many years—six or seven, the landlady said." Thain paused. "From a superficial examination," he resumed, "I should say that everything points to an accident. But I called every hospital on the phone, including the receiving hospital and the morgue, and investigated the report of accidents turned in at headquarters for the day, without result. No man in uniform has been reported hurt or killed, nor admitted anywhere for surgical treatment."

Anderson was frightened in earnest now. He was breathing heavily.

"What would you suggest?" he asked hoarsely.

Thain frowned.

"Don't worry," he said. "We've got every outgoing train, bus line and boat covered. We've notified every city and town within a radius of two hundred miles. He can't get away. Besides, the bonds are numbered. He will not dare try to dispose of them in this state, and he will never get out of the county, much less the state." Thain rose and held out his hand. "Now go home and forget it, Mr. Anderson. Leave the worrying to us. That's what we are here for. Good-by."

Anderson held out his hand with a wan smile.

"Good-by, Mr. Thain—and thank you," he said.

▼

WHEN Wally awoke the following morning he was conscious of a feeling of reaction. He was weary to the point of exhaustion. For eleven months he had been on a continual strain. It was all over now. The deed he had so carefully planned and lived with for nearly a year had been done. Yet, so far, he was not a thief. The one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds was still in the bank, safely stowed away. Yet from now on Walter Griggs, the messenger of the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank, was a criminal, a social outcast. James Brown was a respected citizen of Shoreham.

The first thing Wally did upon rising was to take a walk down the path to the edge of the cliffs. The night before he had hidden his messenger's uniform in a crevice between the rocks. He leaned over the edge of the cliff and assured himself that the uniform was well hidden. The crevice was a natural one, caused by the action of the fall rains upon the soft sandstone cliffs. The crevice could not be seen from the top of the cliffs without leaning over.

When he returned to the house he checked every item once more, to assure himself that there was no object that could in any way link him with the past. At various secondhand stores in Lawrenceton he had purchased a complete new outfit of clothes. His old clothes he had disposed of gradually as they were replaced, for trifling sums, to other secondhand stores. Even his neckties he discarded. These he burned. The shirt, collar and underwear which he had worn the day before he also burned, lest the laundry marks upon them should furnish the detectives a clew to betray him. The only two things he kept were his spectacles and his extra set of teeth. He would need both again soon. He hid them both in the bottom of a package of rolled oats and filled the package carefully again with the cereal.

Along in the forenoon he dressed and went downtown. He was reasonably sure that he would be arrested during the day. His likeness to Wally, the bank messenger, was too striking to pass unnoticed very long. By this time Walter Griggs' description, perhaps even his picture, was in the hands of every police department in the country. The first officer who saw him would recognize him instantly. Therefore Wally made himself as conspicuous as possible. He was anxious to have the ordeal over with.

He made his rounds about town leisurely. He felt not the least suggestion of fear. At a corner cigar stand he bought himself a cigar and chatted pleasantly with the proprietor for a moment. Smoking was the one thing that bothered Wally. He had never smoked in his life before embarking upon this venture. Even now, after eleven months of sporadic smoking, it still nauseated him slightly. The memory of his first cigar with Mr. Halliday nine months ago never quite left him. Wally had had a very bad hour or two after Halliday had left

(Continued on Page 130)

THE WORLD WORKS IN CROWN OVERALLS

You men who wear Crown Overalls, it is you who have spread their name and fame throughout the length and breadth of the world.

You know, as none others can know, the fit, the wear, the service Crowns give. You know their comfort, their strength, their roominess.

Fit—Weight—Service

You know, from experience, that Crown Overalls are made to *fit*, with ample roominess where it is needed, yet no bagginess, no awkwardness. You know that there is no pinching in the crotch, no tightness in the seat, no binding anywhere.

You know the staunch and sturdy quality of their Indigo Blue Denim—overweight—tough as buckskin—yet soft and pliable, conforming to every movement of the body. You know how it stands the yanks and strains, how it gives protection from oil, grease, dust, dirt, rust, heat, cold.

Thoroughbred garments

Crowns are made to stand up to the grind of hard work, day in and day out. The seams are double-sewed and felled, reinforced at the points of strain. The threads and trimmings are the best. The rise is high, the seat roomy, the legs wide.

And the pockets—there's one for every purpose, all generously cut, double-stitched and stayed. You know that no matter how low you stoop, your watch will never fall out of the Crown watch pocket. This one feature alone is enough to make all workers prefer Crowns.

The suspenders are broad, elastic, adjustable—detachable, or continuous in one piece with the back. The brass buttons are as secure as if they were welded on. The greatest overall value the world has ever seen—that's what Crowns give you. And remember, you get a new pair free if they do not prove satisfactory.

Union made under right conditions

You know, too, that garments like Crown Overalls could be made only under right conditions. Crowns are made by union workers in a plant where there is every modern convenience, every facility for doing good work—the largest and most modern overall plant in the world. An entire floor is devoted exclusively to the welfare and comfort of employés.

Boys' and children's overalls

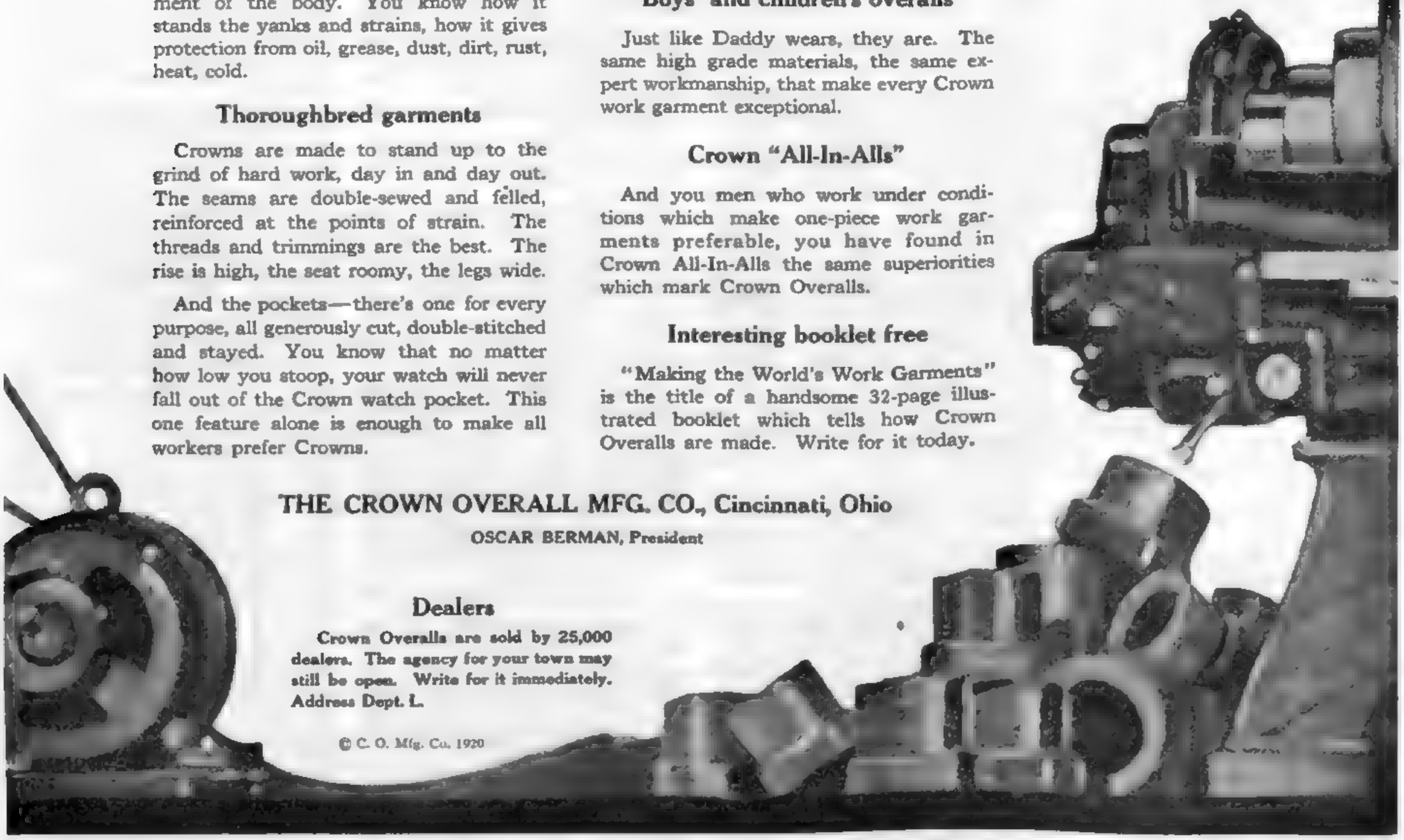
Just like Daddy wears, they are. The same high grade materials, the same expert workmanship, that make every Crown work garment exceptional.

Crown "All-In-Alls"

And you men who work under conditions which make one-piece work garments preferable, you have found in Crown All-In-Alls the same superiorities which mark Crown Overalls.

Interesting booklet free

"Making the World's Work Garments" is the title of a handsome 32-page illustrated booklet which tells how Crown Overalls are made. Write for it today.



THE CROWN OVERALL MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

OSCAR BERMAN, President

Dealers

Crown Overalls are sold by 25,000 dealers. The agency for your town may still be open. Write for it immediately. Address Dept. L.

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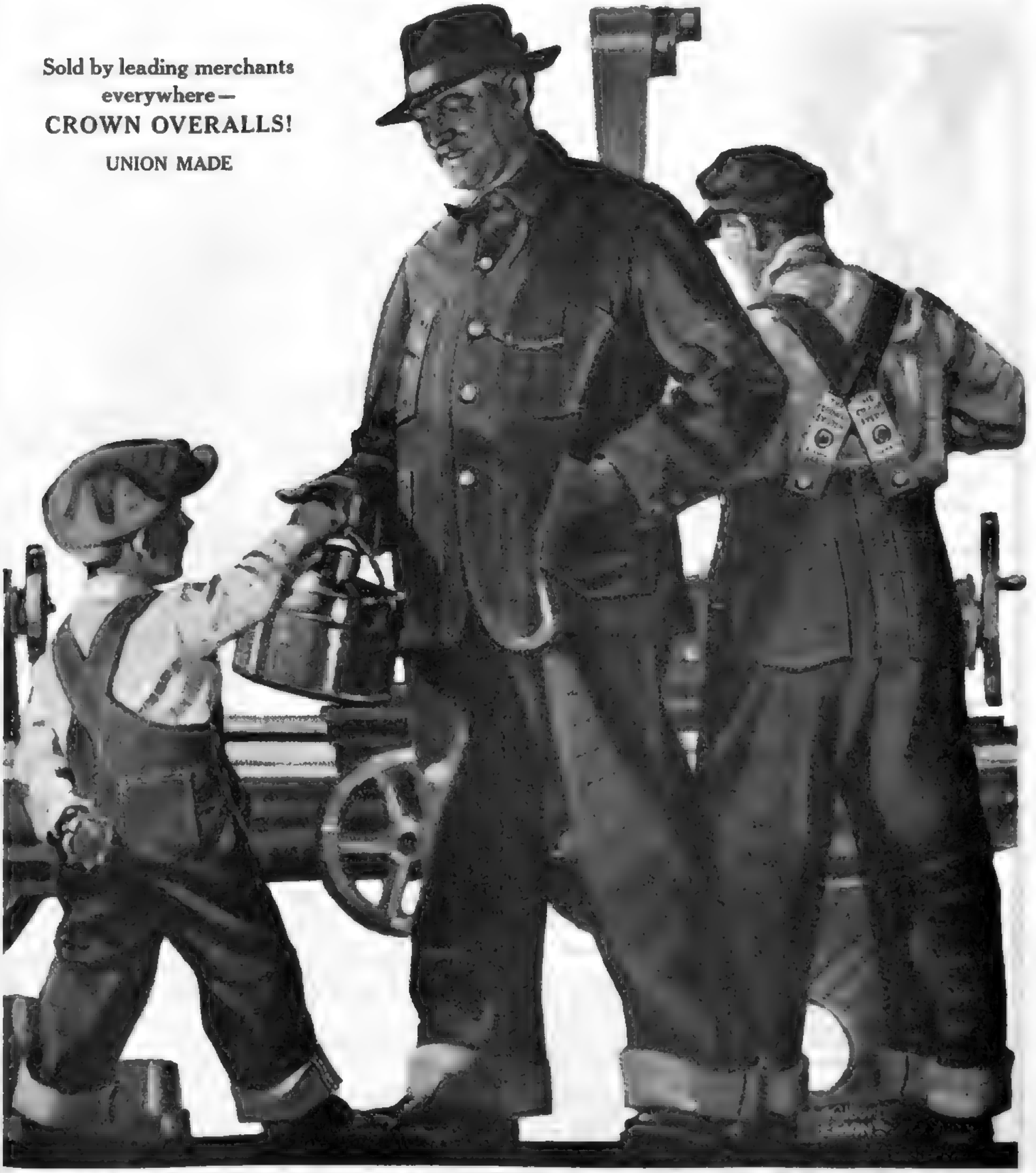
THE CROWN OVERALL UNION MADE

CROWN

Sold by leading merchants
everywhere—
CROWN OVERALLS!
UNION MADE



OVERALLS

LEATHER INSIDE-
Style Outside

"HELLO, Dad!"

Gives you sort of a glow of pride—doesn't it?—when you meet that chip-o'-the-old-block swinging home from school!

But keeping him in clothes is a problem, isn't it? Well, Jack O'Leather easily solves it.

Jack O'Leather Suits are for in-school and out-of-school wear. They're tailored of All-Wool fabrics on youthfully smart lines.

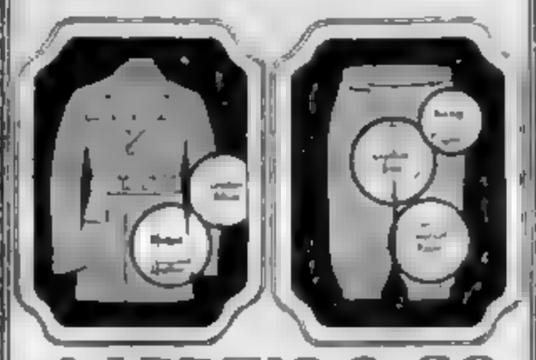
But best of all, they're sturdily lined at the wear spots—knees, seat, elbows and pockets—with strong, lightweight, washable leather.

That's why Jack O'Leather Suits give *double wear*—why they *cost so much less* in the long run—why we can *guarantee* them.

There's a Jack O'Leather dealer in *your* town. If you cannot find him write direct to us.

The Diagrams tell the Story

"Leatherized" where the wear comes with a lining of soft, pliable real leather at seat, knees, elbows and pockets.



J. J. PREIS & CO.
636-638 BROADWAY
New York City

(Continued from Page 127)

that night. Every time since, when he purchased a cigar it was with a supreme effort that he forced himself to smoke part of it. But he endured it for the sake of the success of his venture.

When he strolled into the drug store, next door to the Marine Bank, ten minutes later, for a soda to take away the taste of the cigar he glanced at the morning paper prominently displayed on the rack near the door. He drank the soda deliberately, paid for it, and laid an extra nickel on the counter for the paper. As he passed out he took one of the papers off the rack and read the account of the theft. The papers played it up strong. There was an enlarged two-column cut of himself in the middle of the page. He smiled. They had used the picture which he had left conspicuously for that purpose in the top drawer of his dresser at the house on Semple Street. Above the picture—clear across the page, was printed in bold type: "One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars in Valuable Securities Missing." Underneath, in smaller type: "Mysterious Disappearance of Trusted Bank Messenger."

Wally read the account over twice. The reporter had spread himself—with conjectures—every one of them as startling as it was naïve. Foul play, accident, aphasia, theft were discussed at length. Not one of the reporter's theories came within miles of what had actually happened.

Wally chuckled to himself softly, doubled up the paper and threw it into the gutter. Then he walked through the door of the Marine Bank, a few steps from the drug store.

At the table near the window he drew out his check book and wrote out a check for ten dollars. While he was entering the amount upon the stub of the check a man came into the bank and walked straight to the paying-teller's window. Wally knew the man the moment he saw him. It was Thain, of the metropolitan squad. Wally had seen Thain often.

The bank had just opened. There were only a few customers. Thain conversed with the paying teller at the teller's window for a few minutes. Wally saw Thain draw a piece of cardboard from his pocket and hand it to the teller. The two men bent their heads over the piece of cardboard. Then Thain passed round the teller's cage and through a door marked "Private." As the detective turned away from the window Wally caught a glance of the piece of cardboard in Thain's hand. His nearsightedness prevented him from being positive of its nature, but he felt instinctively that it was a print of the photograph in the morning paper. His surmise was soon to be verified.

Wally walked up to the teller's window and pushed his check under the wicket with a pleasant "Good morning."

The teller knew Mr. Brown well. Mr. Brown's account, though modest, was a very satisfactory one. Small accounts like Mr. Brown's, of a few hundred dollars all-the-year-round balance, are the cornerstones of banks.

The teller returned Wally's pleasant greeting and glanced mechanically at the [illegible]ount line.

"Two five-dollar bills, please," Wally said easily.

The teller looked up at Wally and blinked his eyes. For several moments his gaze remained fastened upon Wally. He seemed to be thinking. The cancellation stamp in his right hand was poised in mid-air for a moment. When he brought it down on the face of the check the letters blurred slightly. He looked at the blurred letters thoughtfully and sighed. Then he placed the check slowly in the rack behind him and reached for the currency tray. While he was fingering the notes after wetting the tips of his fingers on the sponge in the glass receptacle beside him he glanced at Wally over his shoulder.

Wally was leaning against the counter, pleasantly expectant. The teller ran his hand over his eyes and passed the two bills under the wicket to Wally.

"Nice day, Mr. Leonard," Wally said as he doubled up the bills and stuck them in his watch pocket.

The teller leaned against the marble top of the counter and drew a long breath.

"What did you say? Oh, yes—nice—weather, isn't it?" he stammered inanely.

Wally moved away from the window and passed into the street. As he turned out of the door he glanced over his shoulder and saw the teller leave the cage hurriedly and walk to the door through which Thain had disappeared. Wally smiled grimly. The teller was going in to adjust his scattered wits with another look at the picture in Thain's hand.

Outside the drug store Wally paused uncertainly. Arrest was only a matter of moments now. He decided to return to the bank and have it over with. He had hardly entered and seated himself upon the cushioned seat near the door when Leonard and Thain came out of the rear door into the lobby. The teller gave Wally a startled glance and looked at Thain significantly. The two men crossed the tiled floor to where Wally was sitting. Wally looked up with a smile. The teller paused before Wally embarrassedly.

"Mr. Brown," he said with a nod at the plain-clothes officer, "meet my friend Mr. Thain."

Wally looked from one to the other in mild surprise. Then he rose and held out his hand to Thain.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. ——"

"Thain, of the metropolitan squad," Thain supplied. His small black eyes bored into Wally's like gimlets.

"Oh, yes," Wally answered uncertainly. He looked at Leonard as if for an explanation.

The teller coughed nervously. "Mr. Thain would like—to speak to you in private—for a moment," he stammered. "Will you step into the cashier's office, Mr. Brown?"

"Certainly," Wally agreed readily. He smiled at Thain. Thain returned the smile with some mental reservation.

A moment later Thain and Wally were seated at the desk in the cashier's office. The teller had returned to his post. The cashier had not yet come down. Thain and Wally were alone.

It was characteristic of Thain that he should open the attack upon the premise that the man before him knew all about the matter and that the jig was up. Assuming the know-it-all attitude is a time-honored and often very efficacious ruse to cause culprits to give themselves away in the heat of denials.

Thain had worked this successfully before, so he leaned back in his chair and said, "What's your game, Griggs?"

Wally looked at Thain in mild surprise. His pale blue eyes were raised half in question, half in reproach.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" he said.

Thain's small black eyes snapped.

"You can't put it over, son," he said. "It's been worked too often."

Wally had a momentary spasm of panic. He wondered if he had slipped up somewhere. Thain's next words reassured him. The man was bluffing.

"We traced four of the bonds already," Thain said, and immediately regretted the statement.

"You did what? Traced—what bonds?" Wally asked.

Thain tapped the edge of the desk softly with the tips of his fingers. His voice was gentle.

"You can't get away with it, Griggs," he insisted. He reached for his inside coat pocket, pulled out the picture and laid it on the desk in front of Wally. Wally glanced at the picture. His jaw dropped not in fear but with well-simulated astonishment. He turned the picture over and looked at the back of it. Thain, alert as a cat, watched him from his chair. Wally laid the picture on the desk and ran his hand over his eyes.

"Well, I declare!" he gasped.

"Pretty good likeness, Griggs," Thain said pleasantly.

Wally gave Thain a troubled, reproachful look.

"It is a good likeness of me—yes," he said. He paused and glanced at the picture again. "I might almost believe it was me—except for one thing."

"And what is that?" Thain purred softly.

"I never had my picture taken in my life," Wally grinned.

"Tell it to the marines, Griggs," Thain grinned back.

"Sir!"

The exclamation was one of rebuke, outraged honor and quiet anger. In spite of himself Thain felt himself start guiltily. The sincerity of the man's tone was disconcerting.

Wally rose. His mild face showed the traces of proper, righteous anger.

"This interview is at an end," he said quietly. "I shall lodge a complaint with the officers of this institution. I don't know what you are talking about. I think you are crazy. That is the only premise that can excuse your conduct."

He started for the door, wondering if he had played his hand too strong. Arrest was necessary for the success of the scheme. But Thain was not so easily bluffed as that. Wally was relieved when Thain commanded him in no uncertain tones to return to his chair. The detective leaned across the desk and wagged his finger in Wally's face.

"Come through with the bonds or go to jail, Griggs," he said. "If you return them intact there'll be no prosecution. Those are my instructions. If not you'll go over the road for ten years—perhaps longer."

Thain paused. His ultimatum had one effect, and one only—the man in the chair opposite seemed struck speechless with amazement. He sat hunched in the chair staring at Thain with wide, fixed eyes. Presently he lifted one hand and passed the hand across his eyes as if to brush away some unpleasant vision.

"Would you please—tell me just what you—mean?" he stammered.

"Sure," said Thain. "Yesterday at noon you absconded with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds from the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank in Lawrenceton. That's what I mean. You know."

Wally seemed to be swallowing something. His face at once illumined then, as with a sudden thought. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. He paused and regarded Thain with a mixture of contempt and pity. "You said the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank?"

"I did," Thain answered wearily.

Wally laughed. "Thain," he said, "you're making an infernal ass of yourself." His face grew sober. "Mr. Halliday will appreciate this—joke."

"No doubt," said Thain. He grinned. "Your memory seems to be working again."

Wally frowned. "My memory has never yet failed me on any matter of importance," he retorted.

"Fine," said Thain. "This is an important matter—very. Suppose you remember what you did with the bonds."

Wally's frown deepened. "Listen, Thain." A dangerous note crept into his voice. "Don't carry this thing too far. You'll be sorry. Mr. Halliday and I are close friends. I've known Mr. Halliday personally for nearly a year. He has been to my house scores of times this past summer."

"Personal friends—that's good!" said Thain. He looked at Wally through narrowed lids. He was confident that the man before him was Walter Griggs. Just the same he felt himself slipping. "Go on," he said doggedly.

"This may interest you, Thain," Wally resumed in a steady voice. "Mr. Halliday and I first became acquainted by his making the same mistake that you are making now."

He told Thain briefly about his first meeting with Halliday on the end of the breakwater nine months earlier.

"I read the account of the crime in the paper this morning," he went on. "The coincidence that the man whom I had been mistaken for should be the very one to commit the robbery gave me a jolt. I did not, however, suspect that my likeness to the man was striking enough to place me in such a humiliating position as the present one." He glanced at the picture again. "I see now that you're to be excused. Nevertheless, you're making a fool of yourself, Thain. Everybody in Shoreham knows me. I've lived here for a year. Why, I have an account in this very bank. I will go to Lawrenceton with you this moment if you wish. Mr. Halliday himself will vouch for me."

"You'll go to Lawrenceton with me all right," said Thain. "Halliday is on his way back. The train he is on will be in at two this afternoon."

"Then it won't be necessary for us to start until this afternoon," Wally suggested. "I've some business I want to attend to before I go."

Thain gave Wally a glance of quick scrutiny. He laughed shortly.

"We'll go now, this minute. I'm not taking any chances."

"Very well," said Wally.

Thain rose. From his pocket he took a pair of handcuffs. He held the handcuffs out to Wally with a smile.

"Just for safety's sake," he said pleasantly.

(Concluded on Page 133)

EIGHTH OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

What is a Renewed MARMON 34?

How does it compare with a new car of like price?

THESE are questions being asked rather generally by wide-awake motorists who realize that a revision of values has taken place.

Men who formerly would think only in terms of a *new* car when contemplating a purchase, are now confronted by an alternative.

"I am about to buy a touring car," a man figures. "I want to pay from $2,500 to $3,500, so as to get a good car. Shall it be some *new* car or a Renewed Marmon 34?"

So many men have studied this question and decided in favor of the Renewed Marmon 34 that it is almost an obligation now—unless one buys blindly—to make a serious comparison.

Not "second hand"— not "overhauled"

THE Marmon Method of Renewal signifies a Marmon 34 made new again—brought back to where it eliminates your consideration of previous ownership and mileage—a car accompanied by a Certificate of Renewal which is synonymous with the sort of a Guarantee you receive in buying a new car.

A Renewed Marmon 34 must bring to you the assurance that you possess as fine a car as man makes—finer than most—a car you will be proud of, a car of great prestige—a car that brings you greater satisfaction than a new car of like price.

A Renewed Marmon 34 looks like new. It performs like new. It shows not a single compromise with new-car standards.

Every part is new or like new. There is replacement wherever necessary. To earn the Certificate of Renewal, the Authorized Marmon Distributor must send us a complete report of all work done and the exact condition of the car upon renewal. We keep the records at the factory.

Only Authorized Marmon Distributors are equipped to Renew our way. They have joined in this, the most advanced system yet conceived. He who purchases any Marmon 34 from other than an Authorized Marmon Distributor is not getting the genuine.

The way for the wise

THE Renewed Marmon 34 has come to market as a result of years of planning. It owes its success to those two fundamental principles advocated and put into effect by Marmon—Advanced Engineering and Stabilized Design.

A Marmon of the 34 Series is a Marmon 34 always, whether new or Renewed, whether built in 1915 or today. Your investment is permanent.

Our Method of Renewal restores a Marmon 34 to new-like serviceability—all of which means a finer car for you at a lower price.

A comparison is simple. Visit an Authorized Marmon Distributor. Become acquainted with a Renewed Marmon 34. Then compare it to new cars of like price.

The MARMON 34

Pennant Awarded to Nordyke & Marmon Co., Nov. 1, 1918, by United States Government, Bureau of Aircraft Production, for Oct. Competition. Permanently Awarded Nov. 16.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1851 :: INDIANAPOLIS

"Let Nature mellow your tobacco an' that tobacco will sure mellow your nature."

Velvet Joe

"I agree with you, Joe- it's just real folksy."

VELVET tobacco is *all* "Nature." More—it is all good nature. One touch of it—one pipeful—from man to man—helps make the world "kind" as well as "kin."

At the very start, Nature endows Velvet with good breeding in Kentucky's limestone soil. Here grows the Burley tobacco "heart leaf" that Time mellows into Velvet. Two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads takes away harshness; puts in mildness and fragrance.

Velvet makes friends in the time-tried way. It's kind—it doesn't bite or "talk back"—it's just real "folksy."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Velvet in Canisters

Dip your pipe into a canister of Velvet. Your fingers "sense" Velvet's smoothness and moist freshness, kept there by the sealed inner wrapping of tin foil. Pound and half-pound sizes.

America's smoothest smoke

(Concluded from Page 130)

"This is an outrage!" Wally spluttered. He made a brief show at struggling, but in the end he submitted.

When the two men passed into the lobby Wally stepped up to the teller's cage and held out his manacled hands.

"Mr. Leonard," he said, "I call you to witness to this outrage." Two customers were at the window. One of them was Henley, the proprietor of the grocery store where Wally traded. Wally turned to him. "Also you, Mr. Henley," he said. Henley stared from Wally to Thain and then to the teller. The teller turned his face away. Thain grasped Wally by the sleeve of the coat.

"Come on," he said wearily.

On the way to the garage round the corner, where Thain's car was parked, they met Wagner, the steward of the Shoreham Yacht Club. Wagner and Mr. Brown were good friends. Wally had spent a good many Sundays playing cribbage with Wagner in the latter's little office at the rear of the club's boat slip.

Wagner stopped short, mouth agape, staring at Wally's manacled hands.

"I'm being taken to Lawrenceton on a false charge, Wagner," Wally said. "May I call you as a witness if necessary?"

"Certainly," said Wagner. "What's wrong?" He looked at Thain curiously.

"He thinks I'm the man who robbed the Oil and Grain Commercial yesterday," Wally said with a nod at Thain.

Wagner laughed. He gave Thain a scornful look, and passed on.

"Phone me any time," the steward called out over his shoulder.

When Wally and Thain entered Thain's car at the garage Thain was worried. He was beginning to wonder if he had caught a Tartar. He slammed the door, pressed the starter and pulled his hat down over his eyes. A moment later he was speeding down the harbor boulevard toward Lawrenceton with his quarry.

VII

WALLY was given the third degree in the small back room with soundproof walls and darkened windows in the top floor of the police station. The method used was an old one. He was strapped to a chair with his hands and legs tied. A five-hundred-candle-power electric light with a shade of mirror glass was placed directly in front of him at a distance of a few feet. The light was then switched on.

This particular species of third degree is a brutal device—the light cure, it is called. This method has its advantages over other methods. It leaves no visible marks upon the victim. If he is finally adjudged innocent in spite of any confession he may have made, he cannot prove a thing.

Thain, of the metropolitan squad, was not by nature a brutal man. He did not favor strong-arm methods. He was something of a gentleman, besides a detective. Also, he was not quite sure of his man. Therefore he administered the third degree with judiciousness. After thirty minutes of intermittent sweating Wally was released from the chair and led, staggering blindly, to his cell.

Then Thain called Anderson, the cashier of the Oil and Grain Commercial, on the phone and asked him to come over. Thain had purposely refrained from calling Anderson earlier. He had hoped to force a confession quickly, and to deliver the bonds, or at least the information of their whereabouts, to the bank. He was not without a bit of human vanity. Pride in his profession was strong in Thain. But when after thirty minutes he had produced nothing but a dead faint in his victim he began to worry and sent for Anderson.

The cashier of the Oil and Grain Commercial took one look at the little worn-out man lying on his pallet in the cell next door to the chamber of horrors. Anderson's comment was brief.

"If it isn't Griggs," he said, "it's his twin brother."

Thain ran his hand through his hair uneasily.

"Think we better hold him, then?" he asked.

"Sure, hold him," said Anderson decidedly. He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "Mr. Halliday will be here in less than two hours."

"All right," said Thain, "please step down to the office and swear out your warrant before you go, Mr. Anderson."

When the cashier had gone Thain stood looking at Wally thoughtfully for a moment. Then he left the cell, locked the door from the outside, and went to lunch.

When Halliday stepped off the train at the railroad terminus Anderson met him on the platform. Halliday asked the cashier a few quick questions as the two men hurried across the tiled floor to the exit where Halliday's private car was waiting. Anderson answered the questions nervously. Then he told Halliday what the prisoner had told Thain.

Halliday gave Anderson a quick, frightened look as the car drove at breakneck speed through the traffic to the police station.

Thain was in the office waiting for them. He took them straight to Wally's cell.

Wally was sitting on the edge of the cot with his face buried in his hands. When they entered he looked up dazedly. His eyes were still weak as a result of the recent terrific strain. He recognized Halliday through a painful blur, and rose to his feet unsteadily.

"Mr. Halliday," he whispered. "Thank God, you've come! This beast"—pointing to Thain, who dropped his eyes and turned his face away—"has nearly driven me crazy. I've been subjected to the most terrible, inhuman torture. I—I ——" Wally's voice faltered. He stood swaying before them in the dimly lighted cell. "You know me, Mr. Halliday. Please, please—say that you know me."

Wally's distress was genuine. He had not counted on the third degree. He knew he would never be able to stand any more of it. He was a sick man. He stumbled forward into Halliday's arms.

Halliday turned to Thain.

"You've got yourself into a fine mess, Thain," he said quietly. "He told you the truth. His name is James Brown. I know him well."

Thain turned pale. The two men looked at each other in silence. Wally lay on the cot with closed eyes, breathing heavily.

"What have you done to him to get him in this state?" Halliday demanded.

"Nothing," said Thain, but his eyes avoided the banker's uneasily.

"We'll find out," said Halliday succinctly. He glared at Thain. "Release this man at once! You're a fine sleuth!" he added with sarcasm.

Thain bit his lip. An angry retort was upon his tongue but he swallowed the insult and kept still. It was all there was left for him to do.

In the end Wally was taken to the receiving hospital next door to the police station, where restoratives were administered to him. Later in the afternoon he was taken to his house in Shoreham by Halliday and Anderson in Halliday's private car.

Two days later James Brown, of Shoreham, filed suit for fifty thousand dollars damages against the city of Lawrenceton for false arrest and inhuman treatment. In the same breath Mr. Brown swore out a warrant for criminal assault against W. R. Thain, of the metropolitan squad. Thain was also made co-defendant in the suit for damages.

The two suits caused a sensation in financial and police circles of the city. In the preliminary hearing of the criminal charge Thain attempted to deny the allegations of brutality, but when both Halliday and Anderson told the court from the witness stand of Mr. Brown's pitiable condition the day of the arrest Thain finally admitted having administered the third degree. This admission cinched the civil suit for Mr. Brown.

The city of Lawrenceton got busy on a compromise. Mr. Brown was not revengeful. After a few days of negotiations he agreed to accept twenty-five thousand dollars and attorney fees. Also he agreed to withdraw the criminal charge against Thain. The only stipulation Mr. Brown made was that the money be paid him in cash upon his signing of the waiver of further claims. The city attorney agreed with alacrity. The money was paid over, and the incident closed.

For a week James Brown walked the streets of Shoreham with the shadow of his terrible experience upon him. He seemed suddenly to have aged greatly. He wandered about, avoiding his friends, who tried their best to cheer him up. He turned a deaf ear to sympathy, and generally conducted himself as a man does when under a great mental strain. His friends shook their heads significantly. The humiliation and notoriety were unsettling his mind.

Finally one day when Wagner, the steward of the yacht club, went to the house to call upon Brown, Wagner found the house locked up. A note upon the front door directed the mail carrier to hold Mr. Brown's mail until he returned.

A week later the agent who had leased the house to Mr. Brown called for the rent. The rent was several days overdue. Mr. Brown had hitherto been prompt. The agent read the note on the door, and frowned. Then he returned to his office. On his way through town the agent stopped in at the bank to make a deposit.

"Did you know that Brown had gone away, Leonard?" he asked of the teller as he pushed his deposit slip and checks under the wicket.

"Yes," Leonard answered; "he drew all but a small balance about a week ago. He said he was going on a vacation."

The real-estate agent smiled. "I guess he needed one all right," he ventured. "Just the same, he took it too hard. What I'd do for twenty-five thousand dollars would gladden the heart of a criminal lawyer."

Leonard smiled back.

"I wonder what he did with the money?" the teller said musingly. "He never deposited a penny of it here."

"Probably soaked it away in some safe place," the agent grinned. "You can't blame him for being leery of banks after what happened to him."

VIII

A FEW days later Thain was smoking a contemplative cigar at his desk when the chief sent for him and handed him a telegram.

"This wire came about five minutes ago, Thain," he said. "Read it."

Thain read the message.

"I'll be hanged!" he muttered.

The telegram was from the police department of a large city in an adjoining state. A man giving his name as Walter Griggs, and claiming to be the former messenger of the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank in Lawrenceton, had been picked up wandering aimlessly about the streets. Would Lawrenceton please send a man to take him back to face the charge?

The chief looked at his subordinate quizzically.

"Better run up and get him, Thain. It'll save your face with the Oil and Grain. I'll tell Halliday you turned the trick. Take your bird straight to the bank when you get in."

"Leave it to me," said Thain. "S'long."

Three days later Thain walked into Halliday's private office at the Oil and Grain Commercial Bank. With him was Wally, spectacled and uniformed as the day he disappeared, a shrinking, frightened figure, handcuffed to Thain's left wrist. Thain released him and told him to sit down.

"He's got a nice little fairy story to tell you, Mr. Halliday," Thain said. He turned to Wally. Wally was crouched in his chair with nervous, twitching fingers. "All right, spill it, Griggs," he commanded.

Wally glanced imploringly at Halliday.

"Mr. Halliday," he begged, "I—I—did not steal the bonds. Upon my word of honor, I didn't. I put the bonds in the vault downstairs while I went to lunch. Dutton & Co. were closed during the noon hour. After I left the dairy lunch I walked through the alley. I don't know what happened after that. I don't remember anything until I found myself on the water front of a strange city four days ago. I told the first officer I met. He took me to the police station."

"A likely tale, eh, Mr. Halliday?" Thain scoffed. "He's been asleep somewhere for three weeks. Nice long sleep!"

"I'm telling the truth," Wally insisted. "Mr. Halliday, you'll believe me, won't you? The bonds are in the vault, unless someone has removed them since."

"Oh, yes," Thain interjected wearily; "but of course someone has removed them. They always do—in these cases. That's the unfortunate part of it."

Halliday held up a warning finger to Thain. He turned to Wally.

"Whereabouts in the vault did you put the bonds?" he asked.

"Behind the filing case for 1901–02," Wally announced. "Please, please, believe me! Let's go down and see, Mr. Halliday. The bonds must be there!"

Halliday drew a long breath and rose.

"Come on, Thain, let's take a look," he said. "There may be something in it."

"Fat chance!" Thain scoffed; but he took Wally's arm and followed Halliday downstairs to the vault.

"You have the combination, Wally?" Halliday asked.

"Yes, sir," Wally said.

"Let him open it, Thain," Halliday said, pulling the detective aside.

Thain shrugged his shoulders. Wally began to twirl the knob with shaking fingers. A moment later the bolt fell. Wally pulled the door open and stepped inside. The two men followed. Halliday glanced at Thain significantly. Wally walked straight to the filing case marked 1901–02.

The two men held their breath as Wally drew from behind the case a heavy Manila envelope and handed it to Halliday.

"Now, will you believe me?" Wally asked, his voice shrill with excitement.

Halliday tore the envelope open and turned it upside down. Fifteen bonds, each of ten-thousand-dollar denomination, fell out in his hand.

"Suffering cats!" said Thain.

Halliday leaned weakly against a filing case.

"Wally," he said sternly, "you're fired. We can't have a man working for us who is subject to fits of mental aberration. Understand? You're fired!"

"Yes, sir," said Wally humbly.

Halliday paused. He looked at the shrinking, humble figure before him.

"Wally," he said less sternly, "you'll never be able to get another job in this town. I'll tell Green to make out a voucher for three months' salary. Better change your name and go to some place where you are not known."

"Yes, Mr. Halliday," Wally answered, humbly grateful. "Only it seems dishonorable to travel under a false name."

"Just the same, I'd advise you to do it," Halliday said with a wink at Thain. "The name Griggs is blacklisted from Maine to California. You'd starve to death."

"Very well, sir," Wally answered.

"Conscientious little duffer," said Halliday when he and Thain were seated at the desk in Halliday's private office fifteen minutes later.

"Very," Thain agreed. He lit the cigar Halliday had offered him. For a moment he puffed the cigar in silence. Then he said glumly: "Now to square myself with the chief."

Are you too tired to be efficient?

Not overwork but wasted energy exhausts the nervous system for millions of Americans

On the average, three million workers in the United States are ill on any given day. The average American can expect to be sick-in-bed more than a week out of every year. The wage loss from illness is at least $800,000,000 annually.

ADVANCING civilization is constantly imposing new strains on the human mechanism. Millions are suffering from the effects of over-fatigue.

The latest statistics gathered by the Red Cross Institute for the Crippled show that in every year 800,000 serious industrial accidents occur in the United States alone. Authorities who have investigated these accidents claim that 83% of them would have been prevented had the worker not been fatigued.

Throughout the world tremendous efforts are being made to prevent the man who works with hand or brain from becoming over-fatigued.

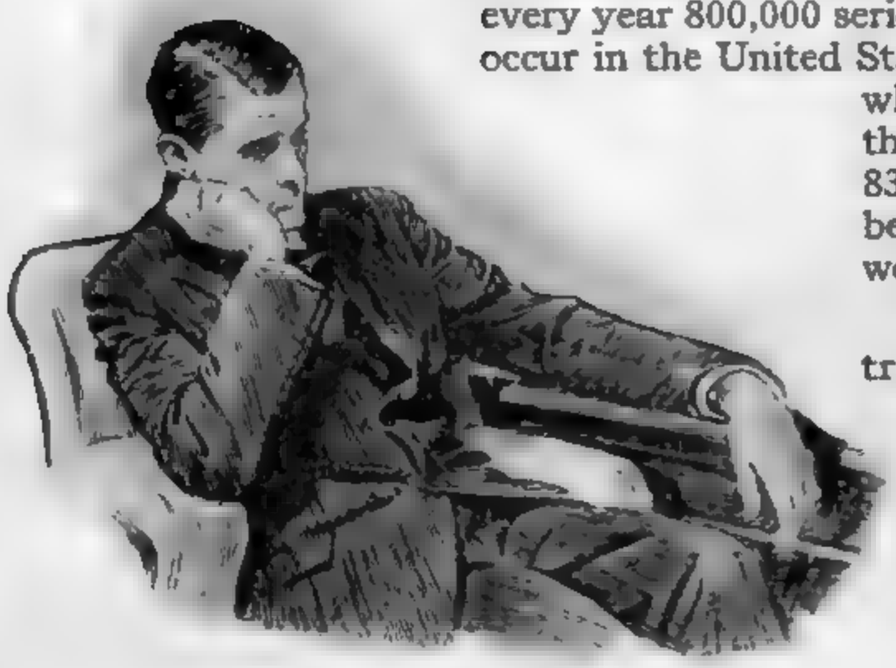
New machine in England to test fatigue

Dr. Winifred Cullis, Professor of Physiology at the London School of Medicine, announced during her recent visit to America the perfection of a machine to determine the state of fatigue of the individual.

In the research carried on with the aid of this machine it has been definitely established that too many people *waste* their precious energy.

It is not the demands of ordinary work—it is this waste of energy that makes men over-fatigued and listless in their daily tasks. That is why so many fail and meet defeat.

Nor is it man alone who faces this increasingly serious problem of fatigue. Women must wage the same hard fight.



"Waste of energy . . . . . is why so many fail and meet defeat"

Are you too tired to be attractive?

All day long demands are being made upon every woman's strength. Whether it is the wearing routine of household duties—the exacting pressure of business affairs—or a long round of social engagements—modern life is placing a constantly increasing tax on her energy.

Those who have made a study of fatigue say that when a woman is tired all her faculties are affected.

"A chronically tired woman," says Dr. A. M. Galbraith, former attending physician of the Neurological Department, New York Hospital, "loses all her personal vigor, force, aggressiveness, and above all her will power. No fatigued individual can be at her best."

Fatigue is not, therefore, merely wearying, uncomfortable; it actually destroys poise, charm, attractiveness.

Are you needlessly wasting your energy?

Science shows that one of the greatest causes of fatigue is *needless* waste of energy. To keep up your pace in the race for success, whether you are a man or woman, whether you are in business life or in society, you must eliminate unnecessary fatigue.

One of the greatest causes of fatigue today comes from pounding hard heels on still harder pavements. With old-fashioned leather heels or ordinary "dead" rubber heels every step you take acts as a hammer blow to the delicate nervous system.

If you are a person of average activity, you take 8,000 steps a day—suffer 8,000 jolts and jars.

You can eliminate this great source of fatigue. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the shocks that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

This is why O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars of walking. The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels will outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.

"A chronically tired woman loses all her personal vigor, force, will power"

"A long round of social engagements....is placing a constantly increasing tax on her energy"

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

40%
Of All Orders Are Re-Orders

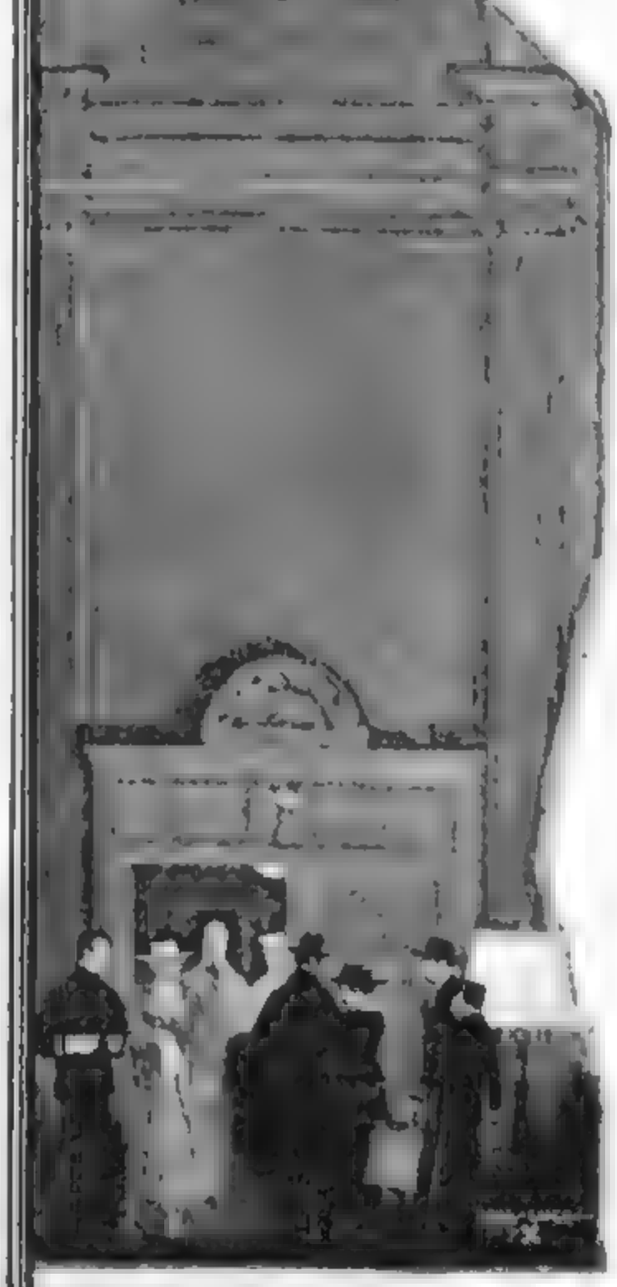
THE principles of Haughton engineering applied to the passenger elevator insure maximum service.

Designed for rapid and accurate operation at floors, particularly during the heavy loading of rush hours, Haughton elevators prevent traffic congestion and maintain service when the public needs it most.

The strength and reliability of Haughton equipment increase the efficiency of the elevator installation, permit important savings in planning batteries of elevators and guarantee minimum upkeep and operation costs.

This fact is so well established that 40 per cent of all orders for Haughton elevators are re-orders by present users, who know at first hand the efficiency and economy of Haughton equipment.

THE HAUGHTON
ELEVATOR & MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO



HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

So Judy went down to the Maine village a week before the date set for the wedding, and was laughed at and cried over and made much of in an extremely old-fashioned way. Each of the four patiently unmarried sisters presented her with a bit of hand-stitched finery from the memory-deposit boxes as casually as if they had not been giving away their dearest dreams. For some reason—probably for the family's peace of mind—Judy chose to be married in a white dress and a bridal veil, the one her grandmother had worn. She and Tommy, who was very grim in a set smile and a Prince Albert, stood in the bay window of the sitting room under a sadly tolling floral bell, while the quavery old minister, whom Judy had known all her life, fumbled through the words of the marriage service, with long pauses between the solemn questions, as if to give the two one last chance to withdraw from the crumbling institution into which they were entering. They failed to embrace the opportunity, however—they took every hurdle, even "obey." Both had planned privately to favor each other with a wise, denying little smile when the preacher got to that word, but somehow in the stress of the moment they forgot. Afterward there were eight kinds of cake at the wedding dinner.

Judy and Tommy set out on their honeymoon that night with the moon cooperating. You would rather think that persons so up-to-date would have dispensed altogether with anything so decadent as a honeymoon, or have picked out some really recent way of spending it—say an aeroplane tour. Apparently, however, Tommy and Judith felt that since they had swallowed the camel of matrimony, it was no use straining at the gnat of honeymoon unoriginality. At any rate, they chose a remote bungalow on the Maine shore. Behind them great woods had given all their time for centuries to growing, that they might serve as a screen to shut the world away from a honeymoon pair. In front of them rolled the egotistic Atlantic, too absorbed in trying out its voice to pay any heed to their ravings. I am bound to admit that days passed before their hands turned again toward modernity.

But one afternoon as they sat on the beach in their bathing suits, with Judy's head against Tommy's wet shoulder, something he quite innocently said brought up the subject again.

"Tommy, darling," Judy had murmured.

"Well, Mrs. Morgan?" he had laughed, kissing her.

"Mrs. Morgan," she had meditated slowly. Then she had looked at Tommy. "I thought we were going to keep on calling me Miss Best?" she remarked.

Tommy was startled and apologetic.

"We are," he returned hastily. "Of course we are. I merely forgot for a moment. Anyhow, I was only joking, you know."

"It isn't that I care about the name," Judy assured him. "I think Morgan is an awfully nice name—I do—truly, dearest! It's just—oh, Tommy, we mustn't get to be like other married people!"

"I should say not!" he assured her. "We're going to go about the thing in an intelligent manner. We aren't going to let custom stale the infinite variety of it for us. Don't you think it!"

"We mustn't ever!" Judy agreed. She shivered a little. "Oh, Tommy, most married people are so fearfully married!" she wailed. "And the edge wears off so! If we should get to be like that!"

"But we won't, beloved," he retorted. "We're going to use our minds in the matter a little. We're going to respect each other's individuality. We're not going to thrust ourselves upon each other every moment of the time. I read in the paper the other day of an old couple who had eaten every meal together for sixty years. Did you ever hear of anything more idiotic than that? How colossally bored, how sick to the soul they must have been more than once!

"I'll bet they often wanted to poison each other's food, don't you?"

"That would be rather a clever way of doing a murder," mused Judy. "Spoiled lobster or something, don't you know? Ptomaine poisoning. No one could ever really prove—— Yes, dearest, I think that you are absolutely right."

Tommy beamed upon her. A liberal thinker he might be, one of the mental pioneers of the time, but he had an old-fashioned liking for being thought absolutely right. He often thought so himself.

"The great thing is to begin right from the first," Judy went on, "and then to be systematic about it of course. Should you say that we ought to dine separately half the time, Tommy, dear?"

"Well, perhaps not quite half."

"A third of the time then?" persisted Judy. "But the week doesn't split up very well into thirds, does it, darling? I always was bad at fractions. I'll tell you what, Tommy: On two evenings each week regularly we'll dine apart, with whomever we like, of course, and spend the evening exactly as we wish, but never in each other's company. I don't mean we can't do it other evenings, of course, but we'll always do it, then, no matter what comes or goes. How do you think that would be, Tommy?"

"You're a wonder!" her husband assured her solemnly. "Honestly, honey, if more women had your brains—— Two evenings it is!"

"Say Tuesday and Thursday evenings," suggested Judy.

"Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and no questions asked," supplemented Tommy. "It's awful to think how many folks make a failure of marriage when it's so simple to make it a go, isn't it, love? Shall we try another swim?"

That plaintive song writer who puzzles lyrically, "Honeymoon, honeymoon, wonder why you fade so soon," can't have been on very many of them, or he would know. The answer that he would be forced to give, too, would be less cynical than the audience is led to infer from his little ditty. The reason why honeymoons end so soon in the average case has nothing whatever to do with the faltering of affection. That naïve sign of the dollar mark tells the story with masterly brevity. When Tommy and Judy discovered by accident one day that they had in all the world two tickets to New York, enough money to rent a modest apartment for a month and a fairly generous allowance for food until the next pay day, they knew that their honeymoon was officially over.

"I Tried to be Up-to-Date for Your Sake, But it Wasn't Any Go. I'm Just a Born Rube, I Guess"

They got back to Manhattan on a Saturday evening, and spent the night recklessly at the only hotel in New York where Fifth Avenue and Greenwich Village meet both geographically and actually. There are three layers to that hotel, so to speak—three rather intriguing social and mental and financial levels. In the restaurant, of which the top layer consists, you may find, logically enough, the people of the upper crust. They look only at the left-hand side of the menu when they order. There are a good many masculine gardenias and feminine thousand-dollar furs in the gathering, but the third level would tell you contemptuously that there isn't a spare thought in the crowd. The second layer is composed of course of the filling—the mixture of gooseberries with sugar that average citizens resemble. These persons look at both sides of the menu and discuss topics of the day, like the situation in the Balkans and the price of sugar and the latest musical comedy. Down still another flight you may find the real people, those who look only at the right-hand side of the menu and allow their austere orders to be swayed entirely by that. They have not come to eat, anyhow, but to bask in an unaccustomed sense of luxury not included in the Village tea-room table d'hôte, and to hear the high thoughts of others—and especially to let others hear their own. The only unpleasant thing about the third level is the fact that even there waiters cannot be tipped with bonmots.

Tommy and Judy spent their evening—and quite a tidy bit of their reserve funds—in the third layer. Next morning they breakfasted luxuriously in bed, and then set out to find a furnished apartment that should be in every respect ideal, one with tasteful furnishings and low rent, thoroughly modern fellow tenants and plumbing. Once an hour or so they lopped off a few of their fancied requirements, until late that afternoon they came upon an apartment that seemed to accord with their clipped desires. The rent was no more than twice what they had planned to pay. The furnishings were not so wild as they must have been in their hectic younger days. One could always pretend that the other tenants were not there; and though one couldn't quite do that with the plumbing, which was of the vocal variety, still life is made up of compromises. Tommy signed the fateful lease. Shortly afterward a virtuous and somewhat reactionary elevator boy was staring with marked disapproval at the cards Tommy and Judy had just tacked on their door:

MISS BEST

MR. MORGAN

Behind that flaring admission the two, unvisited by the wrath of heaven, were sedately unpacking their suitcase Lares and Penates. Judith crowded the tiny kitchenette with a big jar of raspberry jam from Maine, and tucked a snapshot of her white cat, Nigger, into the corner of the dressing-table mirror. Tommy put an unpedigreed but ambitious meerschaum on the mantel near three slim New Thought books.

"This is something like," he declared contentedly, leaning back in a gouty-looking chair. "This is a regular home!"

"Oh, Tommy, only a regular home?" pouted Judy.

"As regular homes will be when the world gets a little more civilized," Tommy supplemented.

Judith nodded, then yawned daintily.

"And to-morrow morning it's up early and ho for our jobs!" she commented.

"Our jobs?"

Tommy appeared to note the plural in a rather startled manner. Somehow or other they hadn't happened to touch upon this subject before.

After all, they hadn't known each other long enough to talk over everything.

"Are you going back to work, Judy?" he demanded.

"Why, of course!" she started.

"I thought you hated that fashion-page stuff," remarked Jimmy slowly.

"Can't say I'm mad about it," she retorted frankly. "Still, them as would eat must work, M'Lord."

He was still looking at her curiously, not very admiringly.

"Well, I'd like to know what you married me for," he observed impersonally.

"Well, you asked me!" Judy accused, dimpling. "I kind of thought maybe you wanted me to." Then as his expression did not change, her eyes grew round. "Tommy, you didn't suppose I was a parasite?" she demanded in a tone of horror. "You didn't think I was going to stop work just because I was married, did you?"

He was making a visible effort to pull himself together.

"Not at all!" he denied hastily. "Only out in Oregon they call a fellow who lets his wife work for a living a—— Oh, well, of course they're not up-to-date! It's all right, Judy. I want you to work if you want to—sure I do!"

(Continued on Page 140)

How much do you want to know about your cooking fat?

FAT is so essential as food and your selection of a fat has so much to do with the success of your cooking that you may be interested to read the story of Snowdrift, even if it looks a bit long.

Snowdrift is pure rich creamy vegetable fat—a perfect fat for making cake, biscuit, pie crust, candy, for frying, enriching vegetables and every use in cooking.

Snowdrift is *fresh*

OPEN the airtight can in which Snowdrift comes into your kitchen and you find Snowdrift fresh.

This freshness is most important.

To be sure that Snowdrift is fresh when you open the can in your own kitchen, we pack it only in cans as truly airtight as you yourself would use to put up fruits or vegetables. Snowdrift, in this airtight can always reaches your kitchen *as fresh as the day it was made.*

Smell it, taste it, compare it critically and you will see what difference this freshness makes. Many and many a woman tells us that she has been using cooking fat of one kind or another all her life and never discovered, until she tried Snowdrift, how sweet and fresh a cooking fat can be.

Snowdrift is fresh, as you use the word to describe a new-laid egg. Snowdrift is sweet—what you mean when you say "sweet" cream.

After you open the can Snowdrift stays sweet much longer because it was absolutely fresh when you opened the can in your kitchen.

Snowdrift is *pure*

WHEN you open a can of Snowdrift you see why Snowdrift was named Snowdrift.

Its whiteness does not make Snowdrift pure, but its purity is one reason why Snowdrift is so white.

Snowdrift is made entirely of pure vegetable oil. The Southern Cotton Oil Company, if not the largest, is certainly one of the largest crushers and refiners of peanut, cottonseed, cocoanut and other vegetable oils for food. With millions of gallons to choose from each year, only the very finest oil that the country produces is set aside for Snowdrift. This choice oil is always light in color.

When it is hardened and whipped, as one beats the white of an egg, into Snowdrift, Snowdrift is white.

Whiteness doesn't make Snowdrift pure, but its purity does make Snowdrift white.

Snowdrift improves the flavor of everything cooked with it

MAKE your favorite cake with Snowdrift and see how rich and delicate and good it is.

Fry eggplant in Snowdrift—just for an instance—and see how the flavor of the eggplant is improved, not lost.

Melt a bit of Snowdrift on a dish of piping hot lima beans or fresh peas and see how much richer they are—and how much their flavor is improved.

Snowdrift improves the flavor of the food cooked with it without adding any flavor of its own. No good cook wants to use a fat that has a strong taste of its own. Cake should be rich and delicate, but not "taste" of the fat used. Fried food should be rich and crispy and brown but it should have its *own* flavor—not taste merely of the fat it was fried in.

Snowdrift is rich—much richer than butter—but so pure and fresh and *delicate* that it *improves*, not changes, the flavor of things cooked with it.

The food value of Snowdrift

AND the fact that Snowdrift is pure vegetable oil and nothing else means that it has the highest possible food value. Snowdrift not only makes things good to eat but is itself more nourishing food than almost anything else you eat.

Snowdrift is much richer than butter, because butter contains salt and water and curds as well as fat, while Snowdrift is *all* pure fat.

You may be interested in the following table of calories which shows the relative fuel value of Snowdrift compared to the other things you eat:

	CALORIES PER LB.		CALORIES PER LB.
Snowdrift	4050	Cereals	1665
Oleomargarine	3525	Beef	1275
Butter	3450	Eggs	720
Bacon	3030	Milk	325
Cheese	1950	Vegetables	229
Sugar	1860		

There is more calorie value in Snowdrift, pound for pound, than in any of the food you cook with it.

Snowdrift is wholesome

THE fact that Snowdrift is made entirely of pure vegetable oil also makes it easy to digest and assimilate.

Snowdrift is ideal for frying

BUT all of this is merely from the technical point of view. In actual kitchen practice, Snowdrift has a decided advantage, especially for frying, because of the high temperature to which it may be heated before it "breaks down."

Our experience has been that the proper frying temperature is around 350°. At frying temperature many fats "break down," and produce fatty acids which have a tendency to upset the stomach and are responsible for the objections to fried foods. But Snowdrift may be heated to 450°—about 100° above the necessary temperature—before it breaks down. The result is that, with ordinary care, it is possible to fry food in Snowdrift that is vastly more digestible than the same food fried in any fat that burns at a low temperature.

Snowdrift is economical

SNOWDRIFT is also very economical as a frying fat—especially in deep frying. Strain it, to remove any crumbs of food, and you can use it over and over again for frying.

This is true to some extent of any fat. But here is one advantage of Snowdrift. It will not absorb the odor or flavor of any food cooked in it—not even fish nor onions. You may use it over and over again for frying different things.

And Snowdrift is not altered much by heating to cooking temperature. Ordinary cooking fat has to be thrown out after you have used it a few times. But Snowdrift is altered so little by heating that you can use it up and not waste it. It is almost as good the last time you use it as the first.

Creamy Snowdrift is a convenience

To all these virtues, as a food, Snowdrift adds another virtue—convenience.

It is always creamy.

Snowdrift never gets too hard nor too soft. It is always just the right creamy consistency that a good cook finds easiest and quickest to use.

You may have tried shortening that got hard as a candle in cold weather or in the ice-box, and then runny in warm weather. Snowdrift stays stiff enough in a warm temperature and soft enough in cold so that it is always creamy.

When you start to "cream" Snowdrift with sugar you find most of the hard work already done. It saves much time and trouble to have Snowdrift already the right creamy consistency itself.

Snowdrift is pure rich creamy vegetable fat—a perfect fat for every use in cooking.

Try it in your favorite recipes.

Southern Cotton Oil Trading Company

NEW YORK SAVANNAH NEW ORLEANS CHICAGO

Makers of SNOWDRIFT, WESSON OIL and SOUTHERN BRAND PEANUT BUTTER

Open the Airtight Can

fresh!

SNOWDRIFT

Pure

Rich Creamy Vegetable Fat

for all Cooking

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

IT'S well to learn these few good words by heart: "Give me Ivory Garters." Your men's wear dealer will deliver on demand, because Ivory Garter wearers never will listen to any other tune.

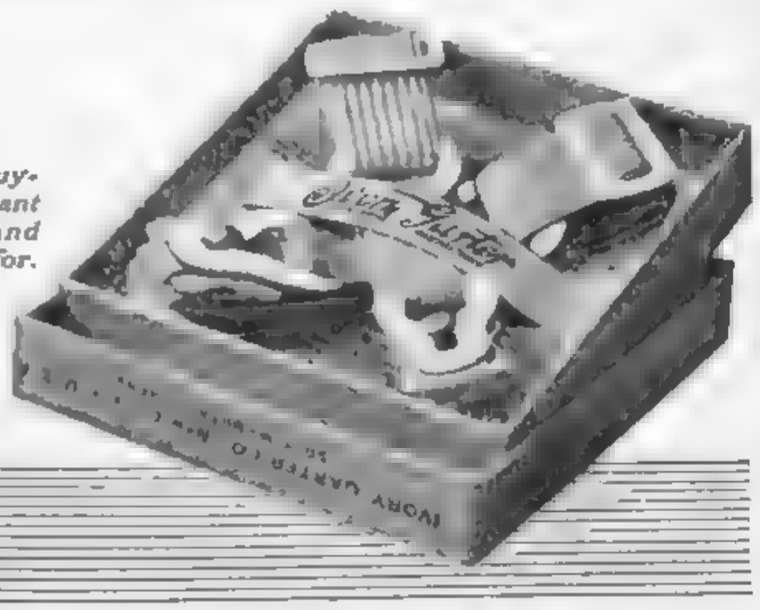
Men everywhere insist on the solid peace and comfort that Ivory lightness and Ivory coolness bring to their daily round of life.

Ivory comfort is due to freedom from metal and pads. Ivory Garters cannot rust. Every inch is lively, airy, springy fabric, designed to make them grip fast all around without slipping, pressing or binding.

Without any superfluous weight of their own to carry, Ivory Garters are a complete and durable sock support. They are neat and cool as a silk sock, and give you extra terms of useful garter service.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

Be specific when buying garters. Say "I want Ivory Garters," and get what you ask for.



(Continued from Page 137)

"You see, Tommy, it's not whether I want to or not," Judy explained earnestly. "It's just something any woman but a c.-i. has got to do."

"A c. i.?" Tommy queried, his voice still a little dazed.

"Clinging ivy," interpreted Judy.

It was hard to have modernity turn upon a fellow like that, Tommy could not help reflecting. After a good night's sleep, however, he woke a little more reconciled to the idea of Judy's job. She was a woman to be proud of, and he was doing a worthy thing to let her develop her individuality in her own way, whatever they might think back in Oregon.

They parted for the first time with embraces, and met again that evening with the zest of two lovers who have not seen each other for uncounted days. Judy carried a parcel containing orange-tinted silk for draperies, and several small bags from the delicatessen. Tommy bore a plump percolator and a pound of coffee his tactful, if husbandly, comment upon the beverage Judy had served that morning. They crowded into the tiny kitchenette and chattered madly, while Judy unrolled the ham and made a Roquefort-cheese dressing for the hearts-of-lettuce salad, and Tommy measured out the coffee with rather more exactitude than he had been accustomed to employ when he made it in a tin bucket over a bonfire in Oregon.

"Oh, Tommy, isn't this fun?" Judy chortled. "Coming home and having things to tell each other like this! Don't you see, Tommy, that I couldn't half get into the spirit of it if I had been lolling round home all day? As it is, we'll never get bored with each other, will we?"

"Bored!" exclaimed Tommy, imperiling the Roquefort dressing.

Over the toast the next morning Tommy reverted to the plan they had originated during their honeymoon one morning on the beach.

"Well, young woman, I suppose I shan't see you till all hours to-night," he remarked severely.

Judy started.

"Why not?" she asked.

"It's Tuesday evening, you know," Tommy explained.

"Tues—oh, yes!" remembered Judy. "I was going to hem the orange silk for window curtains," she added a little plaintively.

"If you'd rather stay at home —" began Tommy.

"Not a bit," denied Judy briefly. "We must start right in the way we mean to go on. Anyhow, it will be good for us. Why, now that I think of it, we've been together every single evening for more than three weeks! That's an awful record, don't you know?"

She was a little offended that he didn't contradict her.

"That's right," he said. "We'll have to watch our step, won't we? The awful menace of domesticity howls at our door. Well, have a good time, Ju-Ju."

"Oh, I guess there'll be no trouble about that!" said Judith airily.

She always had had a good time, hadn't she, even back in the village in Maine? Some persons just naturally had a talent for good times, and some hadn't, and she belonged in the former class. Tommy needn't think ——

There wasn't very much time to make plans of course, since Tuesday had crept upon her in the dark, so to speak. So she dined alone—where was Tommy eating? she wondered—and afterward hurried on over to the Rabbit Hole. The little group of progressive thinkers there greeted her with a sophisticated delight that warmed her loneliness. It was the first time she had seen most of them since she had been married. She found herself sitting next a long, pale-yellow youth who turned out to be the newest free-verse fledgling.

Later they loitered over to the Square and sat upon a more than ordinarily hard bench, while he chanted his verses to her. Judy thought for a time that the Jefferson Market clock must have stopped, and appealed to the poet to deny its story. He hadn't his watch along, he said, and the subject seemed distasteful. Moved by the feeling in his verses, he presently displayed a willingness to kiss Judy, and called her a fettered soul when she wouldn't. She let him argue for some time with her about it, so that she might be spared the humiliation of getting home before Tommy did. Upon her return she was gratified to find him in bed and apparently asleep.

"Have a good time?" Tommy asked casually as she poured his second cup of coffee next morning.

"Oh, wonderful!" warbled Judy. "You did, too, of course?"

"Fine!" declared Tommy briefly, and said no more. Evidently he had no intention of telling her about it. Of course it was not so nominated in the bond, but still

"And we can do it all over again tomorrow evening, you know!" she beamed.

Weeks passed — curious weeks — that seemed composed largely of Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Faithful to their plan for modernizing matrimony, Judith and Tommy continued to go their separate ways two nights out of every seven. Always they returned strengthened for the daily matrimonial round. Who was it, they asked each other smartly, that had called marriage an endurance test? Well, then, this was the way to endure. They felt bitterly sorry for all those old-fashioned couples who were struggling along in the hidebound way, eating all their meals together after the custom of the Dark Ages. Thank heaven, they were up-to-date! What was the good of living in the twentieth century, anyhow, if one couldn't have a little matrimonial latitude?

"Better latitude than lassitude," commented Judy flippantly. "Well, Tommy, glad you're satisfied."

"Oh, you'll do—at a pinch!" Tommy considered judicially.

"It isn't I -it's the system," said Judy complacently. "Tuesday and Thursday evenings off, and no questions asked, you know!"

"Fine stuff!" commented Tommy. "A little more of the jam, Ju-Ju, please."

Calendars very often are malicious things, with a strong tendency to abuse the authority vested in them by Father Time. They have a self-important way of pretending to have so many things on their minds that they forget to make finished arrangements for our own especial dates. So it came about that Judy's twenty-first birthday fell on a Tuesday, a fact which somehow annoyed her so much that she made up her mind to hang out no danger signal for Tommy's benefit, as had been her friendly intention. Let him remember himself he should if he cared for her! She recalled the very evening when they had traded birthday dates one twilight hour of their honeymoon.

The morning of the birthday dawned, however—or therefore—with no word from Tommy beyond his usual cheerful hail and farewell. Judy, watching his broad shoulders as he swung down the absurdly tiny hall, was seized suddenly with a forlorn conviction of the impossibility of having an adequate birthday without him.

"Tommy!" she called after him.

It happened that Tommy had been late the morning before.

"Well?" he called back a shade curtly, without turning.

"Nothing," answered Judy, banging the bedroom door, a remark which Tommy answered immediately with the aid of the apartment door.

"Oh, all right!" Judy was saying haughtily to herself while two tears ran down her flushed cheeks in proof of the all-rightness of everything. She assailed them viciously with her powder puff. "I've celebrated birthdays without you before," she remarked as she began to unbutton her businesslike blouse and yank her prettiest frock from its hook.

New York is a place where you may live for half your lifetime without once meeting your next-door neighbor, as some observing writer is always remarking in print. It is also a place where you may happen upon the people you know in the most casual Main-Street sort of way, as Judy was to learn that night. In honor of the birthday she had forsaken the Village for the more conventional rounds of uptown gayety, and was having as joyous and as sparkling a time as one of the birthday candles that had flared of other years round pink-iced birthday cakes back in Maine.

"Let's go in here and dance a while," she laughed to the lanky young man at her side. "No, let's go through the revolving door. I love revolving doors."

A moment later she felt that it was misplaced affection, for as she stepped into one of the ingoing triangular grooves of the door she looked straight into the startled eyes of her husband in an outgoing section. Clinging to his arm and chattering eagerly, even as the door swung round, as if she could not bear to lose a moment of his

(Concluded on Page 143)

OHIO TUEC
ELECTRIC CLEANER

The American Housekeeper Heads the World's Greatest Business

SHE it is who is teaching the women of every other land new and better methods of housekeeping—showing them how by the aid of electricity they may free themselves from the drudgery to which they have been chained through the ages.

No woman who has had the help of an OHIO-TUEC Electric Vacuum Cleaner in her home for one week would try to get along without it again any more than a business man would give up his typewriting machine.

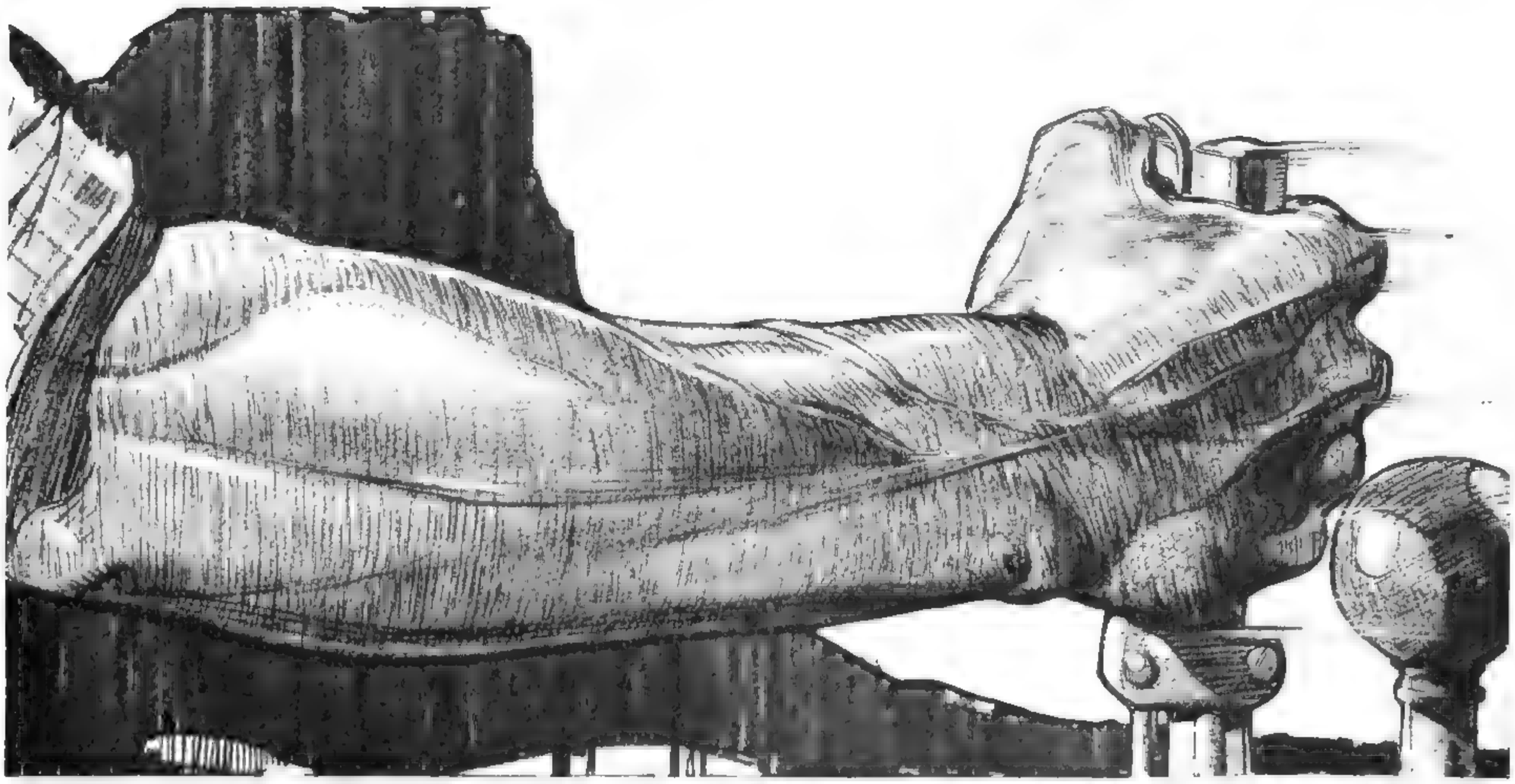
Delivered free on trial by a dealer near you
Write for his name and our beautiful new catalog

Look for the Red Band

THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY
CANTON, OHIO

Canadian Plant—Toronto, Ont.

"Cleans Without Beating and Pounding"



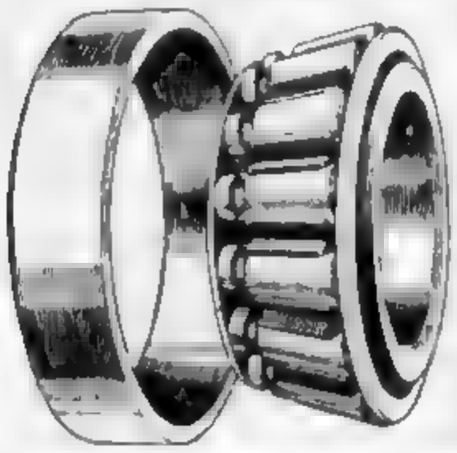
TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

Yank!

A sudden grab for the brake lever, and the emergency stop literally yanks at the very vitals of the entire "path of power"! The tremendous shock and heavy strain are met by the bearings at hard service points—by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

In 87 percent of the leading trucks—and 85 percent of the passenger cars—Timken Bearings are used where heavy duty requirements prevail. They "lick the job" whether radial load, or thrust load, or any combination of the two.

At Points of Hard Service



Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are used in the great majority of motor vehicles at points of hard service:

Transmission Pinion Shaft
Front Wheels Differential
Rear Wheels Steering Knuckle
Rear Axle Gears—Worm Gear, Internal Gear, Bevel, and Double Reduction.

This leadership is established on the tapered principle of design, quality of manufacture, performance on the road, and service to the automotive industry.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

Plant, manufacturing complete bearings at
Canton, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Birmingham, England; Paris, France
General Offices, Steel, Rolling, and Tube Mills, Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Trailers, Tractors, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

(Concluded from Page 140)

company, was a startlingly pretty red-haired girl! Tommy pulled himself together—so Judy described the process to herself—and waved his hand. Then the revolving door had swung them to their separate Tuesday planets.

"Oh!" exclaimed Judy, looking at the door with great distaste.

"How's that?" queried her companion.

"Come on, let's dance!" cried Judy. "I hope you'll do it better to-night! Come on! It's my birthday. Let joy be unconfined!"

"All right," consented her escort, a trifle phlegmatically perhaps.

"Have a good time last night, Judy?" Tommy asked the invariable question at breakfast the next morning.

"Lovely," said Judy coolly. "It was a very satisfactory birthday night."

"Birthday!" cried Tommy, changing color. "Oh, I say, Ju-Ju, that's a darn shame! You might have told me!"

"What for?" asked Judy, intent upon the oatmeal. "Giving birthday presents is awfully out-of-date. And, of course, I shouldn't have allowed you to sacrifice your Tuesday evening, anyhow."

"Well, as it happens, I couldn't have got out of my date for the evening very well," Tommy owned complacently. "You saw that pretty kid I was with, Judy—that red-haired girl?"

"Yes," admitted Judith languidly. "The cream, Tommy, please."

He waved it toward her impatiently.

"I want to tell you about her," he beamed. "Judy, you'll be surprised—I hope you won't mind ——"

"I shan't, of course," observed Judy tranquilly. "But save your explanations, Tommy, please. I don't want to hear about her."

"You don't want to hear about her!" Tommy's tone seemed as indignant as surprised. "What's the matter with you, Judy, anyhow? You've got to hear about her, whether you want to or not!"

Judith got up from the table in a leisurely way. Her hands were trembling so at the moment that she did not care to experiment further with her coffee cup, but you could never have guessed that from the indulgent, subtly annoying smile with which she favored Tommy. It was the kind of smile that will soon be made a legal ground for divorce in some of the more progressive Western States.

"Got to?" she repeated lightly. "And you call yourself a modern husband! Wake up, Tommy! I won't hear a word about your red-haired girl!"

Tommy stared at her, his face trying out the various shades of red like an ambitious dyer, until finally it settled upon a rich though subdued auburn color.

"If you wait until you hear me mention her again you'll wait quite a while—that's all," he stated briefly.

"Speaking of waiting, hadn't you better be getting along to the office?" suggested Judy sweetly.

Tommy went, and without the accustomed informality of a parting kiss, thus firmly closing the first epoch of their married life and banging the door in its wistful face.

Left alone, Judy had such a strong feeling that the débris of their former happiness lay underfoot that she started automatically for the kitchen to get the dustpan and the broom. For the first time she felt envious of the old-fashioned wife, who suddenly appealed to her as a creature of infinite resources.

"There are so many things that she can do!" mused Judy jealously. "She can nag! She can scratch red-haired girls' eyes out if she likes! She can cry! It's no good wasting time like this, Judith. Get to work! You're up-to-date! You can't fight fire with water. Well, then, fight it with fire, and hurry up before it gets a start!"

Neither went back to the subject of the curtailed breakfast and the red-haired girl and the forgotten birthday. It isn't modern to keep opening closed topics and peeping inside their wrappings of dignity to see if they look as one remembers. Tommy and Judy let the matter severely alone, and were therefore all the more conscious of the space it took. Tommy began to watch Judy when he thought she wasn't aware of it, with a curious, reckoning look in his eyes. Judy got two new dinner dresses and saved them stingily for Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Both threw themselves with fervor into these up-to-date escapes from the new embarrassment that had crowded the old warm happiness from the little furnished apartment.

Oddly they saw each other repeatedly on these excursions—always of course by accident, though a cynical person might have thought that they chose their haunts with a view toward keeping an eye on each other. Always they nodded at each other gayly, though a room and a great impassable gulf yawned between. Invariably Judy was with the lanky youth and Tommy at the side of the red-haired girl. Much has been written about the eternal triangle, but their matrimonial problem was a shade more complicated—the figure had four sides.

"Who's that chap I see with you every now and then?" Tommy queried with impersonal interest one morning. "Not that I want to ask questions," he added hastily.

"That's all right, Tommy," serenely answered Judith. "His name is Smithers. His first name is Bob," she added maliciously.

"Ah!" murmured Tommy in the tone of one whose curiosity is appeased. "This is good grapefruit, Judith." There was a pause. "Then it's his cards that I see with those young greenhouses that the florist's boy leaves every day or two," he concluded brightly.

"Sure enough!" Judy agreed.

"Pretty flowers," said Tommy judicially. "Chap must have money."

"Oh, I don't think I'd say that he was rich," answered Judy with a delicate inflection that made Tommy understand how many degrees below one not rich is a weekly wage earner.

"Nice-looking chap," Tommy praised. "Seems to be quite young."

"Yes," murmured Judy. "Tommy, will you do something for me?"

"Sure thing, Ju-Ju, if I can," he said, using the old pet name for the first time in weeks.

"It isn't much," said Judith. "But I think it would be a great favor to Sister Mary. Will you please find out for me what kind of dye that red-headed girl uses on her hair?"

"What?" shouted Tommy with indignant surprise. "Dye? She doesn't use dye on her hair! That's its natural color."

Judy smiled at him amusedly, as one smiles at an impetuous, mistaken child.

"It's very effective, anyway," she said politely. "Sorry you can't tell me what it is."

"I tell you it isn't anything!" Tommy raged. "Judy, it isn't like you to be a cat. That's old-time stuff!"

This unfair attack upon her modernity wrung a bit of unworthy sarcasm from Judith in spite of herself.

"Maybe you are in a position to know!" she retorted, and was at once aghast at herself.

"I am!" declared Tommy, getting up and flinging out of the room.

This was coming to be his usual exit of a morning. In that respect he was extremely like a stage husband.

And then one day Judy learned that she was just like other women, old-fashioned and new, up to the moment or out-of-date. At first the knowledge brought revolt, and then a sudden, tumultuous content, and with it came the understanding of how much she loved Tommy and wanted him now. She put on her hat to hurry straight home to him with the news, and then took it off again with a little sigh. For the moment she had forgotten that it was Tuesday evening.

"Having a good time to-night, aren't you?" demanded the lanky youth whose first name was Bob a few hours later, and Judith, who had been very gay all evening, laughed again.

"It's a wonderful evening!" she said. "You don't know how much I'm enjoying it—or the reason why!"

Then suddenly she saw Tommy, and her happiness seemed to come crashing down like a precious crystal precariously balanced. He was with the red-haired girl of course, and they were just getting up from their table to go. They didn't see Judy at all. She waited patiently until they had left the room, and for an endless interval afterward.

"Let's go," she suggested to the lanky youth. "To-morrow is another day."

But she hadn't waited quite long enough after all. As she and Bob came through the door Tommy was just handing the red-haired girl into a cab. He bent and kissed her.

"Good night, dear," he said. "See you Thursday then."

"Let's go somewhere else and dance some more," Judy urged the lanky youth, and drew him away, unseeing.

She couldn't get home until Tommy was asleep—that was as far as her tired mind could plan ahead at first. Of course she'd have to go away. Why would she? Wasn't she taking a rather old-fashioned view of things? Should the modern woman —— Judy didn't care two pins what the modern woman would do. She was going away. Only she hated to go into the matter with Tommy, she thought as she lay awake through the gray, vociferous hours of a city dawn. They had never had a scene of that kind. They had managed to remain impersonal through everything. They had behaved as strictly modern persons should do.

At last out of the chaos of emotions the plan came to her. She wouldn't make a scene—she'd keep up the pose of modernity to the last! On Thursday evening she would have the apartment to herself—there was nothing surer than that, she thought with a tired little smile. She would just pack her things and go away before Tommy came back, leaving a note for him. She would not have been Judy if her heartbreak had not given place to a small grin at the thought of the note. Nothing very new about that, she admitted.

"At least I won't pin it to his pillow," she thought irrepressibly.

"Have a good time to-night," advised Tommy as usual as he got up from the breakfast table to go on Thursday morning.

"A good time—oh, yes!" said Judy in a curious tone.

Tommy came over to kiss her good-by—a proceeding rare enough in these days to astonish her. She wished quite desperately that he wouldn't do it. He was making it all the harder for her to follow her plan.

"You do wish it were always Tuesday and Thursday evenings, don't you, Ju-Ju?" asked Tommy slowly.

"Wouldn't that be fine?" caroled Judy.

Judy felt like an intruder as she stole into the little furnished apartment that evening. She had never been there on Tuesday evening before. The faded little place, with the gay orange curtains, was angry at her presence. The plumbing protested volubly.

"Can't you leave us to ourselves any of the time?" it seemed to demand.

Judy hurried with her packing. After all, there was pitiably little to do, since the household goods were rented by the month. She jerked her frocks from the closet hooks, bundled them together and threw them into the gaping suitcase. She took the snapshot of her white cat, Nigger, from the dressing-table mirror, but left Tommy's on the table in its silver frame.

When she had finished she went into the noisy little bathroom for various toilet articles. Collecting them, she came suddenly upon an empty tooth-paste tube of Tommy's. It looked astonishingly twisted and pathetic and tired of life. Judy recalled that Tommy had asked her two days ago to buy him another tube—he never could remember things like that. The advertisers of the tooth paste had plastered the world with its virtues without once mentioning its sentimental properties.

"Pleasant to the taste, beneficial to the teeth and guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes"—not one of them had phrased it so. Nevertheless, Judy suddenly deposited the things in her hands in the washbowl, hid her face in a woolly bath towel—since apartment walls are thin and modern women do not cry—and sobbed and kept on sobbing.

Presently sounds sifted through the towel to her.

Automatically Judy pricked up her ears and stopped crying to hear. It must be the people in the next apartment, of course, but it sounded like someone in the bedroom. That was absurd! She was merely nervous, she was upset from lack of sleep, she was being as imaginative as — as one of the spinster sisters back in Maine! Still, she had always said that a burglar would come in through that fire-escape window some day.

She dropped the towel and hurried to the bedroom door. At the threshold she stopped short, swallowing a little scream. There was a burglar in the room. His back was turned toward her and he was stooping over something on the floor. Judy thought at first that he was rifling her suitcase; then she saw that he was concentrating his attention upon the old alligator-skin bag that Tommy's parents had carried with them on their wedding journey and that he had brought from Oregon. She rushed indignantly to its defense.

"I guess you'd better stop!" she said coolly.

The burglar turned—and Judith and Tommy stared at each other.

"What are you doing here?" they demanded simultaneously and sternly in the tone of those who face impostors.

Tommy answered first. He made a weary gesture toward the ancient alligator skin.

"You can see for yourself," he said. "I'm going away. Sorry to bother you, though. I naturally thought you wouldn't be in this evening."

Judith stared at him, her eyes dilated, her breath coming fast.

"I suppose you're going with the red-haired girl," she said in a tone that admitted of no argument.

Tommy laughed shortly and turned back to his packing.

"As it happens, that's just what I'm doing," he agreed. "She's my kid sister, here on a visit—you wouldn't let me tell you before—and we're going back to Oregon, where we belong. I tried to be up-to-date for your sake, but it wasn't any go. I'm just a born rube, I guess. I can't get used to—well, to things like Tuesday and Thursday evenings. You can fix it up any way you like, Judy, and let me know. I knew of course that you'd be glad to have me go. It's all right, isn't it, Judy?"

She stared at him. Suddenly she gave a little tear-stained giggle.

"It's all right with me—if you'll wait till I finish packing so I can go along," she said.

Tommy turned very pale. Immovable, he held a carefully folded union suit poised in midair, and made little inarticulate noises in his throat.

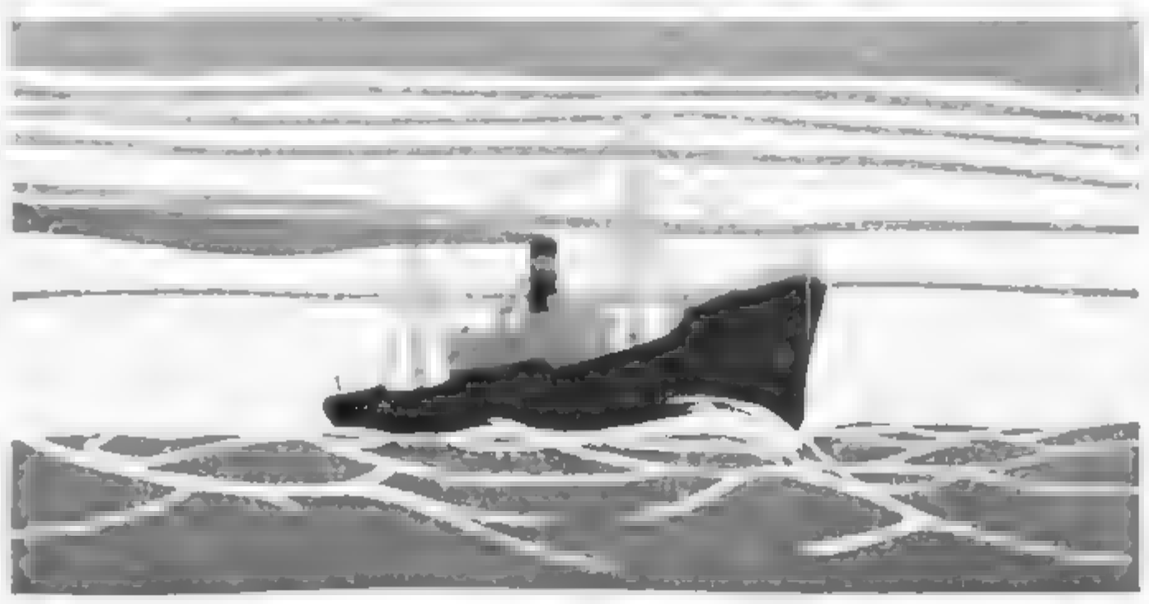
"Oh, I won't be long!" said Judy. "I'm practically ready now. Don't do that, Tommy—you sound like the plumbing!"

"But—but—that man who sends you flowers?" gurgled Tommy.

"Sent 'em to myself," Judy explained. "As for Bob, he's a nice kid—our office boy, you know. He wanted to learn to dance, so I hired him as an escort for Tuesday and Thursday evenings. I couldn't stand the others, Tommy! They were so silly, and it was such a bore—after you. Bob called me ma'am and said 'What's that?' It was all your fault, Tommy! Why didn't you tell me you hated Tuesday and Thursday evenings as much as I did?"

After a time she told him her other news. There was another inarticulate, gurgling silence, while the alligator bag and the patent-leather suitcase yawned in unison. Suddenly Tommy and Judith spoke together.

"A regular old-fashioned kid!" they breathed in ecstasy.



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Each Brascolite fixture is packed and shipped as a complete unit, ready for immediate installation. No soldering or taping of wires is required. The ease of installation, rugged construction, low cost and low maintenance make the Brascolite the ideal fixture for office lighting.

Type WD, shown here, serves every illuminating purpose and admirably equips the ceiling.

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How Brascolites and a little paint have modernized old office buildings

These four St. Louis office buildings are splendid examples of the wonderful transformation which follows the paint brush and the installation of Brascolites.

After careful tests, and with conclusively proven facts before them, the managers of these buildings instituted a thorough "Clean Up, Paint Up and Light Up" in every room, installing Brascolites throughout. The office interiors are now modern and delightful places in which to work—and all are under lease at profitable rents.

Four practically new office buildings have thus been added to the greatly needed office-housing requirements of St. Louis.

Old offices painted and Brascolited are a revelation—and in the light of such transformation hundreds of Building Owners have sensed the great value of good lighting and a little paint as a quick, economical means of making old buildings modern and filling them with satisfied tenants.

Profit by the story of these four St. Louis buildings. Whatever the character of your building—the area of the rooms or the height of the ceilings—there is a Brascolite to perfectly meet your particular need.

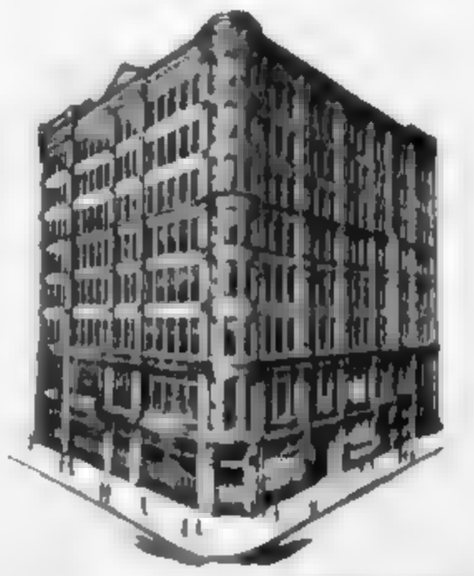
Fifteen thousand electrical dealers sell Brascolites—the largest selling lighting fixture in the world.

Let us send you copy of our Catalogue No. 7, which pictures and describes the standard Brascolite line.

Our designing and engineering departments are at your disposal, without obligation, for special requirements.

Victoria Building

Granite Building



Merchants-Laclede Building

Compton Building

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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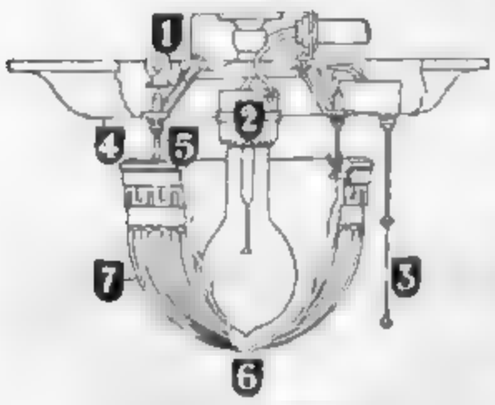

All standard ceiling type Brascolites may be converted to angle or three-chain suspension type by the addition of standard chain hangers. The hangers are packed in unit cartons, including all necessary parts for installation.

1 Brascolite Improved Supporting Tripod—simplest device for attaching to any kind of electric outlet. *Means lowest cost for installing.*

2 Brascolite Socket, made of porcelain with protected terminals—no wire splicing. *Eliminates all danger and fire risk, and electric troubles.*

3 Brascolite Pull Switch of new toggle construction in insulated housing—660-watt capacity. *Insures long, dependable life of continuous service.*

4 Brascolite Flat Reflecting Plane made of white porcelain on Armco iron—positively will not rust, peel or discolor. *Light rays refracted directly and without obstruction to the working plane.*

5 Brascolite Spindles not only support the bowl, but hold the reflector periphery flush with the ceiling—being adjustable to correctly position the bowl, they insure utilization of every ray of light, thus producing maximum and uniform light distribution. *The result is a candle-power variation of but 6 per cent in the very large radius of 135 degrees.*

6 Ventilation upward through the hole in bottom of bowl insures long lamp life and least accumulation of dust. *This reduces operating depreciation to the minimum and practically maintains the original lamp efficiency.*

7 Scientific configuration of the white glass bowl thoroughly breaks up the intense white Mazda light and softens it by diffusion. The principle of diffusion plus reflection has made Brascolite the ideal light of eye-health and comfort, exceeding in efficiency every other fixture in the world. *The Brascolite bowl, when illuminated, presents a luminous body 569 times as large as the lamp filament. The glare of the clear Mazda lamp is reduced 97 per cent, with a total absorption of but 20 per cent.*

Dayton, Ohio, July 6, 1920.

....I never had a plow handle in my hands in my life until I took hold of the UTILITOR. I have three acres of corn planted, 500 tomato plants, 1606 sweet potato plants, ridges made with UTILITOR, 3,500 Vinca vines, 1 acre potatoes furrowed by UTILITOR; 1 acre beans, and I want to say that weeds and stiff hard soil on this whole place are out of the question, as the machine certainly keeps it in fine shape and does it quickly and easily.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) CARL L. FIES.

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From *Buechel, Ky.*, comes this unsolicited endorsement of the Utilitor: "I have not had a horse or mule on my place since I rolled the UTILITOR off the truck. It does so many things that a team can't do. You can cultivate where you can't with a mule. You can plow within six inches of a fruit tree, plant, or stalk of corn and never touch it. I have saved the price of my UTILITOR in six months."

* * * * * *

Out in *Puyallup, Wash.*, this Utilitor owner kept a record of the work done by his machine. He writes: "Run 8 hours on one gallon of gas, climb 20 per cent grade and haul 500 lbs. of manure, climb 25 per cent grade and pull disc harrow, plow 7 in. deep and turn a furrow as nice as you please."

* * * * * *

An owner in *Kansas City, Mo.*, considered that the hardest work his Utilitor would have to do would be to pull a 3½ ft. hay mower. Here is what he found: "I had every success with my 3½ ft. mower. It was used in one cherry orchard that was waist high in weeds and another that was in alfalfa. It went right ahead and has put in a 10 hour day with just a break for lunch at work that would have killed a horse."

* * * * * *

Here is a man from *San Francisco* who is getting more out of life—because of his Utilitor he is "Beating the Game." "I have a ten acre orchard and I take care of it with the UTILITOR. I will say that this is the first plowing, etc., I have ever done. I have always lived in the city. The machine is a wonder."

* * * * * *

We thought the Utilitor was easy to operate, but this owner at *Gates Mills, O.*, sheds some more light on the subject. "We find the UTILITOR tractor a wonderful machine, doing the work in top-top shape. My father-in-law is a man 72 years old and he is the one that runs it, having about 4 acres of land that he is working."

* * * * * *

You will find the Utilitor doing its work well in all parts of the country. From *Baton Rouge, La.*, comes this word of praise: "My UTILITOR has given me excellent results. I have made a corn and potato crop with it and have had no mechanical trouble whatever. I consider it a very satisfactory machine for the work in question."

Over in *Rock Island, Ill.*, this owner is raising fruit with the help of his Utilitor. He writes that "I use my UTILITOR on my fruit farm and am very glad of the opportunity of saying that I am well pleased with the tractor. I have plowed, disced, and harrowed with the tractor and have found it satisfactory and economical in every respect."

* * * * * *

That the Utilitor cuts costs and saves time is explained very concisely by this owner in *Pottsdale, Pa.* He writes, "I have been using UTILITOR and I am more than satisfied with it. My man used to spend three days in cutting my lawn; now he does the same work with the UTILITOR in one day."

* * * * * *

But when manufacturing plants find the Utilitor a necessary part of the equipment we begin to think that the economic value of the Utilitor has never been realized. It proves that you need never have idle or non-productive soil whether you are a farmer or not. A manufacturing plant in *Wichita Falls, Texas*, writes as follows: "We are using a UTILITOR manufactured by the Midwest Engine Company for cultivating our factory grounds and garden, amounting to about six acres. We have found this little tractor and the implements which came with it very satisfactory for our purpose and are glad to recommend it for such work as we are using it."

* * * * * *

We are receiving hundreds of unsolicited letters from Utilitor owners like the above.

Through them all runs the same note of praise for the universal usefulness of this trustworthy machine and for the Utilitor's dependability and economy of operation.

You need the Utilitor. It has been tried and found more than we have ever claimed for it. We will gladly send our "YES" book of owner testimonials.

DEALERS—Fill out your line with the Utilitor. The universal application of this machine for all manner of farm, fruit orchard, truck, nursery and garden work will make it a profitable addition to your line. There's a market for the Utilitor at your very door. Write for territory franchise application today.

MIDWEST ENGINE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

MIDWEST

UTILITOR

Dependable Power

THE PAGAN MADONNA

(Continued from Page 5)

down and a reflector over the platform advertised the fact that either the owner had gone into Shanghai or was expecting a visitor.

All about were rocking lights, yellow and green and red, from warships, tramps, passenger ships, freighters, barges, junks. The water was streaked with shaking lances of color.

In the salon, under a reading lamp, sat a man whose iron-gray hair was patched with cowlicks. Combs and brushes produced no results, so the owner had had it clipped to a short pompadour. It was the skull of a fighting man, for all that frontally it was marked by a high intellectuality. This sort of head generally gives the possessor yachts like Wanderer II, tremendous bank accounts; the type that will always possess these things, despite the howl of the proletariat.

The face was sunburned. There was some loose flesh under the jaws. The nose was thick and pudgy, wide in the nostrils, like a lion's. The predatory are not invariably hawk-nosed. The eyes were blue—in repose, a warm blue—and there were feathery wrinkles at the corners which suggested that the toll taker could laugh occasionally. The lips were straight and thin, the chin square—stubborn rather than relentless. A lonely man who was rarely lonesome.

His body was big. One has to be keen physically as well as mentally to make a real success of anything. His score might have tallied sixty. He was at the peak of life, but hanging there, you might say. To-morrow Anthony Cleigh might begin the quick downward journey.

He had made his money in mines, rails, ships; and now he was spending it prodigally. Prodigally, yes, but with caution and foresight. There was always a ready market for what he bought. If he paid a hundred thousand for a Rembrandt, rest assured he knew where he could dispose of it for the same amount. Cleigh was a collector by instinct. With him it was no fad; it was a passion, sometimes absurd. This artistic love of rare and beautiful creations was innate, not acquired. Dealers had long since learned their lesson, and no more sought to impose upon him.

He was not always scrupulous. In the dollar war he had been sternly honest, harshly just. In pursuit of objects of art he argued with his conscience that he was not injuring the future of widows and orphans when he bought some purloined masterpiece. Without being in the least aware of it, he was now the victim, not the master, of the passion. He would have purchased Raphael's Adoration of the Magi had some rogue been able to steal it from the Vatican.

Hanging from the ceiling and almost touching the floor, forward between the entrance to the dining salon and the owner's cabin, was a rug eight and a half by six. It was the first object that struck your eye as you came down the companionway. It was an animal rug, a museum piece; rubies and sapphires and emeralds and topaz melted into wool. It was under glass to fend off the sea damp. Fit to hang beside the Ardabil Carpet.

You never saw the rug except in this salon. Cleigh dared not hang it in his gallery at home in New York, for the particular reason that the British Government, urged by the Viceroy of India, had been hunting high and low for the rug since 1911, when it had been the rightful property of a certain influential maharaja whose Ai, ai! had reverberated from Hind to Albion over the loss. Thus it will not be difficult to understand why Cleigh was lonely rather than lonesome.

Queer lot. To be a true collector is to be as the opium eater; you keep getting in deeper and deeper, careless that the way back closes. After a while you cannot feel any kick in the stuff you find in the open marts, so you step outside the pale, where they sell the unadulterated. That's the true, dyed-in-the-wool collector. He no longer acquires a Vandyke merely to show to his friends; that he possesses it for his own delectation is enough. He becomes brother to Gaspard, miser; and like Gaspard he cannot be fooled by spurious gold.

Over the top of the rug was a curtain of waxed sailcloth that could be dropped by the pull of a cord, and it was generally dropped whenever Cleigh made port.

It was vaguely known that Cleigh possessed the maharaja's treasure. Millionaire collectors, agents and famous salesroom auctioneers had heard indirectly; but they kept the information to themselves—not from any kindly spirit, however. Never a one of them but hoped some day he might lay hands upon the rug and dispose of it to some other madman. A rug valued at seventy thousand dollars was worth a high adventure. Cleigh, however, with cynical humor courted the danger.

There is a race of hardy dare-devils—superthieves—of which the world hears little and knows little. These adventurers have actually robbed the Louvre, the Vatican, the Pitti Gallery, the palaces of kings and sultans. It was not so long ago that La Gioconda—Mona Lisa—was stolen from the Louvre. Cleigh had come from New York, thousands of miles, for the express purpose of meeting one of these amazing rogues—a rogue who, had he found a rich wallet on the pavement, would have moved heaven and earth to find the owner, but who would have stolen the Pope's throne had it been left about carelessly.

It is rather difficult to analyze the moral status of such a man, or that of the man ready to deal with him.

Cleigh lowered his book and assumed a listening attitude. Above the patter of the rain he heard the putt-putt of a motor launch. He laid the book on the table and reached for a black cigar, which he lit and began to puff quickly. Louder grew the panting of the motor. It stopped abruptly. Cleigh heard a call or two, then the creaking of the ladder. Two minutes later a man limped into the salon. He tossed his sou'wester to the floor and followed it with the smelly oilskin.

"Hello, Cleigh! Devil of a night!"

"Have a peg?" asked Cleigh.

"Never touch the stuff."

"That's so; I had forgotten."

Cleigh never looked upon this man's face without recalling Del Sarto's John the Baptist—supposing John had reached forty by the way of reckless passions. The extraordinary beauty was still there, but as though behind a blurred pane of glass.

"Well?" said Cleigh, trying to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"There's the devil to pay—all in a half hour."

"You haven't got it?" Cleigh blazed out.

"Morrissy—one of the squarest chaps in the world—ran amuck the last minute. Tried to double-cross me, and in the rough-and-tumble that followed he was more or less banged up. We hurried him to a hospital, where he lies unconscious."

"But the beads!"

"Either he dropped them in the gutter, or they repose on the floor of a Chinese shop in Woosung Road. I'll be there bright and early—never you fear. Don't know what got into Morrissy. Of course I'll look him up in the morning."

"Thousands of miles—to hear a yarn like this!"

"Cleigh, we've done business for nearly twenty years. You can't point out an instance where I ever broke my word."

"I know," grumbled Cleigh. "But I've gone to all this trouble, getting a crew and all that. And now you tell me you've let the beads slip through your fingers!"

"Pshaw! You'd have put the yacht into commission if you'd never heard from me. You were crazy to get to sea again. Any trouble picking up the crew?"

"No. But only four of the old crew—Captain Newton, of course, and Chief Engineer Svenson, Donaldson and Morley. Still it's the best crew I ever had; young fellows off warships and transports, looking for comfortable berths and a little adventure that won't entail hunting periscopes."

"Plenty of coal?"

"Trust me for that. Four hundred tons in Manila, and I shan't need more than a bucketful."

"Who drew the plans for this yacht?" asked Cunningham, with a roving glance.

"I did."

"Humph! Why didn't you leave the job to someone who knew how? It's a series of labyrinths on this deck."

"I wanted a big main salon, even if I had to sacrifice some of the rest of the space. Besides, it keeps the crew out of sight."

"And I should say out of touch, too."

"I'm quite satisfied," replied Cleigh grumpily.

"Cleigh, I'm through." Cunningham spread his hands.

"What are you through with?"

"Through with this game. I'm going in for a little sport. This string of beads was the wind-up. But don't worry. They'll be on board here to-morrow. You brought the gold?"

"Yes."

The visitor paused in front of the rug. He sighed audibly.

"Scheherazade's twinkling little feet! Lord, but that rug is a wonder! Cleigh, I've been offered eighty thousand for it."

"What's that?" Cleigh barked, half out of his chair.

"Eighty thousand by Eisenfeldt. I don't know what crazy fool he's dealing for, but he offers me eighty thousand."

Cleigh got up and pressed a wall button. Presently a man stepped into the salon from the starboard passage. He was lank, with a lean, wind-bitten face and a hard blue eye.

"Dodge," announced Cleigh, smiling, "this is Mr. Cunningham. I want you to remember him."

Dodge agreed with a curt nod.

"If ever you see him in this cabin when I'm absent you know what to do."

"Yes, sir," replied Dodge, with a wintry smile.

Cunningham laughed.

"So you carry a Texas gunman round with you now? After all, why not? You never can tell. But don't worry, Cleigh. If ever I make up my mind to accept Eisenfeldt's offer I'll lift the yacht first."

Cleigh laughed amusedly.

"How would you go about to steal a yacht like this?"

"That's telling. Now I've got to get back to town. My advice for you is to come in to-morrow and put up at the Astor, where I can get in touch with you easily."

"Agreed. That's all, Dodge."

The Texan departed, and Cunningham burst into laughter again.

"You're an interesting man, Cleigh. On my word, you do need a guardian—gallivanting round the world with all these treasures. Queer what things we do when we try to forget. Is there any desperate plunge we wouldn't take if we thought we could leave the Old Man of the Sea behind? You think you're forgetting when you fly across half the world for a string of glass beads. I think I'm forgetting when I risk my neck getting hold of some half-forgotten Rembrandt. But there it is, always at our shoulder when we turn. One of the richest men in the world! Doesn't that tingle you when you hear people whisper it as you pass? Just as I tingle when some woman gasps, 'What a beautiful face!' We both have our withered leg—only yours is invisible."

The mockery on the face and the irony on the tongue of the man disturbed Cleigh. Supposing the rogue had his eye on that rug? To what lengths might he not go to possess it? And he had the infernal ingenuity of his master, Beelzebub. Or was he just trying Anthony Cleigh's nerves to see whether they were sound or raw?

"But the beads!" he said.

"I'm sorry. Simply Morrissy ran amuck."

"I am willing to pay half as much again."

"You leave that to me—at the original price. No hold-up. Prices fixed, as the French say. Those beads will be on board here to-morrow. But why the devil do you carry that rug abroad?"

"To look at."

"Mad as a hatter!" Cunningham picked up his oilskin and sou'wester. "Hang it, Cleigh, I've a notion to have a try at that rug just for the sport of it!"

"If you want to bump into Dodge," replied the millionaire dryly, "try it."

"Oh, it will be the whole thing—the yacht—when I start action! Devil take the weather!"

"How the deuce did the beads happen to turn up here in Shanghai?"

"Morrissy brought them east from Naples. That's why his work to-night puzzles me. All those weeks to play the crook in, and then to make a play for it when he knew he could not put it over! Brain storm—and when he comes to he'll probably be sorry. Well, keep your eye on the yacht." Cunningham shouldered into his oilskin. "To-morrow at the Astor, between three and five. By George, what a ripping idea—to steal the yacht! I'm mad as a hatter too. Good night, Cleigh." And laughing, Cunningham went twisting up the companionway, into the rain and the dark.

Cleigh stood perfectly still until the laughter became an echo and the echo a memory.

IV

MORNING and winnowed skies; China awake. The great black-and-gold banners were again fluttering in Nanking Road. Mongolian ponies clattered about, automobiles rumbled, rickshas jogged. Venders were everywhere, many with hot rice and bean curd. Street cleaners in bright-red cotton jackets were busy with the mud puddles. The river swarmed with sampans and barges and launches. There was only one lifeless thing in all Shanghai that morning—the German Club.

In the city hospital the man Morrissy, his head in bandages, smiled feebly into Cunningham's face.

"Were you mad to try a game like that? What the devil possessed you? Three to one, and never a ghost of a chance. You never blew up like this before. What's the answer?"

"Just struck me, Dick—one of those impulses you can't help. I'm sorry. Ought to have known I'd have no chance, and you'd have been justified in croaking me. Just as I was in the act of handing them over to you the idea came to bolt. All that dough would keep me comfortably the rest of my life."

"What happened to them?"

"Don't know. After that biff on the coco I only wanted some place to crawl into. I had them in my hand when I started to run. Sorry."

"Have they quizzed you?"

"Yes, but I made out I couldn't talk. What's the dope?"

"You were in a rough-and-tumble down the Chinese Bund, and we got you away. Play up to that."

"All right. But, gee! I won't be able to go with you."

"If we have any luck I'll see you get a share."

"That's white. You were always a white man, Dick. I feel like a skunk. I knew I couldn't put it over, with the three of you at my elbow. What the devil got into me?"

"Any funds?"

"Enough to get me down to Singapore. Where do you want me to hang out?"

"Suit yourself. You're out of this play—and it's my last."

"You're quitting the big game?"

"Yes. What's left of my schedule I'm going to run out on my own. So we probably won't meet again for a long time, Morrissy. Here's a couple of hundred to add to your store. If we find the beads I'll send your share wherever you say."

"Might as well be Naples. They're off me in the States."

"All right. Cook's or the American Express?"

"Address me the Milan direct."

Cunningham nodded.

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by, Dick. I'm sorry I gummed it up."

"I thought you'd be. Good-by."

But as Cunningham passed from sight the man on the cot smiled ironically at the sun-splashed ceiling. A narrow squeak, but he had come through.

Cunningham, grateful for the sunshine, limped off toward Woosung Road, grotesquely but incredibly fast for a man with only one sound leg. He never used a cane, having the odd fancy that a stick would only emphasize his affliction. He might have taken a ricksha this morning, but he never thought of it until he had crossed Soochow Creek.

But Ling Foo was not in his shop and the door was locked. Cunningham explored the muddy gutters all the way from Ling Foo's to Moy's tea house, where the meeting had taken place. He found nothing, and went into Moy's to wait. Ling Foo would have to pass the restaurant. A boy who knew the merchant stood outside to watch.

Jane woke at nine. The brightness of the window shade told her that the sun was clear. She sprang out of bed, a trill of

(Continued on Page 150)

FAIRBANKS

Pioneers in the Ball Bearing Motor

Fairbanks-Morse was first in this country to furnish a complete line of standard alternating current motors fitted with *ball bearings*. Needless to say, these machines were mechanically and electrically right—Fairbanks-Morse quality throughout.

This pioneer ball bearing motor work was done many years ago.

Today, fully half the output of the big Fairbanks-Morse electrical manufacturing plant is devoted to the production of ball bearing motors and generators.

Power users know and appreciate the advantages of this type of motor for machine drives where practical, efficient operation demands the reduction of friction losses and the elimination of constant oiling. This has been accomplished in these motors by grease-packed ball bearings which require but little attention.

This pioneer work and present day service to industry are the physical expressions of the standard reflected in the Fairbanks-Morse Quality Seal, which images the goal of all this company's activities.

Our products include Fairbanks Scales—oil engines—pumps—electric motors and generators—railway appliances and coaling stations—farm power machinery, such as "Z" engines, lighting plants, water systems.

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If your razor suits you—Stick to it
If it does not—Try the

Enders SAFETY Razor

On the market 13 years. More than 2,000,000 in regular use before it was ever advertised. Satisfied users alone have been its salesmen. Is there another product with a similar record?

The appealing charm of the Enders is its simplicity—only three parts:

BLADE:—of the finest quality Swedish-base steel—hand stropped, hand tested, assuring the keenest and most lasting edge.

GUARD:—stands free of the blade, leaving the entire cutting edge *free for shaving.*

HANDLE:—hung at the exact angle necessary to secure the sliding, diagonal stroke of the old style open blade.

Shaving with an Enders Razor is "Just Like Wiping Your Face With a Towel."

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ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00—with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in a black Karatol box, plush lined.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 147)

happiness in her throat. The shops! Oh, the beautiful, beautiful shops!

"China, China, China!" she sang.

She threw up the shade and squinted for a moment. The sun in the heavens and the reflection on the Whangpoo were blinding. The sampans made her think of ants, darting, scuttling, wheeling.

"Oh, the beautiful shops!"

Of all the things in the world—this side of the world—worth having, nothing else seemed comparable to jade—a jade necklace. Not the stone that looked like dull marble with a greenish pallor—no. She wanted the deep apple-green jade, the royal translucent stone. And she knew that she had as much chance of possessing the real article as she had of taking her pick of the scattered Romanoff jewels.

Jane held to the belief that when you wished for something you couldn't have, it was niggardly not to wish magnificently.

She dressed hurriedly, hastened through her breakfast of tea and toast and jam, and was about to sally forth upon the delectable adventure when there came a gentle knock on the door. She opened it, rather expecting a boy to announce that Captain Dennison was below. Outside stood a Chinaman in a black skirt and a jacket of blue brocade. He was smiling and kotowing.

"Would the lady like to see some things?"

"Come in," said Jane readily.

Ling Foo deposited his pack on the floor and opened it. He had heard that a single woman had come in the night before and, shrewd merchant that he was, he had wasted no time.

"Furs!" cried Jane, reaching down for the Manchurian sable. She blew aside the top fur and discovered the smoky down beneath. She rubbed her cheek against it ecstatically. She wondered what devil's lure there was about furs and precious stones that made women give up all the world for them. Was that madness hidden away in her somewhere?

"How much?"

She knew beforehand that the answer would render the question utterly futile.

"A hundred Mex," said Ling Foo. "Very cheap."

"A hundred Mex?" That would be nearly fifty dollars in American money. With a sigh she dropped the fur. "Too much for me. How much is that Chinese jacket?"

"Twenty Mex."

Jane carried it over to the window.

"I will give you fifteen for it."

"All right."

Ling Foo was willing to forgo his usual hundred per cent profit in order to start the day with a sale. Then he spread out the grass linen.

Jane went into raptures over some of the designs, but in the end she shook her head. She wanted something from Shanghai, something from Hong-Kong, something from Yokohama. If she followed her inclination she would go broke here and now.

"Have you any jade? Understand, I'm not buying. Just want to see some."

"No, lady; but I can bring you some this afternoon."

"I warn you, I'm not buying."

"I shall be glad to show the lady. What time shall I call?"

"Oh, about tea time."

Ling Foo reached inside his jacket and produced a string of cut-glass beads.

"How pretty! What are they?"

"Glass."

Jane hooked the string round her neck and viewed the result in the mirror. The sunshine, striking the facets, set fire to the beads. They were really lovely. She took a sudden fancy to them.

"How much?"

"Four Mex." It was magnanimous of Ling Foo.

"I'll take them." They were real anyhow. "Bring your jade at tea time and call for Miss Norman. I can't give you any more time."

"Yes, lady."

Ling Foo bundled up his assorted merchandise and trotted away infinitely relieved. The whole affair was off his hands. In no wise could the police bother him now. He knew nothing; he would know nothing until he met his honorable ancestors.

From ten until three Jane, under the guidance of Captain Dennison, stormed the shops on the Bunds and Nanking Road; but in returning to the Astor House she realized with dismay that she had expended the major portion of her ammunition in this offensive. She doubted if she would have enough to buy a kimono in Japan. It was dreadful to be poor and to have a taste for luxury and an eye for beauty.

"Captain," she said as they sat down to tea, "I'm going to ask one more favor."

"What is it?"

"A Chinaman is coming with some jade. If I'm alone with him I'm afraid I'll buy something, and I really can't spend another penny in Shanghai."

"I see. Want me to shoo him off in case his persistence is too much for you."

"Exactly. It's very nice of you."

"Greatest pleasure in the world. I wish the job was permanent—shooing 'em away from you."

She sent him a quick sidelong glance, but he was smiling. Still there was something in the tone that quickened her pulse. All nonsense of course; both of them stony, as the Britishers put it; both of them returning to the States for bread and butter.

"Why didn't you put up here?" she asked. "There is plenty of room."

"Well, I thought perhaps it would be better if I stayed at the Palace."

"Nonsense! Who cares?"

"I do." And this time he did not smile.

"I suppose my Chinaman will be waiting in the lobby."

"Let's toddle along then."

Dennison followed her out of the tea room, his gaze focused on the back of her neck, and it was just possible to resist the mad inclination to bend and kiss the smooth ivory-tinted skin. He was not ready to analyze the impulse, for fear he might find how deep down the propellant was. A woman, young in the heart, young in the body and old in the mind, disillusioned but not embittered, unafraid, resourceful, sometimes beautiful and sometimes plain, but always splendidly alive.

Perhaps the wisest move on his part was to avoid her companionship, invent some excuse to return by the way of Manila, pretend he had transfer orders. To spend twenty-one days on the same ship with her and to keep his head seemed a bit too strong. Had there been something substantial reaching down from the future—a dependable job—he would have gone with her joyously. But he had not a dollar beyond his accumulated pay; that would melt quickly enough when he reached the States. He was thirty; he would have to hustle to get anywhere by the time he was forty. His only hope was that back in the States they were calling for men who knew how to manage men, and he had just been discharged—or recalled for that purpose—from the best school for that. But they were calling for specialists too, and he was a jack of all trades and master of none.

He knew something about art, something about music, something about languages; but he could not write. He was a fair navigator, but not fair enough for a paying job. He could take an automobile engine apart and reassemble it with skill, but any chauffeur could do that.

"Hadn't we better go into the parlor?" he heard Jane asking as they passed out.

"We'll be alone there. It will be easier for you to resist temptation, I suppose, if there isn't any audience. Audiences are nuisances. Men have killed each other because they feared the crowd might mistake common sense for the yellow streak."

Instantly the thought leaped into the girl's mind: Supposing such an event lay back of this strange silence about his home and his people? She recalled the ruthless ferocity with which he had broken up a street fight between American and Japanese soldiers one afternoon in Vladivostok. Supposing he had killed someone? But she had to repudiate this theory. No officer in the United States Army could cover up anything like that.

"Come to the parlor," she said to Ling Foo, who was smiling and kotowing.

Ling Foo picked up his blackwood box. Inwardly he was not at all pleased at the prospect of having an outsider witness the little business transaction he had in mind. Obliquely he studied the bronze mask. There was no eagerness, no curiosity, no indifference. It struck Ling Foo that there was something Oriental in this officer's repose. But five hundred gold! Five hundred dollars in American gold—for a string of glass beads!

He set the blackwood box on a stand, opened it and spread out jade earrings, rings, fobs, bracelets, stringa. The girl's eagerness caused Ling Foo to sigh with relief. It would be easy.

"I warned you that I should not buy anything," said Jane ruefully. "But even if I had the money I would not buy this kind of a jade necklace. I should want apple green."

"Ah!" said Ling Foo, shocked with delight. "Perhaps we can make a bargain. You have those glass beads I sold you this morning?"

"Yes, I am wearing them."

Jane took off her mink-fur collaret, which was sadly worn.

Ling Foo's hand went into his box again. From a piece of cotton cloth he drew forth a necklace of apple-green jade, almost perfect.

"Oh, the lovely thing!" Jane seized the necklace. "To possess something like this! Isn't it glorious, captain?"

"Let me see it." Dennison inspected the necklace carefully. "It is genuine. Where did you get this?"

Ling Foo shrugged.

"Long ago, during the Boxer troubles, I bought it from a sailor."

"Ah, probably loot from the Peking palace. How much is it worth?"

Murder blazed up in Ling Foo's heart, but his face remained smilingly bland.

"What I can get for it. But if the lady wishes I will give it to her in exchange for the glass beads. I had no right to sell the beads," Ling Foo went on with a deprecating gesture. "I thought the man who owned them would never claim them. But he came this noon. Something belonging to his ancestor—and he demands it."

"Trade them? Good heavens, yes! Of all things! Here!" Jane unclasped the beads and thrust them toward Ling Foo's eager claw.

But Dennison reached out an intervening hand.

"Just a moment, Miss Norman. What's the game?" he asked of Ling Foo.

Ling Foo silently cursed all this meddler's ancestors from Noah down, but his face expressed only mild bewilderment.

"Game?"

"Yes. Why didn't you offer some other bits of jade? This string is worth two or three hundred gold; and this is patently a string of glass beads, handsomely cut, but nevertheless plain glass. What's the idea?"

"But I have explained!" protested Ling Foo. "The string is not mine. I have in honor to return it."

"Yes, yes! That's all very well. You could have told this lady that and offered to return her money. But a jade necklace like this one! No, Miss Norman; my advice is to keep the beads until we learn what's going on."

"But to let that jade go!" she wailed comically.

"The lady may keep the jade until to-morrow. She may have the night to decide. This is no hurry."

Ling Foo saw that he had been witless indeed. The thought of raising the bid of five hundred gold to a thousand or more had bemused him, blunted his ordinary cunning.

Inwardly he cursed his stupidity. But the appearance of a witness to the transaction had set him off his balance. The officer had spoken shrewdly. The young woman would have returned the beads in exchange for the sum she had paid for them, and she would never have suspected—nor the officer either—that the beads possessed unknown value. Still the innocent covetousness, plainly visible in her eyes, told that the game was not entirely played out; there was yet a dim chance. Alone, without the officer to sway her, she might be made to yield.

"The lady may wear the beads to-night if she wishes. I will return for them in the morning."

"But this does not explain the glass beads," said the captain.

"I will bring the real owner with me in the morning," volunteered Ling Foo. "He sets a high value on them through sentiment. Perhaps I was hasty."

Dennison studied the glass beads. Perhaps his suspicions were not on any too solid ground. Yet a string of jade beads like that in exchange! Something was in the air.

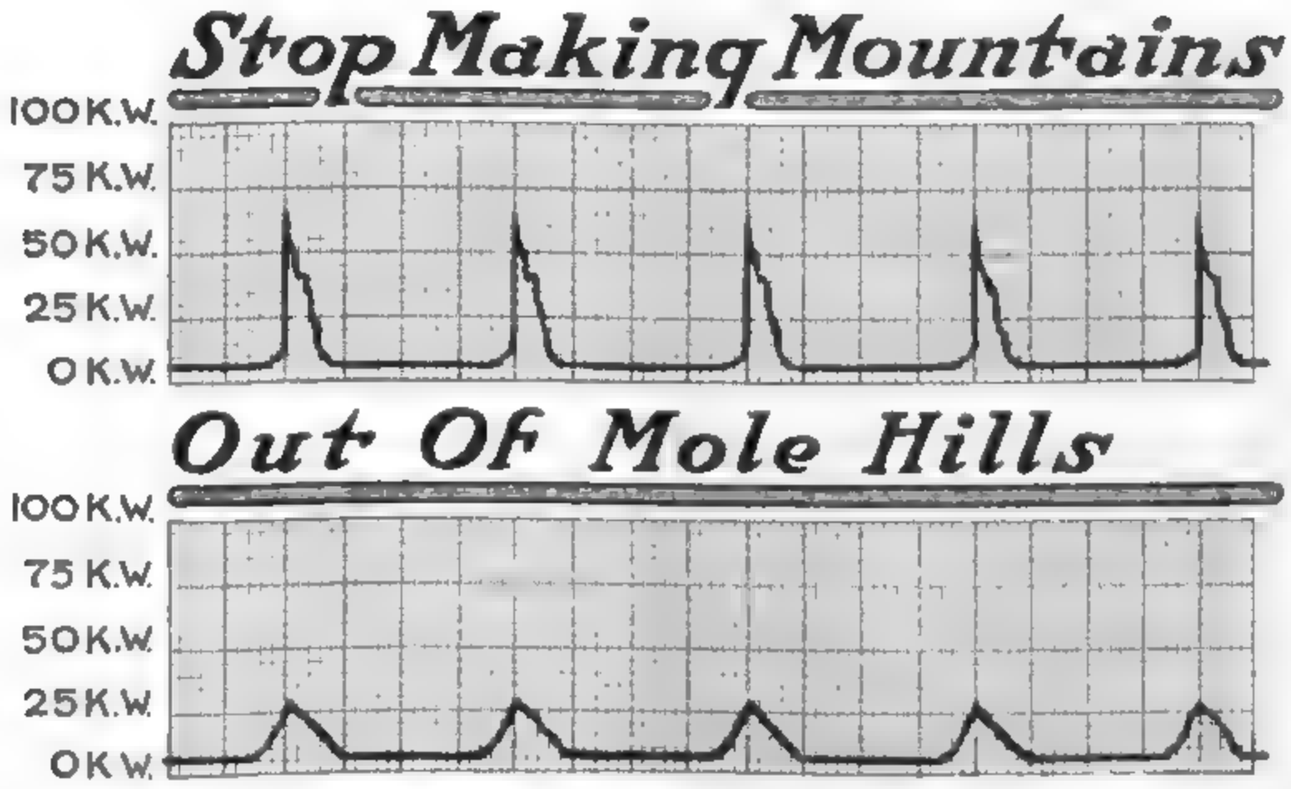
"Well," said he, smiling at the appeal in the girl's eyes, "I don't suppose there will be any harm in keeping them overnight. We'll have a chance to talk it over."

Ling Foo's plan of attack matured suddenly. He would call near midnight. He would somehow manage to get to her door. She would probably hand him the glass

(Continued on Page 153)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Stop Making Mountains Out Of Mole Hills



25 Horse-Power Ordinary Motor Badly Overloaded

Power map of the motor formerly used on this forging machine. Note the "mountain" of power at instant of operation. (Small square represents 5 K. W.)

20 Horse-Power Lincoln Motor Carries Load Easily

Power map of Lincoln Motor specially designed for the work on the same operation. Note how the load is spread out over longer time, thus taking a smaller motor and less power.

AN electric motor which is not scientifically fitted to its work will often take a "mountain" of power to do a "molehill" job.

Look at these power maps—one showing the 25 horse-power motor formerly used, the other showing a 20 horse-power Lincoln Motor, both doing exactly the same work—operating a forging machine.

Think of the waste—*first*, in buying a 25 horse-power when a 20 horse-power will do the work—*second*, in paying the higher power bills due to the use of a motor which does not fit the job.

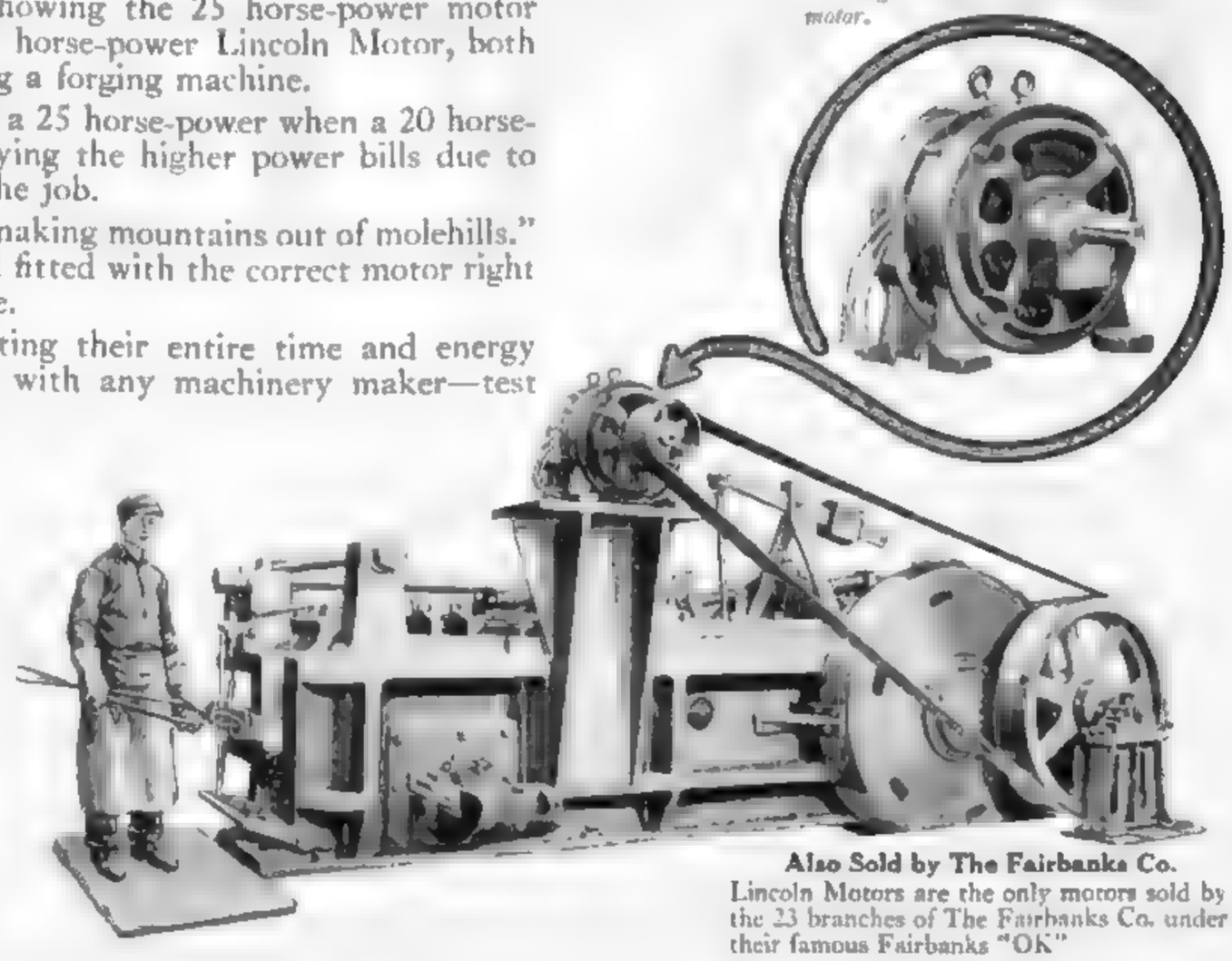
There is only one way to stop this "making mountains out of molehills." That is by having machinery tested and fitted with the correct motor right in the plant where the machine is made.

Lincoln Motor Engineers are devoting their entire time and energy to this one big task. They will work with any machinery maker—test his complete line—recommend motors of the right type and size—guarantee them to do the work economically.

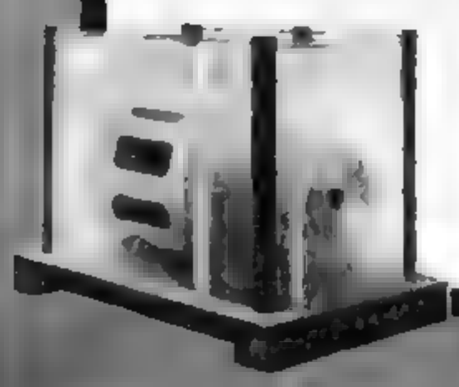
If you are a buyer of machinery, insist on your machines being fitted with Lincoln Motors. If you are a seller of machinery, call the nearest Lincoln branch office and ask them to help you in putting the right motor on each machine.

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—their capacity for work is approximately 25% greater than the "50 degree" or "continuous rated" motor.



Also Sold by The Fairbanks Co.
Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 23 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK"



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HAYES Wire Wheels

The first things most people see in Hayes Wire Wheels are their greater beauty and their better style —the chance to individualize a car.

But beauty and style are not the sole features that have brought an overwhelming preference to Hayes Wire Wheels.

They save tires because they are really resilient. Tires can be kept at higher pressure, to roll more easily and better to resist road-blows and road-wear.

They save gasoline because they are lighter, especially at the rim. There is less weight to get under way and less weight to keep moving.

They are far stronger and decidedly safer. Race drivers insist on wire wheels for these reasons.

They are much easier to handle in changing a tire.

These advantages are so obvious that it must be concluded they play a large part in building the national precedence which Hayes Wire Wheels enjoy.

Wire Wheel Division **Hayes Wheel Company** *Jackson, Michigan*

Branches at Albion, Mich., and Anderson, Ind. Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Co., St. Johns, Mich. Hayes Wheel Co. Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont., and Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

(Continued from Page 150)

beads without a word of argument. Then he would play his game with the man who limped. He smiled inwardly as he put his wares back into the carved box. A thousand gold! At any rate he would press the man into a corner. There was something about this affair that convinced Ling Foo that his noon visitor would pay high for two reasons: one, to recover the glass beads; the other, to keep out of the reach of the police.

Ling Foo considered that he was playing his advantage honestly. He hadn't robbed or murdered anybody. A business deal had slipped into his hands and it was only logical to make the most of it. He kotowed several times on the way out of the parlor, conscious, however, of the searching eyes of the man who had balked him.

"Well!" exclaimed Jane. "What in the world do you suppose is going on?"

"Lord knows, but something is going on. You couldn't buy a jade necklace like that under five hundred in New York. This apple green seldom runs deep; the color runs in veins and patches. The bulk of the stone has the color and greasy look of raw pork. No; I shouldn't put it on just now, not until you have washed it. You never can tell. I'll get you a germicide at the English apothecary's. Glass beads! Humph! Hanged if I can make it out. Glass; Occidental too; maybe worth five dollars in the States. Put it on again. It's a great world over here. You're always stumbling into something unique. I'm coming over to dine with you to-night."

"Splendid!"

Jane put the jade into her hand bag, clasped the glass beads round her neck again, and together she and Dennison walked toward the parlor door. As they reached it a tall, vigorous, elderly man with a gray pompadour started to enter. He paused, with an upward tilt of the chin, but the tilt was the result of pure astonishment. Instinctly Jane turned to her escort. His chin was tilted too, and his expression was a match for the stranger's. Later, recalling the tableau, which lasted but a moment, it occurred to Jane that two men, suddenly confronted by a bottomless pit, might have expressed their dumfounderment in exactly this fashion.

In the lobby she said rather breathlessly: "You knew each other and didn't speak! Who is he?"

The answer threw her into a hypnotic state.

"My father," said Dennison quietly.

■

FATHER and son! For a while Jane had the sensation of walking upon unsubstantial floors, of seeing unsubstantial objects. The encounter did not seem real, human. Father and son, and they had not rushed into each other's arms! No matter what had happened in the past, there should have been some human sign other than astonishment. At the very least two or three years had separated them. Just stared for a moment, and passed on!

Hypnotism is a fact; a word or a situation will create this peculiar state of mind. Father and son! The phrase actually hypnotized Jane, and she remained in the clutch of it until hours later, which may account for the amazing events into which she permitted herself to be drawn. Father and son! Her actions were normal; her mental state was not observable; but inwardly she retained no clear recollection of the hours that intervened between this and the astonishing climax. As from a distance, she heard the voice of the son.

"Looks rum to you, no doubt. But I can't tell you the story—at least not now. It's the story of a tomfool. I had no idea he was on this side. I haven't laid eyes on him in seven years. Dinner at seven. I'll have that germicide sent up to your room."

The captain nodded abruptly and made off toward the entrance.

Jane understood. He wanted to be alone—to catch his breath, as it were. At any rate, that was a human sign that something besides astonishment was stirring within. So she walked mechanically over to the bookstall and hazily glanced at the backs of the new novels, riffled the pages of a magazine; and to this day she cannot recall whether the clerk was a man or a woman, white or brown or yellow, for a hand touched her sleeve lightly, compelling her attention. Dennison's father stood beside her.

"Pardon me, but may I ask you a question?"

Jane dropped the fur collaret in her confusion. They both stooped for it, and collided gently; but in rising the man glimpsed the string of glass beads.

"Thank you," said Jane as she received the collaret. "What is it you wish to ask of me?"

"The name of the man you were with."

"Dennison; his own and yours—probably," she said with spirit, for she took sides in that moment, and was positive that the blame for the estrangement lay with the father. The level, unagitated voice irritated her; she resented it. He wasn't human!

"My name is Cleigh—Anthony Cleigh. Thank you."

Cleigh bowed politely and moved away. Behind that calm, impenetrable mask, however, was turmoil, kaleidoscopic, whirling too quickly for the brain to grasp or hold definite shapes. The boy here! And the girl with those beads round her throat! For the subsidence of this turmoil it was needful to have space; so Cleigh strode out of the lobby into the fading day, made his way across the bridge and sought the Bund. He forgot all about his appointment with Cunningham.

He lit a cigar and walked on and on, oblivious of the cries of the ricksha boys, importunate beggars, the human currents that broke and flowed each side of him. The boy here in Shanghai! And that girl with those beads round her throat! It was as though his head had become a tom-tom in the hands of fate. The drumming made it impossible to think clearly. It was the springing up of the electric lights that brought him back to actualities. He looked at his watch.

He had been tramping up and down the Bund for two solid hours.

And now came, clearly defined, the idea for which he had been searching. He indulged in a series of rumbling chuckles. You will have heard such a sound in the forest when a stream suddenly takes on a merry mood—broken water.

To return to Jane, whom Cleigh had left in a state of growing hypnosis. She was able to act and think intelligently, but the spell lay like a fog upon her will, enervating it. She grasped the situation clearly enough; it was tremendous. She had heard of Anthony Cleigh. Who in America had not? Father and son, and they had passed each other without a nod! Had she not been a witness to the episode she would not have believed such a performance possible.

Through the fog burst a clear point of light. This was not the first time she had encountered Anthony Cleigh. Where had she seen him before, and under what circumstance? Later, when she was alone, she would dig into her storehouse of recollection. Certainly she must bring back that episode. One thing, she had not known him as Anthony Cleigh.

Father and son, and they had not spoken! It was this that beat persistently upon her mind. What dramatic event had created such a condition? After seven years! These two, strong mentally and physically, in a private war! She understood now how it was that Dennison had been able to tell her about Monte Carlo, the South Sea Islands, Africa, Asia; he had been his father's companion on the yacht.

Mechanically she approached the lift. In her room all her actions were more or less mechanical. From the back of her mind somewhere came the order to her hands. She took down the evening gown. This time the subtle odor of lavender left her untouched. To be beautiful, to wish that she were beautiful! Why? Her hair was lovely; her neck and arms were lovely; but her nose wasn't right, her mouth was too large, and her eyes missed being either blue or hazel. Why did she wish to be beautiful?

Always to be poor, to be hanging on the edge of things, never enough of this or that—genteel poverty. She had inherited the condition, as had her mother before her—gentlefolk who had to count the pennies. Her two sisters—really handsome girls—had married fairly well; but one lived in St. Louis and the other in Seattle, so she never saw them any more.

Tired. That was it. Tired of the war for existence; tired of the following odors of antiseptics; tired of the white walls of hospitals, the sight of pain. On top of all, the level dullness of the past, the leaden horror of these months in Siberia. She laughed brokenly. Gardens scattered all

(Continued on Page 156)

A BELT—
and a Hole in His Sock

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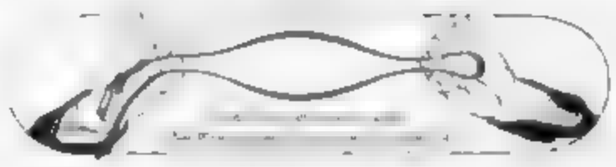

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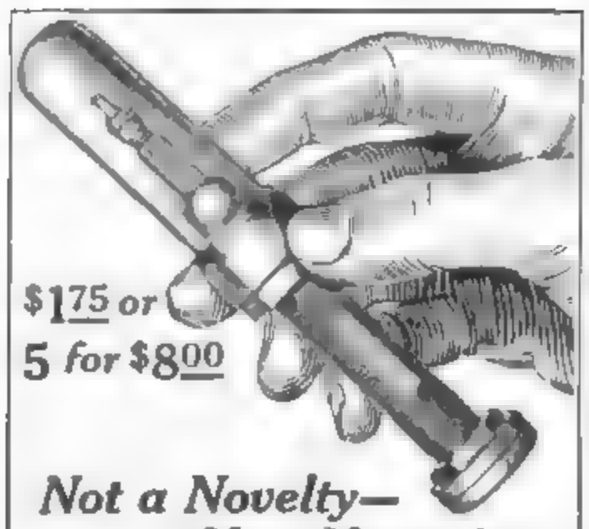

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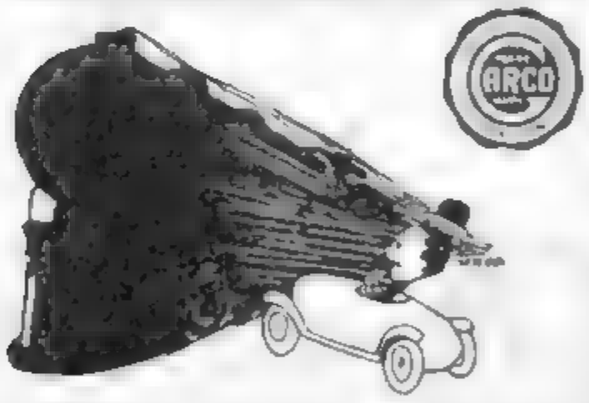

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(Continued from Page 153)

over the world, and she couldn't find one—the gardens of imagination! Romance everywhere, and she never could touch any of it!

Marriage. Outside of books, what was it save a legal contract to cook and bear children in exchange for food and clothes? The humdrum! She flung out her arms with a gesture of rage. She had been cheated, as always. She had come to this side of the world expecting color, movement, adventure. The Orient of the novels she had read—where was it? Drab skies, drab people, drab work! And now to return to America, to exchange one drab job for another! Nadir, always nadir, never any zenith!

Her bitter cogitations were interrupted by a knock on the door. She threw on her kimono and answered. A yellow hand thrust a bottle toward her. It would be the wash for the jade. She emptied the soap dish, cleaned it, poured in the germicide and dropped the jade necklace into the liquid. She left it there while she dressed.

Dennison Cleigh, returning to the States to look for a job! Nothing she had ever read seemed quite so fantastic. She paused in her dressing to stare at some inner thought which she projected upon the starred curtain of the night beyond her window. Supposing they had wanted to fling themselves into each other's arms and hadn't known how? She had had a glimpse or two of Dennison's fierce pride. Naturally he had inherited it from his father. Supposing they were just stupid rather than vengeful? Poor, foolish human beings!

She proceeded with her toilet. Finishing that, she cleansed the jade necklace with soap and water, then realized that she would not be able to wear it, because the string would be damp. So she put on the glass beads instead—another move by the Madonna of the Pagan. Jane Norman was to have her fling.

Dennison was in the lobby waiting for her. He gave a little gasp of delight as he beheld her. Of whom and of what did she remind him? Somebody he had seen, somebody he had read about? For the present it escaped him. Was she handsome? He could not say; but there was that in her face that was always pulling his glance and troubling him for the want of knowing why.

The way she carried herself among men had always impressed him. Fearless and friendly, and with deep understanding, she created respect wherever she went. Men, toughened and coarsened by danger and hardship, somehow understood that Jane Norman was not the sort to make love to because one happened to be bored. On the other hand, there was something in her that called to every man, as a candle calls to the moth; only there were no burnt wings; there seemed to be some invisible barrier that kept the circling moths beyond the zone of incineration.

Was there fire in her? He wondered. That copper tint in her hair suggested it. Magnificent! And what the deuce was the color of her eyes? Sometimes there was a glint of topaz, or cornflower sapphire, gray agate; they were the most tantalizing eyes he had ever gazed into.

"Hungry?" he greeted her.

"For fourteen months!"

"Do you know what?"

"What?"

"I'd give a year of my life for a club steak and all the regular fixings."

"That isn't fair! You've gone and spoiled my dinner."

"Wishy-washy chicken! How I hate tin cans! Pancakes and maple sirup! What?"

"Sliced tomatoes with sugar and vinegar!"

"You don't mean that!"

"I do! I don't care how plebeian it is. Bread and butter and sliced tomatoes with sugar and vinegar—better than all the ice cream that ever was! Childhood ambrosia! For mercy's sake, let's get in before all the wings are gone!"

They entered the huge dining room with its pattering Chinese boys—entered it laughing—while all the time there was at bottom a single identical thought—the father.

Would they see him again? Would he be here at one of the tables? Would a break come, or would the affair go on eternally?

"I know what it is!" he cried, breaking through the spell.

"What?"

"Ever read Phra the Phœnician?"

"Why, yes. But what is what?"

"For days I've been trying to place you. You're the British heroine!"

She thought for a moment to recall the physical attributes of this heroine.

"But I'm not red-headed!" she denied indignantly.

"But it is! It is the most beautiful head of hair I ever laid eyes on"

"And that is the beginning and the end of me," she returned with a little catch in her voice.

The knowledge bore down upon her that her soul was thirsty for this kind of talk. She did not care whether he was in earnest or not.

"The beginning, but not the end of you. Your eyes are fine too. They keep me wondering all the time what color they really are."

"That's very nice of you."

"And the way you carry yourself!"

"Good gracious!"

"You look as if you had come down from Olympus and had lost the way back."

"Captain, you're a dear! I've just been wild to have a man say foolish things to me." She knew that she might play with this man; that he would never venture across the line. "Men have said foolish things to me, but always when I was too busy to bother. To-night I haven't anything in this wide world to do but listen. Go on."

He laughed, perhaps a little ruefully.

"Is there any fire in you, I wonder?"

"Well?" tantalizingly.

"Honestly, I should like to see you in a rage. I've been watching you for weeks, and have found myself irritated by that perpetual calm of yours. That day of the riot you stood on the curb as unconcerned as though you had been witnessing a movie."

"It is possible that it is the result of seeing so much pain and misery. I have been a machine too long. I want to be thrust into the middle of some fairy story before I die. I have never been in love, in a violent rage. I haven't known anything but work and an abiding discontent. Red hair ——"

"But it really isn't red. It's like the copper beech in the sunshine, full of glowing embers."

"Are you a poet?"

"On my word, I don't know what I am."

"There is fire enough in you. The way you tossed about our boys and the Japs!"

"In the blood. My father and I used to dress for dinner, but we always carried the stone ax under our coats. We were both to blame, but only a miracle will ever bring us together. I'm sorry I ran into him. It brings the old days crowding back."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, I'll survive! Somewhere there's a niche for me, and sooner or later I'll find it."

"He stopped me in the lobby after you left. Wanted to know what name you were using. I told him rather bluntly—and he went on. Something in his voice—made me want to strike him!"

Dennison balanced a fork on a finger.

"Funny old world, isn't it?"

"Very. But I've seen him somewhere before. Perhaps in a little while it will come back. . . . What an extraordinarily handsome man!"

"Where?"—with a touch of brusqueness.

"Sitting at the table on your left."

The captain turned. The man at the other table caught his eye, smiled and rose. As he approached Jane noticed with a touch of pity that the man limped oddly. His left leg seemed to slue about queerly just before it touched the floor.

"Well, well! Captain Cleigh!"

Dennison accepted the proffered hand, but coldly.

"On the way back to the States?"

"Yes."

"The Wanderer is down the river. I suppose you'll be going home on her?"

"My orders prevent that."

"Run into the old boy?"

"Naturally," with a wry smile at Jane. "Miss Norman, Mr. Cunningham. Where the shark is, there will be the pilot fish"

The stranger turned his eyes toward Jane's. The beauty of those dark eyes startled her. Fire opals! They seemed to dig down into her very soul, as if searching for something. He bowed gravely and limped back to his table.

"I begin to understand," was Dennison's comment.

"Understand what?"

"All this racket about those beads. My father and this man Cunningham in the same town generally has significance. It is eight years since I saw Cunningham. Of course I could not forget his face, but it's rather remarkable that he remembered mine. He is—if you tear away the romance—nothing more or less than a thief."

"A thief?"—astonishedly.

"Not the ordinary kind; something of a prince of thieves. He makes it possible—he and his ilk—for men like my father to establish private museums. And now I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. It's just a hunch. Hide those beads the moment you reach your room. They are yours as much as anyone's, and they may bring you a fancy penny—if my hunch is worth anything. Hang that pigtail, for getting you mixed up in this! I don't like it."

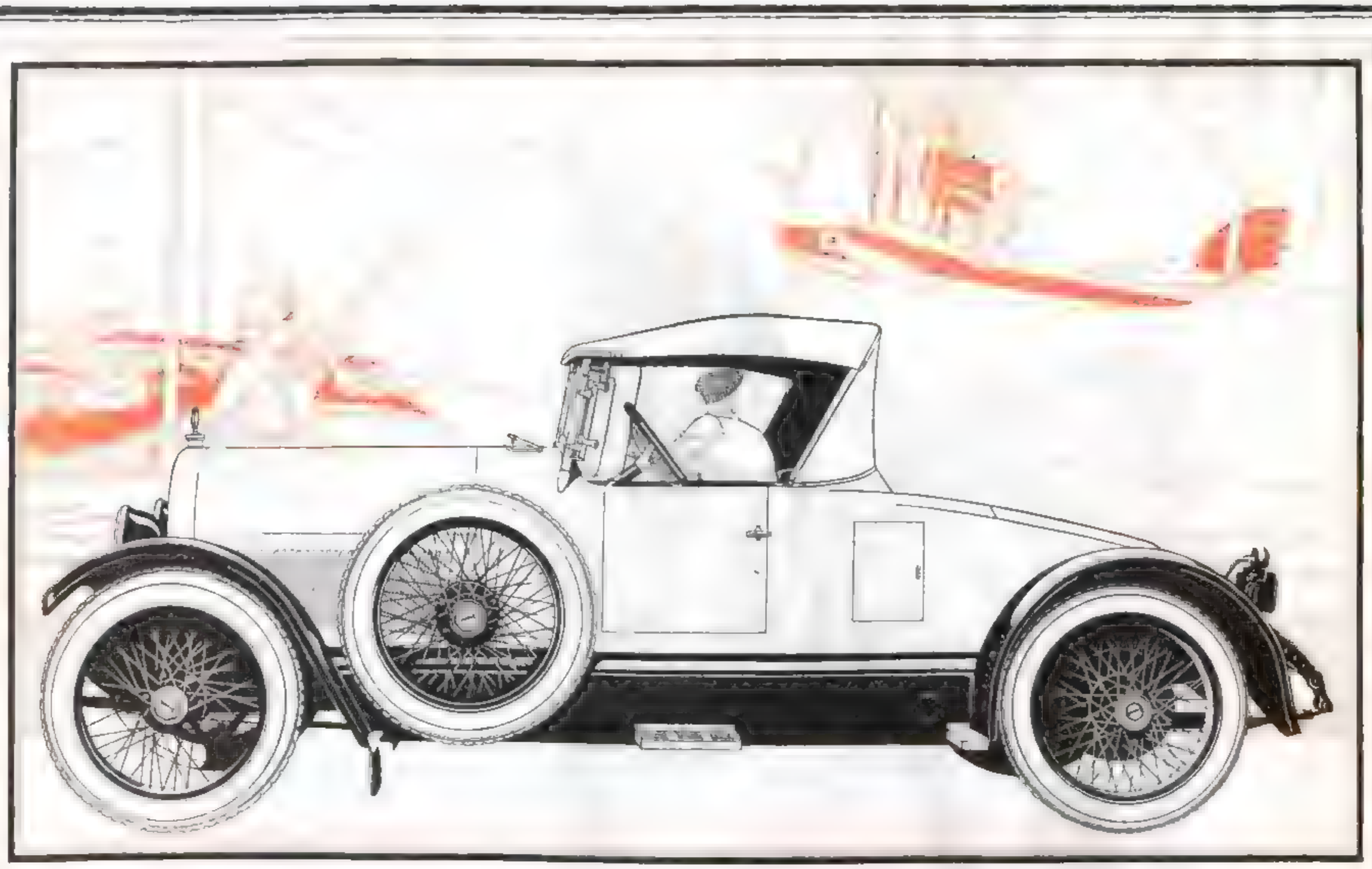
Jane's hand went slowly to her throat; and even as her fingers touched the beads, now warm from contact, she became aware of something electrical which drew her eyes compellingly toward the man with the face of Ganymede and the limp of Vulcan. Four times she fought in vain, during dinner, that drawing, burning glance—and it troubled her. Never before had a man's eye forced hers in this indescribable fashion. It was almost as if the man had said, "Look at me! Look at me!"

After coffee she decided to retire, and bade Dennison good night. Once in her room she laid the beads on the dresser and sat down by the window to recast the remarkable ending of this day. From the stars to the room, from the room to the stars, her glance roved uneasily. Had she fallen upon an adventure? Was Dennison's theory correct regarding the beads? She rose and went to the dresser, inspecting the beads carefully. Positively glass! That Anthony Cleigh should be seeking a string of glass beads seemed arrant nonsense.

She hung the beads on her throat and viewed the result in the mirror. It was then that her eye met a golden glint. She turned to see what had caused it, and was astonished to discover on the floor near the molding that poor Chinaman's brass hand warmer. She picked it up and turned back the jigsawed lid. The receptacle was filled with the ash of punk and charcoal.

There came a knock on the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The New Car of Life and Youth

HAYNES SPECIAL SPEEDSTER

THE snap, the vim, the "go," the exclusiveness, the individuality, the color, the liveness, the pep, the alertness—all the qualities and characteristics demanded and enjoyed by the young folk who set the pace and create the style of to-day—all these are embodied in the new Haynes Special Speedster. It is the typification of advanced car designing, it is the apotheosis of automobile engineering.

Vividly beautiful in its attire of Speedster Red, it presents a picture which instantly suggests the four essential factors of car-character developed and expressed in the Haynes—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

It is a vision of life and desirability, such as seldom has been seen. Individual fenders and aluminum steps accentuate the class typified by the high, gleaming hood, with a spare wheel on each side, and long, unbroken sweeping lines of the chassis and body. The wide doors open to the deeply upholstered seat, where the driver and his companion find comfort and confidence in control of the car. Beautiful Spanish leather covers the seat and arm rests, and the all-aluminum windshield tilts back rakishly, flanked by glistening wind-deflectors. Under the rear deck are ample carrying spaces, so that all impedimenta is hidden from view but instantly ready of access.

Complete to the last little detail, with either the six or twelve cylinder Haynes engine beneath the high, power-suggesting hood, the Haynes Special Speedster is an epoch-making event in the long history made year by year by the Haynes institution. The production of the Haynes Special Speedster is necessarily limited and immediate reservations are urged.

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Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

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SUN-MAID RAISINS

Try These Fruit-Meats

In a Luscious Pie

Already Baked for You

JUST send 'round the corner, or phone, to your grocer or bake shop, and ask for a California Raisin Pie, made with SUN-MAID RAISINS.

You'll be delighted with this fresh, ready-made dessert. You'll serve it frequently because it is too good to miss.

It is made fresh daily in your finest local bakeries and delivered fresh to the stores.

Filled with tender, sweet, juicy SUN-MAID RAISINS. Baked so the juice forms a luscious sauce.

Rich in Nutriment

It's a man's prime dessert—full of energizing nourishment to brace him after his business day. It contains *more* of these energy-units of food value than eggs or milk or meat. Its pure fruit sugar is practically pre-digested fuel.

Order one *now*. See how your men folks like it. You'll never forget this pie.

It brings you a fine dessert. And it saves home baking. So there are two good reasons for its use.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use SUN-MAID RAISINS always in your cooking.

They are the finest raisins grown. Made from tender, juicy California table grapes with unusually thin skins.

Serve in boiled rice, with oatmeal, in muffins, corn bread, bread pudding and other so-called "plain" foods.

Serve stewed raisins alone or with prunes as a breakfast dish.

You'll never know the *real value* of the raisin until you use it in these ways.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*, Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*. All dealers'.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to use.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

Membership 10,000 Growers

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

THE BACK DROP

(Continued from Page 9)

played round his lips. "I drink to thee only with mine eyes," he said to Gloria.

"Can't get anything else," grinned Cleeburg. "Say, why not come out to the house with us now? Give you something stronger. Shoot a few things into a bag, and a night in the country'll do you good."

Brooks put down his glass. "Thanks, no. Think I'd better stick to my own bunk."

"How about next week then? Run you out after the show Saturday night. You can try a couple holes of golf with Gloria."

"Sorry, old man, I'm booked."

"Well, any time you like. Ain't a place, ours, where you have to wait for a bid."

"I know that."

"Say, what's the matter with you anyhow? Last summer you used to run out every few weeks. This year, have to beg you to come."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Brooks. "Wait till we get this opening off our chests and you won't be able to get rid of me."

"Can't come it too strong to suit us, eh, kiddo?"

Gloria's eyes had drifted out to the swaying throng once more. "Of course not," she said quickly, and pushed back her chair. "If you don't mind, 'Dolph, I believe I am tired."

Cleeburg noticed as they went down to the car that her step lagged. When they had dropped Brooks at his flat and were speeding up Fifth Avenue, sleepy under the quiet hour when life in New York closes one eye, she turned swiftly.

"'Dolph, you remember what you called yourself in the theater tonight—before the others came?"

He thought a moment, then his face went alight, all but the eyes. "Your old back drop, y'mean?"

She nodded. "Don't ever do that again—don't!"

Her vehemence made him shift his position so that he faced her.

"Why, honey ——"

The break in her voice had been poignant. Her hand, clasping his arm, was feverish. He felt the heat of it through his thin coat. And even in the dark he could see her eyes, brilliant, with something of the fright he had read in them earlier in the evening. Only it was intensified.

"Honey, what is it?"

"I want you to know I love you," she rushed on breathlessly. "It wasn't just gratitude that made me marry you. There's no one like you in the world—no one. I'll always love you. You're splendid and fine and generous. They don't come any better. Never doubt it, 'Dolph—never; will you?"

She shook his arm, repeating the question over and over.

"Why—kiddo ——"

"And I have made you happy?" she broke in on his amazement. "I have given you something for all you've given me?"

"Everything, honey. Why, these past five years've been more than most fellows get in a lifetime. I ask myself often what an old tout like me ever did to deserve 'em. In the theater and out—hasn't been a day that wasn't heaven. That's what you've given me."

She sat for an instant silent. Then before he could divine her intention she had carried his hand to her lips. But it was not their moisture he noticed as he drew it hastily away and slipped an arm round her.

■

OVER Long Island, as Cleeburg drove in the following day, hung a mist that made the low hills look like a mirage melting into the sky. It was as if the smoke of the city reached its long arm far over green stretches and cool woodland, cloaking Nature with the garment of industry.

Little 'Dolph sat forward, hat tossed to the floor, cigar ashes strewn over it like snow. He had smoked incessantly from the moment the car shot past the hedge surrounding Look Inn, the Cleeburg place. He had smoked with brow furrowed and teeth chewing on the butt of his weed, concentrating so intensely that for the first time in years it failed to circle from corner to corner of the friendly mouth. He was worried—and about Gloria. What had got her last night? What had brought the fever to her eyes and that desperate grip to her fingers? What had made her cry, with long sobs like a child's when his arm went round her? Wasn't like her; not a bit. He'd never seen her like that; didn't know how to handle it.

But in Spite of Her Chaffing, Cleeburg, Going to Her Dressing Room at Seven, Caught Her Unawares, With Head Drooping Into Her Hands

Overwork must be the answer. She'd been at it for six years seeing results, and before that God knew how many without seeing them. He recalled the poor little starved thing she was when first those eyes with the strange glow back of them had begged for a chance. Since that chance had been hers she hadn't stopped, not for a minute. And how she had mounted! For an instant his look of distress vanished into a broad grin of pride. Gloria had the divine fire, whatever that might be. The light of it had always been in her soul, but his was the satisfaction of having kindled it to flame. He had found in her the instrument to express all the love of beauty his unbeautiful body harbored. He could not have put it into words, but the consciousness was there, a vital thing.

He looked out anxiously at the hazy September landscape. Yes, must be overwork. If it had been anything else she'd have told him. Dashed like hysteria, that breakdown last night. Give her a long vacation next summer, that's what he'd do. He'd close her in the spring and take her abroad when he went to cinch those English contracts.

Having reached the only decision possible in view of present demands on her he settled back, applied a light to a final cigar and puffed peacefully until they pulled up at his office in the same building as the theater.

Toward four-thirty she telephoned that she was feeling much better and laughed at the relief in his voice. If he worried about her that way she'd give a perfectly rotten performance to-night!

But in spite of her chaffing, Cleeburg, going to her dressing room at seven, caught her unawares, with head drooping into her hands and a look of utter dejection about the slim shoulders. She lifted both quickly as he entered, and smiled up at him. He peered at the heavy blue smudges under her eyes.

"Won't need much make-up, will I?" she laughed in quick response to the look. "You see. I'm trying to put the grease-paint men out of business."

"What is it, kiddo?" He pulled a chair close to the dressing table. It was higher than hers and so brought their faces on a level. "Something's eating you. What? Tell me—tell Papa 'Dolph."

She leaned over, brushed his cheek with her lips, then turned quickly to the mirror and dabbed the color on her face with the same nervous haste he had noticed the night before.

"Nothing's wrong, dear. Wait till we settle down for a steady run and you'll see."

"It's sure fire! Only keep an eye on that second act. Don't be afraid to let go."

"I won't."

From the wings he watched the audience stream in—beautifully gowned women, perfectly groomed men, keen-eyed critics, his own colleagues with soft collars and clothes not too well pressed, here a familiar round-the-towner, there a merchant who took his first-night subscription seats as religiously as his pew in church. Truly a motley such as only the metropolis can produce. Little 'Dolph's eyes shone and his broad mouth broadened. Those women with their feathery fans and glittering jewels, those men with their sleek heads and smart clothes, the press, the world theatrical—they constituted his court, this theater his kingdom.

Only a few times since the throne had been his had he failed to give them what they expected of him. That was why to-night he saw in every pair of eyes an eager anticipation that was to him like strong stimulant. He slipped round to the front of the house.

All through the first act he divided attention between the stage and the audience, watching the latter laugh and chuckle and wink and furtively wipe its eye, and nodding as each effect came at the right moment. When the lights went up he dodged backstage, not to Gloria but to Brooks.

"Great, old boy! You've got 'em. Just keep up that tempo. Feeling fit?"

"Fine!"

"Look out for the end of this act, won't you?" he added half apologetically.

"Thought you were coming to that," laughed Brooks.

"No offense, you understand."

(Continued on Page 161)

Mental Efficiency on Bread and Milk

The bread-and-milk "line up"

How to Conserve the Child's Health garnered in the summer playground

By ARTHUR JOYCE

All set for the Lunch hour

A nationally-known physician, who conducts in New York a clinic for delicate children, recently made this significant statement:

"The great need of the day is full-grown men and women—well set up and mentally alert."

He added that *"every child who is retarded ***** or otherwise deprived of a happy, wholesome childhood, fails to achieve a healthy maturity."*

It is apparent that at no time of the year is the subject of nutrition a more important factor in the life of the growing child than NOW. The vacation period is at an end. Boys and girls are in the schoolrooms. There has been a quick repression of that freedom of action which manifested itself when the children were allowed to get out into the open almost every minute of the day for more than two months. They must now "settle down" to their studies—spend hours each day in their classrooms. Their opportunities for outdoor recreation are limited. The baseball bat and the bathing suit have given way to books and slates. There are "problems" to work out and home-work to be done. "The Player" has now become "The Thinker."

The link to complete this chain of child development, mental and physical, is BREAD-AND-MILK! Rich in health-giving vitamines, this diet is the simple, practical bridge that will span the period of adjustment of that child and keep its body and mind healthy and alert—able to successfully complete the transformation and turn the tide of that "emergency period."

* * * *

Let us tell you a story of what Bread-and-Milk has done for the school children of Columbus, Indiana.

Mental tests were under way in one of the classrooms of the McKinley Public School.

The subject was mathematics. Walter Sims, instructor of Class No. 4, conducted the tests.

The "I do's" were lined up in competition with the "I don't's." Each class was selected without regard to previous physical condition.

Those pupils grouped among the "I do's" were children in the McKinley School who partook of bread-and-milk luncheons each day in the classroom. The "I don't's" didn't eat the school luncheon and the test was to determine the mental effects of the bread-and-milk diet on the pupils.

Thirty seconds was the maximum time allowance given the scholars to answer simple problems in mathematics. Each of the pupils was judged on the basis of accuracy and time spent in answering Mr. Sims' questions.

The "I do's" won the competition, hands down! In not one of the competitive problems did any of the "I don't's" have "the edge" on the pupils who had been taking the bread-and-milk luncheons.

All of which indicated to the school faculty the value of bread-and-milk as a luncheon for the pupils. The success of the tests was so apparent that the luncheons have since been installed, not only in each of the classrooms of the McKinley Public School, but in virtually every public school in the city of Columbus.

"Observations made by three of the teachers and myself," said Mr. Sims, "have shown that the pupils who have been taking the bread-and-milk luncheons are generally more alert, mentally, and better boys and girls, physically, than those who confined their luncheons to sweets, cakes and other edibles."

With the opening of the fall school term, the Columbus public school authorities are continuing the bread-and-milk luncheons. They recognize that the scholars, who have had nearly three months' vacation outdoors, romping and playing, undoubtedly will feel the effects of the change, now that they are back in their classrooms. And to overcome any physical deficiencies that might become apparent because of the transformation from the "great outdoors" to the schoolroom, they have again inaugurated the bread-and-milk luncheon periods.

They have found that bread-and-milk has made the children better students—mentally—and has influenced a physical development in the youngsters which they declare to have been "remarkable."

The gain per pupil, as shown by records at the end of the three "test months," averaged 12.7 ounces per month.

The bread-and-milk luncheons are served in the classrooms each day at 10 A. M. Each pupil drinks one-half pint of milk daily and eats, usually, two slices of buttered bread. Some of the pupils bring sandwiches to school; but the majority confine their luncheon to bread-and-butter and milk. The milk is served by the school authorities at a cost to the pupils of fifteen cents weekly. The buttered bread and sandwiches are brought from home.

* * * *

Gain in mental efficiency and weight, however, is not the only beneficial effect which has followed the luncheons. They have also brought about these conditions:

Education of parents to properly nourish their children.

A greater desire among children for bread-and-butter.

Elimination of excessive eating of candies and sweets.

Elimination of the period of "restlessness" between the morning recess and the home-luncheon hour.

Better attendance in the classrooms, due to better health of pupils.

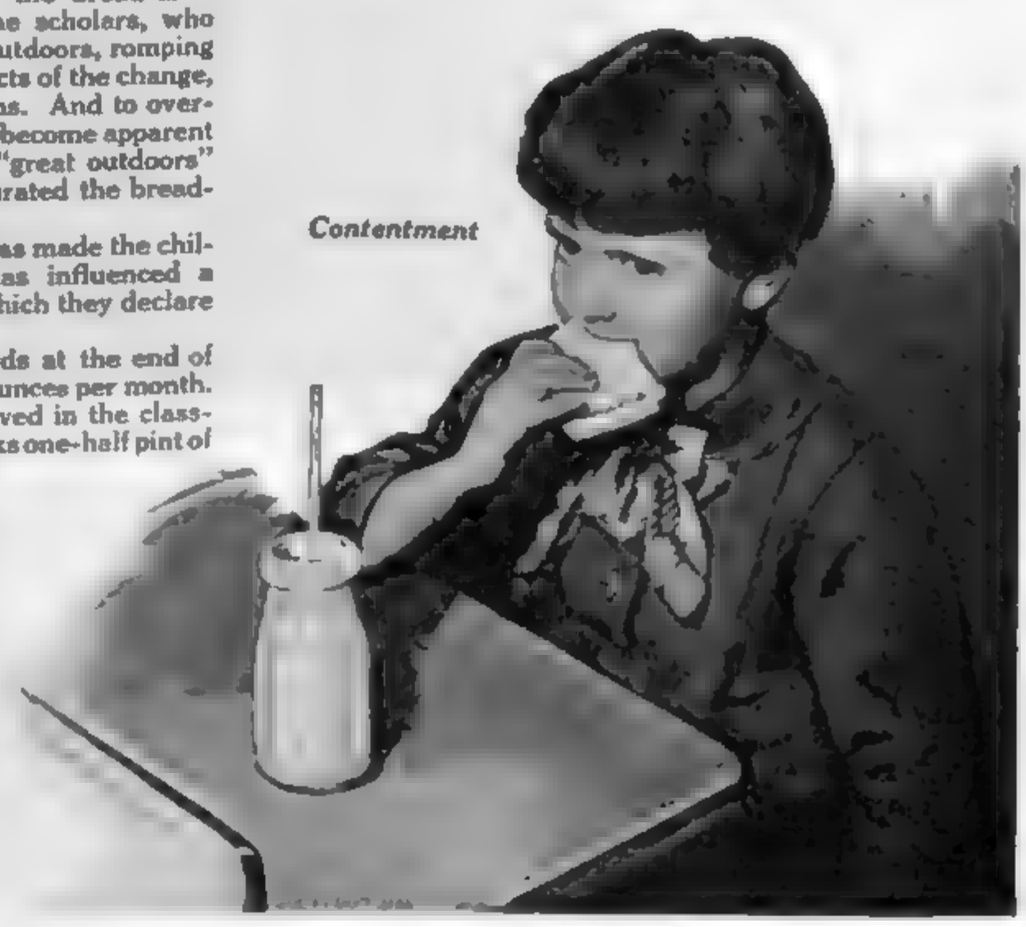
A desire for bread-and-milk luncheons among students in other schools, which has influenced a wider use of bread-and-milk at home.

Bread is your best food—eat more of it!

Nearly all bakers use

Fleischmann's Yeast

because it makes the best bread



Contentment

(Continued from Page 159)

But he went back to his seat wishing the big scene finished. He couldn't help a twitch of uncertainty. If they handled it as they had at first last night it would fall flat as a pancake.

Eagerly he followed every line. It was scintillant as sunlit ice, and very thin ice at that. The throng round him skated over it with the actors, and when Gloria's scene with Brooks arrived they were, as he had prophesied, keyed to an emotional pitch that only the limit of acting could satisfy. Then he held tight to the arms of his chair, and literally his breath stopped.

Brooks came to the climax. His vibrant voice fell across the quiet of the house:

"We've played the game, you and I—played it to the finish. And we've lost. No, not lost, because this is the end we wanted. We've been a pair of gamblers, banking on defeat, waiting to have the game get us. Now we're going to lay down our cards, admit we're beaten, and take what is greater than victory. You know what that is. I don't have to tell you I love you——"

Cleeburg felt the quick intake of breath, the surge forward, that pulsing reach of an audience across the footlights. If only they'd play it now for all it was worth!

Gloria pulled back, and terror was in her voice.

"No—no!"

For a second Brooks seemed to hesitate. What in Sam Hill was the matter with him? Why the deuce didn't he let go? Then suddenly his laugh went high, he strode to her, his arms swept out.

She stood poised as if in resistance, the light from above playing over her. Her eyes started up to his. One could feel the catch in her throat, the swaying at the edge of a precipice. And then the eyelids fell, the man's embrace closed round her like an enveloping flame. Her lips went to his.

With a deep sigh little 'Dolph subsided. The audience did likewise. It had them! An excited buzz, the crash of applause told him that. He dodged out of his seat and to the lobby. Nothing further was to be desired. Lady Fair had gone over with a bang.

For several days he basked in the sunlight, which on Broadway resolves itself into the spotlight, of having put over another big one.

In the café where the tribunal of the theater gathers each luncheon hour they stopped at his table, they slapped his back, they swapped cigars, and some of them paid him the added tribute of trying to find out just how he did it. But Cleeburg had no secrets to reveal. Genius cannot be duplicated by imitation.

The house was packed at night, and matinées found women, old and young, living a love story by proxy on the edge of their seats.

It was more than a month later that the manager finally prevailed upon their leading man to spend the week-end with them. He buttonholed Brooks after the performance one Saturday night and refused to take no for an answer.

"Say, John, getting upstage? Cut your swell friends this week. You're coming out with us, ain't he, kiddo?"

They were standing within the stage door, and Cleeburg linked a persuasive arm in the other man's.

Gloria smiled without looking directly at Brooks. She drew her squirrel wrap close about her and stepped out of the light.

"John's always welcome, of course. But if he has other plans we mustn't interfere."

"You don't say!" laughed Cleeburg. "Well, he's going to chuck any other plans and give us the pleasure of his society."

Brooks held a light to his cigarette. The flare of it illumined his set mouth, the sharp line of his jaw.

"Another time, old man. There's a game on at the club to-morrow afternoon."

"Good! That being the case we'll save you money."

He started down the narrow alley to the street.

Brooks looked across at Gloria. She was looking down, struggling with the clasp of her glove.

"Come on," urged Cleeburg.

An instant more Brooks hesitated. Then his head went back.

"All right. I'm with you." And he laughed as if with relief.

They stopped off for his bag, then the big touring car dashed across Queensborough Bridge. They were still using the open car in spite of the winds of late October. Gloria liked the slash of country air against her face, liked to get the first salty whiff of the Sound. She leaned back with lids drooping and hands clasped loosely and was silent all the way. The men talked of next year's prospects.

"Lady Fair's good for next year and a season in London. Think I'll let you and Gloria take it over. She's never had a lick at the other side," chuckled Cleeburg. "Bound to knock 'em silly."

Gloria spoke for the first time as a brisk gale rushed with them through the night:

"I wouldn't think about London—just yet."

Cleeburg started at the queer note in her voice. They turned into the drive, where willows drooped their branches to the ground. Beyond shone the lights of the rambling old house, modernized by the family who had owned and loved it for generations, but untouched as to line or grace. High ceilings, French windows, arched doorways, tall fireplaces—these constituted the charm of the estate little 'Dolph had presented to the woman who had given him happiness.

Supper for two was spread before the flaming logs at one end of the entrance hall. In the center of the table stood a bowl of autumn leaves, the wild red of Gloria's hair. Cleeburg pulled up another chair as the chauffeur brought in their guest's bag and helped him out of his coat.

The latter stood, feet apart, hands thrust deep into his pockets, gazing round the place with a look of real affection.

"It's good to be back," he said with a deep breath.

"Well, the house has been here. Your fault that you haven't." Cleeburg cocked his ear to the comforting pop of a champagne cork.

"Gloria has enough of my company eight consecutive times a week," smiled Brooks.

"We missed you anyhow. Didn't we, kiddo?"

"Of course. Seeing you in the theater isn't a bit like having you here under our own roof." She took off her hat, pushing back the weight of her hair as she sat down beside him. "They're distinct and separate lives."

"I wonder if that's true," Brooks put in quickly. "Do you really think the life of the stage can be cut off completely from a man's everyday existence?"

"Why not?" There was almost an urge in her question, a plea in her eyes.

"I'm inclined to believe," he answered slowly, "that once the theater's in a man's blood it colors everything he thinks and feels and does. He's got to put so much of himself into it that it becomes an essential part of him."

"But why is that more true of the stage than of any other profession?"

"Because success on the stage depends less on executive ability than on sincerity. It's swaying that crowd out there that counts." He made a sweeping gesture of his long thin hand. "And they know counterfeit when it's handed them."

"You said it," agreed Cleeburg. "Make a business of acting and you make a failure."

"Lord," laughed Brooks, "here I am telling Gloria something she knows instinctively. Never saw a woman so charged with the power to make people feel." He stopped abruptly.

Gloria had been gazing into her glass as if into a crystal. She set it down now, and the next words came as though she didn't want to say them:

"If that's so I guess you're right. I do live every thought and emotion of every part I play. I suppose that's why they call us temperamental." Her full sensitive lips curved in a half smile. "You don't need temperament to sell stocks and bonds or argue a case in court."

"I beg your pardon," corrected Brooks. "A lawyer often has to be a fine actor. I know, because I started out to be one."

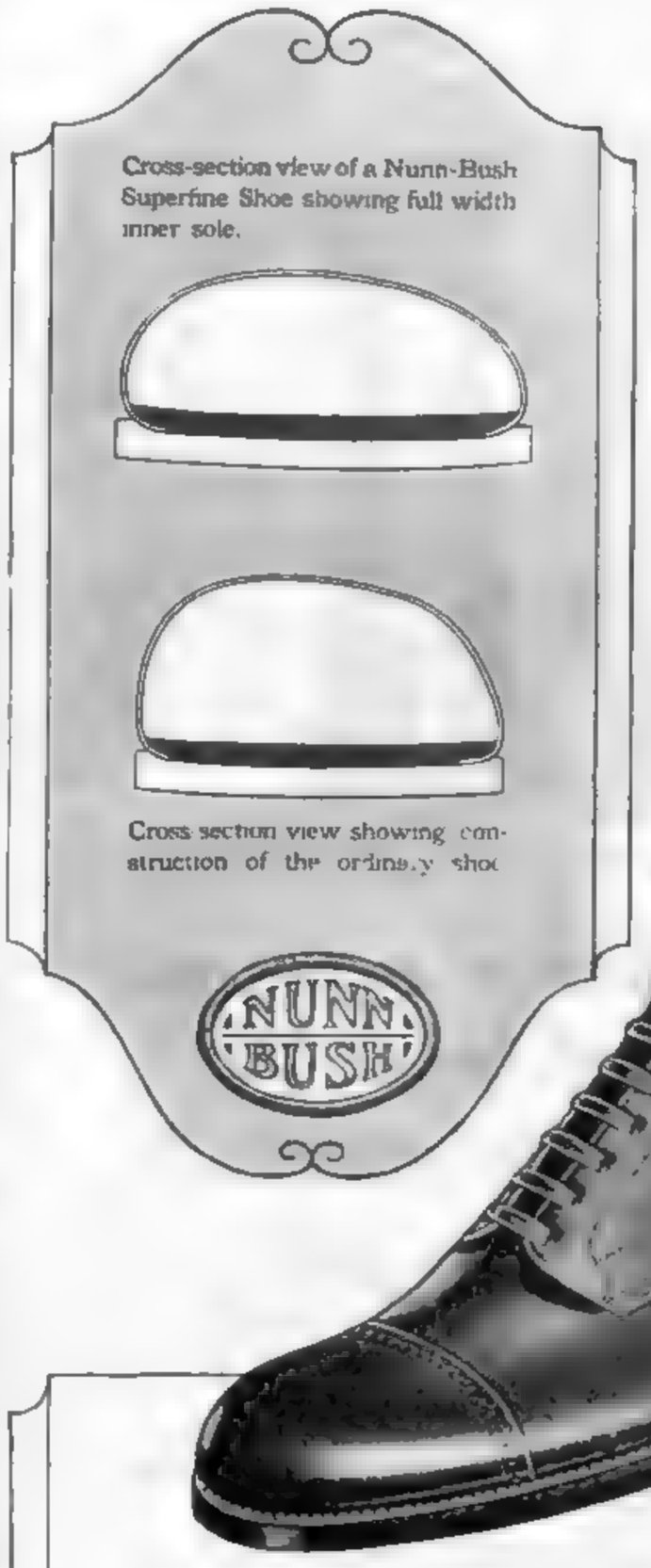
"What's that?" grinned his host.

"Fact! I haven't made it generally known. It's too funny even to make a good press story. But I was admitted to the bar before the stage got me."

"Well, I'll be——" Little 'Dolph's fork halted in its hurried trip upward.

Gloria pushed her plate aside and leaned farther over the table, eager interest warming her eyes. Brooks brought his round to meet them. Sitting there with the flames flickering over tawny hair and smoky gray dress, he seemed somehow part of them.

"Tell us how it happened, John."


Cross-section view of a Nunn-Bush Superfine Shoe showing full width inner sole.
Cross section view showing construction of the ordinary shoe
NUNN BUSH
The Virginian

Why This Stylish Shoe Keeps Its Shape

THE last and the inner sole of every Nunn-Bush Superfine Shoe are made full width. As a result, the foot is never cramped and the shoe does not bulge, run over at the sides, or in any way lose its shape.

Of course, this liberal use of sole leather for the sake of comfort and style is more costly to the makers of this fine footwear. But no less perfect method would be in keeping with the standards of workmanship and materials for which Nunn-Bush Shoes are known.

On display in the larger exclusive Shops—in New York at the Nunn-Bush stores, 9 Cortlandt Street and 139 Nassau Street.

Style Book on request.

NUNN, BUSH & WELDON SHOE CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

NUNN-BUSH

Why heels run over and "counters" bulge out

Many ladies are compelled to discard expensive shoes after wearing them a short time, because they begin to overrun the "counters".

Examine the picture above, and you will see the cause. The foot on the left has a mis-aligned heel bone—a very common thing. When the weight is put on the foot, this bone leans inward, causing the bone resting on it to do likewise.

This condition can be corrected, and the tendency to overrun heels overcome, by equalizing the slant of the heel bone with a Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Heel Leveler.

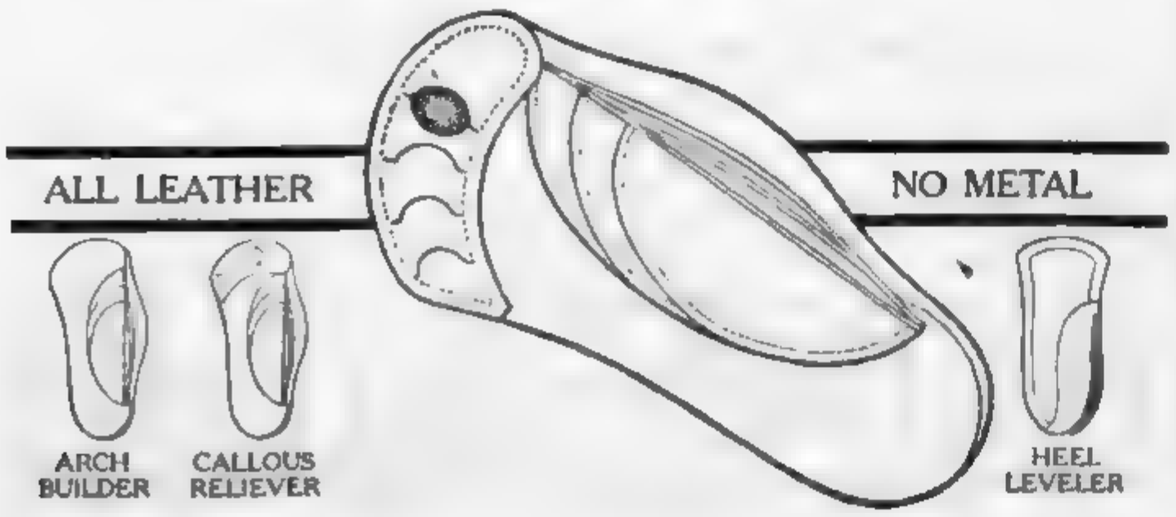
Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1717 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 948 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. European Headquarters: Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, England. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT

ARCH BUILDERS



"Oh, there's no story strung to it. I'd done stuff each year in college theatricals and the last year we took our show on tour. I got the bug and when an honest-to-God manager offered me a real job I fell for it."

"Have you ever wanted to go back to law?"

"If I did"—his thin lips twisted—"they'd think it too much of a joke to take me seriously."

He said it with rather a grim smile and looking at Gloria. She twisted round in her chair, away from him, and for a moment silence fell, broken only by little 'Dolph's apparent enjoyment of his supper.

The gale banged against the windows trying to break its way in. Gloria got up, went over and drew aside the curtain. Brooks followed.

"I'd love to be out in it!" Her voice throbbed. Night shadows, beckoning, fell across her face.

"It would never let you come back."

"What a wonderful fight, though, trying to conquer it!"

"Do you think you could?"

"Yes. I think determination can conquer anything—even oneself."

"If one could be sure of that." He looked down at the full lips that trembled a little, at the eyes with flames back of them, and walked back to Cleeburg. "Think I'll turn in, old man."

Half an hour later Cleeburg stopped at the door of his wife's room on the way to his own. She was letting down her hair. It fell like a loosened mane over neck and shoulders. He took a deep breath, more of wonder than any other emotion. She turned, saw him and got suddenly to her feet.

"Have you seen what a night it is, 'Dolph?"

She opened the French windows. A gale of dead leaves flung itself into the room. She lifted her face, pulled her purple silk kimono closer, and stepped onto the balcony. He tried to halt her with a warning against catching cold, but she laughed and beckoned to him.

Black clouds raced across the moon. Trees dashed against the house with all the impotence of human effort against the walls of Destiny. There was no rain. The wind leaped up and drove Nature before it, a mocking god bent on destruction.

"Golly, if you could get that on the stage!" whistled Cleeburg.

Gloria said nothing. Her face was still lifted, lips apart. Her arms darted out so that the long kimono sleeves spread like wings. Her hair tossed wildly. Her whole body was poised as if for flight.

Cleeburg stepped back and looked at her. She was part of the storm-torn night. Something about the abandon of the scene frightened him.

"Come in, honey, won't you? Catch your death if you stay out like this."

Her arms dropped and she turned and followed him indoors. But opening his own window a while later he saw her slim silhouette outlined against hers, upright, with the dusky light of a single lamp behind her.

The next day at their noon breakfast he asked what time she had gone to bed.

"I don't know, really. The night was so fascinating I stayed up with it until day came." She looked as though she had not slept.

Cleeburg lit a prodigiously long cigar, twirled it between his lips and settled back benignly in an armchair by the fire.

"Well, children, I'm here for the afternoon. Drive over to the club, or do whatever you like. Little 'Dolph's going to get busy doing nothing at all."

He reached over without altering his position of solid comfort and picked at random one of the Sunday papers piled on the table beside him. His broad face was suffused with a look of utter peace and relaxation. Even the ever-active cigar suspended activities for a time.

Gloria's lips touched his forehead.

"All right. We'll go for a walk; but back at four-thirty for tea."

His eyes traveled after her the length of the foyer to a side door opening on the gravel walk—Gloria in dull green sport coat and tam to match, and throat bared, while a fur piece swung carelessly from one shoulder; and the tall, well-knit man in knickerbockers, whose elastic step so easily fell in with hers. Had they followed farther they would have seen two people tramping in silence along a country road strewn with leaves that faded from green to mottled dead brown under a sullen sky. They would have marveled at the set look of the man's mouth, the quivering of the woman's. Those kind, prominent eyes of his, always seeking the most beautiful way to simulate human emotion, would have clouded with question had they read the pain in both pairs that stared straight along the road without meeting.

Half a mile or so they walked and then abruptly the man turned.

"I tried to avoid it, Gloria."

"I know."

"But he took the matter out of my hands. You saw that."

"Yes."

"I could see he was hurt because I hadn't been out this year. And little 'Dolph isn't the sort of man you can hurt."

"No. He isn't."

"We know that, don't we?"

She looked up at him without answer. Tears stood in her eyes. He turned his from them and his lips went tighter.

"He's the finest that walks in shoe leather," he added.

"I told him that the night we came in from the road. But I was telling it more to myself than to him. John, I felt just knowing that you—that you cared was disloyal to him."

"I wouldn't have let you know it, Gloria. I was determined never to suggest it by so much as a word. Then when you went smash at the theater the day before we came in, I—somehow I didn't have to tell you, did I?"

"No." It was a whisper.

"I want you to believe I couldn't be anything but square with little 'Dolph. You do, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Why, realizing that you knew even made a difference in my work. I felt I hadn't the right to take you in my arms. And I must have shown it, in some way or other. He noticed the difference at the dress rehearsal."

She walked on silently at his side.

"But I'm glad you know. Don't blame me for that. It's the biggest, finest thing in my life, a thing I can't help. I wouldn't be human ——"

"We must never mention it again, John," she broke in, and her voice came throbbing as it had the night before. "We can't help it, just as you say. But we must keep it locked up tight, so that it will harm no one, not even ourselves. We owe that to him."

"Yes: I'd made up my mind to that."

"And you mustn't see me away from the theater. You mustn't come out here any more."

"No. I dare say it's better that way."

Her eyes traveled along the leaf-strewn road, then up to the sulky sky. And because they were not seeing quite clearly she stumbled and almost fell across a fallen tree trunk.

The man's arm went round her, holding the slim body a moment. Then with a conscious tightening of muscles he drew it away and plunged on without a glance at her.

Presently he turned and there was in the look he gave her a sort of desperate pleading

"Is there any harm in telling you just once, Gloria, what you mean to me? I've been telling it to myself so long."

"I—I don't think you'd better. I—I don't believe I could listen."

He looked down. Her eyes, struck with terror, went up to his.

"Please—don't."

"It's all right. I won't."

They came to a trail through the woods.

"Shall we take this back?" she asked.

He reached up and broke a last branch of red leaves that trickled like blood from a dying tree, and handed it to her.

"Have you noticed how intensely bright this live stuff looks when everything round it is dead or dying?" he said.

Little 'Dolph, asleep by the fire a mile or so distant, dozed with cigar still sidling from the corner of his mouth. His dreams were hazy and disjointed. But Gloria as he had seen her on the balcony the night before drifted through them. The howling night swept by, tearing at silken robe and wild hair. She seemed to sway with it. The clouds descended. He had a vague sense of effort to reach out, to hold her, that breathless catch at the heart of nightmare. And then suddenly he lost sight of her. A distant crash, and he saw the clouds catch

(Continued on Page 165)

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(Continued from Page 162)

her up and, while he stood rooted, carry her away.

He sat up with a gasp. The cigar fell from his lips. His heart thumped madly.

"What a shame! The banging of the screen door wakened him!" It was Gloria's voice, and she was coming toward him. He gave a great sigh of relief.

"Golly, I'm glad to be awake! Come here, kiddo. Want to make sure I've still got you."

She whisked the branch of scarlet leaves in her hand across his face.

"You've still got me, dear."

"Just had a dream that took you right out of my young life and I couldn't catch up."

She took off hat and coat, swung to the arm of his chair.

"Can't lose me, Dolphy dear."

"Don't want to," he responded heartily.

"By the way," remarked Brooks as Gloria served tea, "please don't mind if I beat it back to town to-night. Have to see my lawyer at ten A. M., and you won't be going in until to-morrow noon, will you?"

"Yes, I do mind, by George," came from 'Dolph. "We get you out here once in a blue moon and you can't even stand it for one day. What do you want with a lawyer anyhow? Hold on to your pocket and attend to your own legal affairs."

"But if John has to go in, dear, we mustn't keep him."

Brooks was looking down at the cap twirling between his hands.

"Y'see, old man. Your wife understands."

"All right!" Cleeburg got up, peeved, and went to the bell. "What time do you want the car? I'll drive you to the station. But hanged if I don't think you pay us a mighty poor compliment!"

He still showed annoyance when Brooks went up to pack his bag.

"What's got into him, anyhow?" he put to Gloria. "Hanged if I ask him again!"

All the way to the station he chewed on his cigar, responding laconically when his guest tried to make conversation. The little manager had a peculiar pride that John Brooks unwittingly had speared.

"Good enough to hand out his weekly stipend; good enough to give him his living," kept spinning round the active brain. "But not good enough any more to sit at the table with; prefers his Fifth Avenue cronies for that."

Brooks swung down as the car stopped, and reached out his hand.

"Thanks, old man. Had a great time."

"The hell you had!" said Cleeburg.

He drove back, still turning over Brooks' desertion, and madder every minute. When the car pulled up he sprang out, intent upon talking the whole thing over with Gloria, crossed the veranda, and opened the front door.

She was sitting in the chair he had occupied before the fire. Her body was bent forward, her head lowered. He went nearer. She was stripping the branch she had brought in of its blood-red leaves. One by one she broke them off and dropped them into the fire. And her eyes never left them as they curled up and shriveled to a crisp.

III

WE WHO sit in the orchestra of life are inclined to smile, to lend willing ear to whispers of scandal from behind the footlights. Perhaps the standards are a bit less rigid on the surface; but so are emotions. They cannot be hidden, as the rest of the world has learned to hide them, but must be brought forth on the stage nightly that we at play may know the joy of laughter and tears for which our own lives do not exact payment.

Those twin giants, Opportunity and Propinquity, stand guard at the stage door, ushering in with a flourish each newcomer. Human frailty is their stock in trade, the theater their most satisfactory market. For a year they had stalked the steps of Gloria Cromwell and John Brooks. For a year they had appeared at unexpected moments, working in absolute harmony, waiting with tongue in cheek for the unguarded second when the set line of the man's mouth would relax, when his lips would tell her what his arms had not yet made known, when the woman's voice with its strange thrilling note would meet his and confess.

And they had been cheated. The unguarded second had come on the dingy stage of a small-town theater during the tour of Lady Fair—with Gloria crumpling at his feet and his arms going round her. Alone in her dressing room, her opening eyes had met the look in his like a shaft of light struck through blindness. His whispered "Gloria," the straining of her close as if to hold her always, and then the swift loosening of that hold, the step backward, the breaking of their locked gaze.

If love could be classified—and of course it cannot—I wonder how we should label the love that goes quietly on its way without hysteria, without big scenes, with no effort to grasp that to which it has no right, knowing that it must endure, even though it can never find fulfillment.

'Dolph Cleeburg, with round eyes constantly in search of new angles on old conflicts, did not dream that daily in his own home, in his own theater, those eyes were looking upon drama more vibrant than any he could see in a mimic world, the quiet tragedy of passion that, in daily contact with its object, yet, soldierwise, faces its own death knell.

He took note of nothing but the crowds that jammed the theater, while he planned gayly for next season's tour, to be topped by triumphal entry into London.

"You and John'll be a knock-out over there," he told Gloria, eyes popping. "Even if I am sore at him I've got to admit he's a damn fine actor."

Gloria looked out at the hills, shorn of all but bare-limbed trees and covered with a fine frost, the gray beard of coming winter. It was their final week-end in the country, later than they usually remained, but she had wanted it so.

"Have you spoken to John about going?" she asked.

"Not since he was here. Haven't spoken to him at all."

"Big baby!" she smiled.

"I can't forget the way he gave us the go-by."

"Then—then why send him abroad?" It came with breathless intensity. "We can look the ground over when we cross this summer and engage an Englishman."

"Not on your life! You and John pull too well together. The pair of you will give 'em a taste of real American pep."

She hesitated a moment, eyes riveted to the vista of cold hills, then suddenly she wheeled round, one hand grasping the velvet drape that bordered the French window, and the next words came like a catapult:

"'Dolph, don't book me for London. I'm not going! I don't want to play there."

"You don't ——" Cleeburg's jaw dropped in sheer amazement.

"No," she raced on. "I've been thinking about it—a lot. And I don't want to go."

"But why?"

"I've never been over. I don't know anyone ——"

"That wouldn't take long. Why, they'd be giving you a rush the day after you landed. And there's John for company, if you get homesick."

"Yes, I know. But"—she turned once more to the stripped hills, then back with something like terror in her eyes—"but it's you I need, 'Dolph. I don't want to be so far away from you."

He got out of the wide-armed chair that hugged his merry fire, went to her and laid a hand that trembled over hers.

"Y'mean that, kiddo? After six years of me do I, honest to God, count as much as that?"

Her hand curled up and over his, holding it tight.

"Oh, 'Dolph, if you knew how much I need you! More now than ever before. Don't send me away—don't!"

For a moment neither spoke. Cleeburg's eyes went up to hers. Hers went down before them.

"By golly," he said, finally brushing a hand across his eyes, "I think I'm crying. Ain't ashamed of it, either."

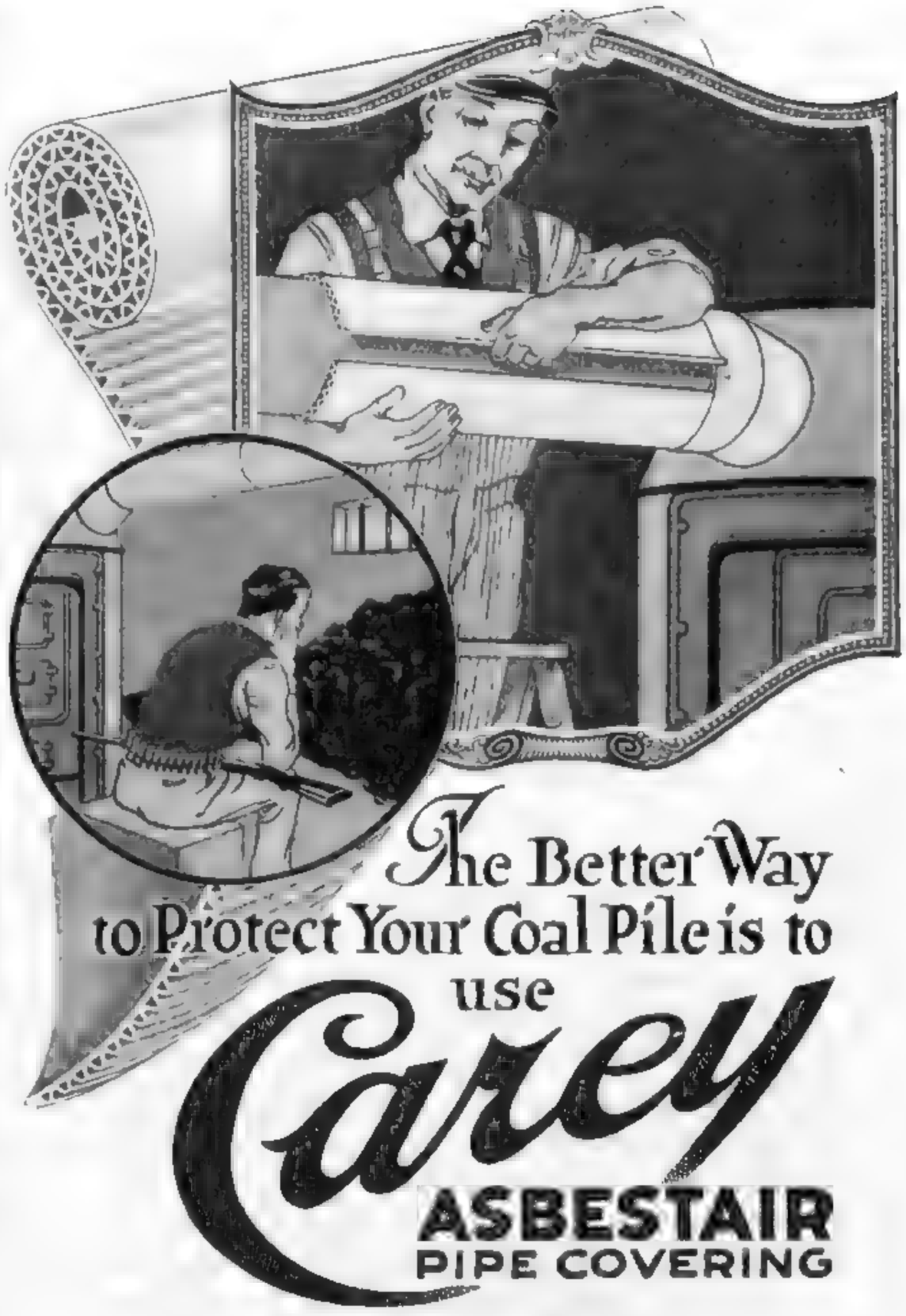
She did not answer.

"You, too!" He peered under her drooped lids. "Fine pair of slushes, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now, honey—ain't a knock-out I ever had that made a hit with me like this does."

She brought a smile to her silent lips.

"All I'm looking for is the best thing for you," he went on. "You're the main guy in this combination. I'm just the old back drop, like I told you. If you ain't going to be happy in London you don't go, that's all. But think it over! I'd like to see my little girl make the Britishers sit up. We'll give them the once-over this summer. Then you can decide."

The memory of that afternoon, with Gloria against the sunless winter twilight,



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begging not to be sent away from him, was to Cleeburg like some treasure one keeps in a vault, to be taken out, gazed upon and locked away again. Sometimes in the rear office that was his sanctum, when things had gone wrong or a lull came in the day's activities, he would sink back in his chair, a smile slowly irradiating his plain features, and before him would come a woman with arms stretched toward him as if for protection against all the world.

And the wonder of it made him glow, sent the worries of business scurrying into the background.

He was seated so one Saturday afternoon in March between the matinée and evening performances, after having rounded up the tour for next season. The immortal cigar circled contentedly and he lolled back, contemplating a sweep of intense blue sky, but seeing rather the Long Island hills against a somber one, when his secretary brought word that John Brooks was outside and wanted to see him.

Cleeburg nodded.

"'Lo, stranger," he said a bit sheepishly as the latter came in. "About time you showed up."

"I've been trying to see you for the past month," Brooks informed him, throwing hat and coat on a chair and pulling another close to Cleeburg's desk, "but you passed me up every time we met. Never mind, old man," he added with a short smile as the other started to lay down his cigar, "I know why. You were sore at me—and with reason. We'll let it go at that. I'm sorry."

"So'm I," grinned little 'Dolph, and sat back again. "When I like a fellow I like him, that's all. Enemies can't hurt my feelings. Now what's on your mind?"

Brooks got up as suddenly as he had sat down, took a turn the length of the room, and came back.

"'Dolph," he began somewhat awkwardly, and stopped—"'Dolph, when this season closes I'm going to ask you to get someone else for the road. I can't go out next year."

For the space of a breath the manager said nothing. He sat blinking uncertainly as if not sure of his ears. Then he jerked forward.

"What's that?"

"I know it seems a rotten trick to pull, but I want you to take my word, 'Dolph, that I wouldn't do it if I hadn't justifiable reasons for doing it."

"Am I to understand that you're handing me your notice?"

"Yes, old man."

"You're notifying me that you quit?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When we close. If you can let me off before then ——"

Cleeburg's laugh cut the sentence like an ax. It held, sharp, contemptuous. Then his teeth shut on his cigar until the end broke off in his mouth.

"Who's offering to star you?" came tersely.

A flash from the other's eye answered the arraignment, but his reply was low and quiet.

"Nobody."

"Since when did you take me for an easy mark?"

"'Dolph," Brooks began, "you and I have been on the level with each other always. I've played fair and I'm going to keep on playing fair. I'm quitting for reasons I can't make clear to you now. You'll have to take my word for it."

"The hell I will!" Cleeburg shot out. "This has been coming a long time. I saw it when you were in the country. Swelled head—that's the answer. Didn't think they could do it to you. But, by golly, those society snobs have got you thinking you're Edwin Booth."

The other man's thin lips opened. His eyes narrowed with a look almost of menace. Then in silence he picked up a flexible paper cutter and bent it slowly in two. There was a snap. He chucked the pieces on the desk.

"That's a damned injustice, Cleeburg. Wish you hadn't said it. But it won't change matters any. I'm quitting."

"Look here, sorry if I was hasty. You hit me hard, that's all! Sit down. Let's talk it over—cards on the table. What's the big idea?"

"I told you."

"No you didn't. Somebody's after you. Somebody's going long on the golden-promise stuff. I ain't a fool. That's plain as the nose on your face. Now who is it? Kane? Coghlan? Surprised they didn't try to get you long ago."

"They did."

"Well?"

"I turned them down."

Beads of perspiration had gathered on Cleeburg's head. He pulled a handkerchief from his coat pocket and mopped mechanically.

"Anything wrong downstairs?"

"N-no."

The manager looked up sharply. "If there's trouble, just spill it, and I'll settle things to your satisfaction."

"Nothing wrong, old man."

"Then look here, let's get down to cases. If it's business we'll talk business. You've got to stay. Gloria can't get along without you."

Brooks' eyes shifted to the window.

"I don't want any trouble for her," little 'Dolph pursued. "I've got you billed together next season. Her public looks for you both. I'll meet any offer you got. Yes—and top it."

Brooks turned back slowly, shook his head.

Cleeburg sprang up.

"Well, get me straight, will you? You're tied up tight. And I won't let you off. Now I'll just about show you where you stand." His thumb went down on the press button in his desk as if it were going through the top. "Bring me Mr. Brooks' contract," he told his secretary.

Brooks walked over to the window. His hands were shaking. His face was dead white. He stood staring out with jaws set and the look of a man going into battle.

But Cleeburg saw nothing of that. His own hands opened and shut spasmodically. He tramped steadily back and forth the space of his desk, muttering to himself like the rumble of a storm. Under the puzzled question that brought brows together was a frown of fury.

When the contract was handed to him he rustled quickly through the pages, scanning the closely typed sheets, studying it clause for clause.

"No, sir! I've got you!" he ended triumphantly.

"'Dolph, I've never asked favors, not from you nor any other man. But I ask you now to let me off without any kick. You know me well enough to realize I wouldn't without some good reason."

"Then I've got to know what that reason is."

"I can't tell you."

"Not the ghost of an excuse, yet you want me to let you quit without a murmur! What d'you think I am?"

"I think you're man enough not to try to hold me, contract or no contract."

"That won't work, Brooks. Here it is, black on white." He banged down the contract. "No loophole for three years. It's ironclad."

"Then I'll have to break it," the man at the window said quietly.

Cleeburg went close to him. For some unaccountable reason this man, calmly breaking all the rules of the game, made him feel apologetic, and an outraged sense of justice added to his fury.

"Oh, you will, will you? Well, we'll just look after that. Whatever you've got up your sleeve, Brooks, it's a skunk trick. And I won't stand for it, d'you hear? I'll stop you from tying up with anybody else. S'help me, I will!"

"I'm not tying up with anybody else. I'm quitting—for good."

"What?"

"That's why I want you to release me."

Cleeburg hesitated an instant, then gave the same hard contemptuous laugh as before.

"What're you trying to put over?"

"Nothing."

"You mean to tell me you're chucking a profession when you're right on top?"

"I'm going back to law—if the world hasn't too keen a sense of humor to accept a one-time actor as a lawyer."

The manager gave him one long, uncomprehending look, then flung back his head and roared. It was laughter not pleasant to listen to. Brooks stood it silently for a stretch while his hands twitched. Then his eyes flared as if fire were behind them. Still he did not turn from the window.

"Let's end this, will you?" he said. "We're not getting anywhere, and I've given you my ultimatum."

"Well, I'll give you mine." Cleeburg had lost all count of words. The bruise of bucking against a stone wall had made him

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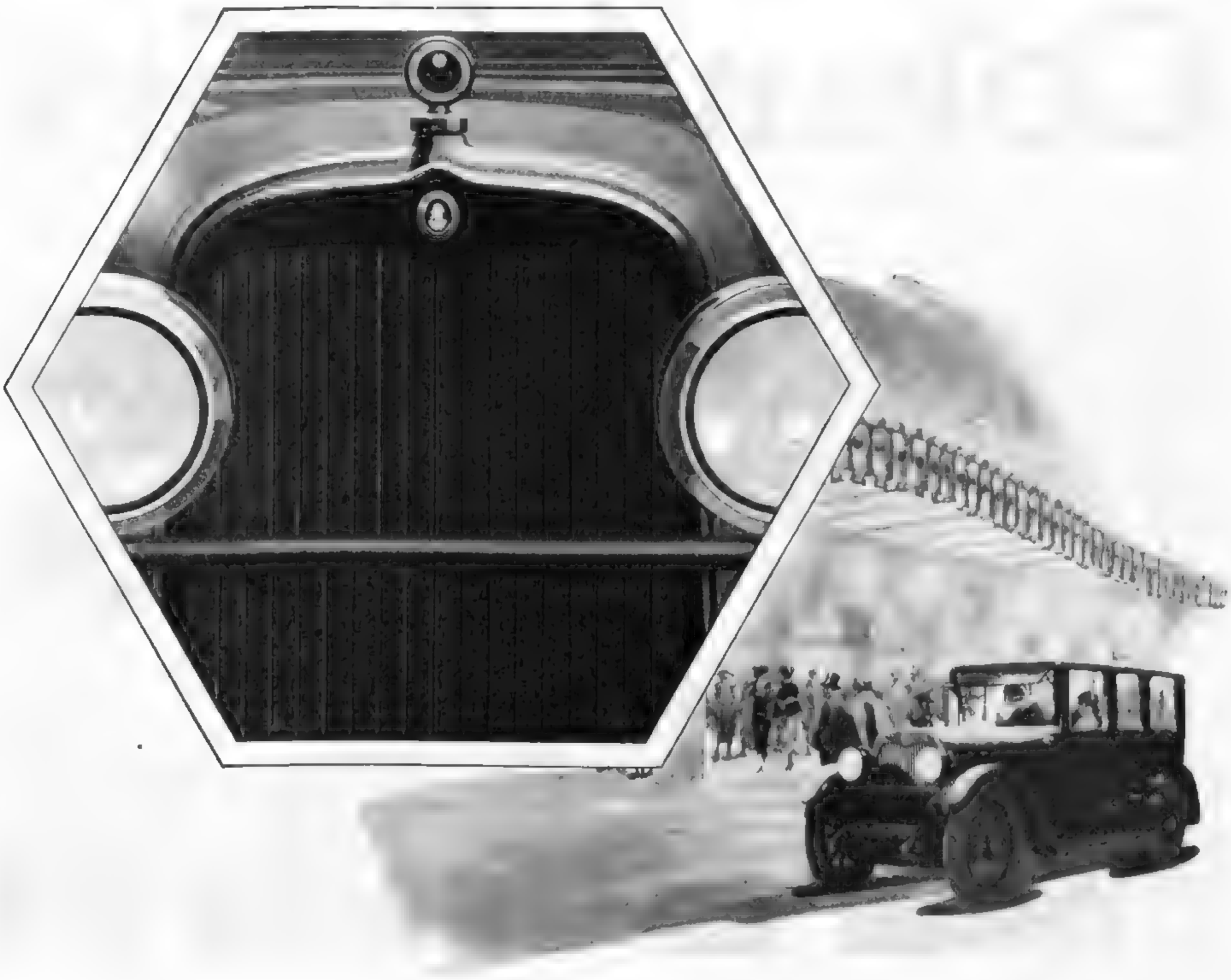

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Test this for yourself. You will find that people everywhere—even in other lands—know the car and speak well of it

Among Columbia owners this friendship is an intimate, personal thing. The car becomes the friend and pal of the entire family. It usually wins a nick-name—the surest evidence of friendship.

True friendship is not easily gained. One weak characteristic will discount a score of brilliant advantages.

The Columbia Six has many outstanding advantages—the thermostatically controlled radiator shutters—the comfort of the non-synchronizing spring suspension—the beauty of line, finish, and equipment. Yet most cars have one or more advertised features.

We prefer to have the Columbia remembered as the car so honestly built through and through—so satisfying—so dependable that it wins friends and keeps them.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 166)

see blood red. "You stick to Gloria or I'll make it so hot for you that they'll hoot you out of this town! That's the only way to handle—swine!" He broke off, turned on his heel, went back to the desk. Suddenly he leaned across it. "What the hell do you want, anyhow?"

Brooks came round like a pivot. The other man's breath held at the look on his face.

"I want your wife! Now for God's sake throw me out, will you?"

It was quite still in the room. Even the words were spoken in something less than a whisper. And when they had come there was no outward intimation that a man had pulled down a mountain crashing about his head.

Cleeburg's hands clenched where they lay on the desk. He stared across it without changing position. The blood mounted to his wet forehead, then receded, leaving it gray white. And his face was that of a man ready to kill. And then he shook his head a little vaguely, felt for the chair behind him, and pulled it up to the desk. But he did not sink into it. He caught hold of the arm and stood so, steadying himself.

"Nothing on God's earth would have made me tell you, 'Dolph," Brooks went on hoarsely. "I thought I could make you let me off without a word. But you can see for yourself ——" He paused; then, abruptly: "Do you know what it means to me to take her in my arms, loving her? Do you know what it means to want another man's wife and feel her lips on yours every night?"

Cleeburg moistened his own. They opened and closed. His eyes, so long unseeing, visualized in a flash the scene they had gazed upon so often—Gloria in the arms of the man facing him, himself urging them to more intense expression, more abandon of love. Like a wild thing the fighting male leaped up in him, then subsided, realizing it must fight only itself. He met the straight look, which in turn met his, and knew that the set mouth had spoken truth, clean, uncompromising; could not have spoken at all if it had been otherwise.

"And that's why you're quitting?" he said at last.

"Yes. I can't go on with it."

Cleeburg groped uncertainly, then spoke, half in fear, the first thought that had seized him on Brooks' confession:

"Does—does she—know?"

John Brooks looked into the tortured face and lied without hesitation.

"No."

"You mean—she hasn't even guessed?"

"No. And I don't want her to."

"That's why you kept away from us."

"Yes."

"That's why you beat it back to town last time you were with us."

"Yes."

"And I thought you were a damned snob!" A hand that trembled came across the desk top. "Sorry I said what I did. Pardon!"

The other made attempt to treat it lightly. Two shaking hands clasped.

"No trouble about getting off now, eh?"

"I—I'd like to eat dirt for the way I talked to you," said Cleeburg.

"Forget it! Your assumption was the only logical one. Another man would be after me with a gun for what I've told you."

"Look here," little 'Dolph stumbled on, "I—I'll star you myself. I ——"

"No." Brooks smiled a bit grimly. "I'm quitting—for good."

'Dolph Cleeburg's eyes, comprehending now, took in the drawn face and tired look of the man who had fought a losing battle—and won. And some strange click of memory brought simultaneously the same look of desperation in another face. Where had he seen it? When? He groped an instant. Why did it haunt him? He sat down, picked up the halves of the paper cutter and tried to piece them together. Suddenly they rattled to the desk. Gloria! Gloria's white face that night after he had put them through their paces, the night she had clung to him, the night of her strange outburst of hysteria. Gloria's face when he suggested sending them abroad! Gloria's face a dozen times since!

His gaze moved slowly toward the door, straining as a man stares through the dark. His thumb pressed the button on his desk, not as before, but mechanically. He waited without moving. Yet his secretary stood in the doorway fully half a minute before he spoke.

"Find out if Miss Cromwell is in her dressing room and tell her I'd like to see her here."

Brooks took a quick step toward him.

"What do you want her for?"

"To tell her you're quitting."

"That's not necessary. See here, 'Dolph, let's drop it. You and I understand each other."

"No harm telling her, is there?"

The other man stepped back and sat down with a gesture that told the futility of argument. And he, too, sat with eyes riveted to the door.

Neither spoke. Little 'Dolph's face seemed to sag. The skin fell heavily round the jaws and his eyes had a vague helpless look. He took out his handkerchief, folded it carefully and put it back into his pocket. He got up, changed the position of a chair, came back to the desk.

"'Dolph, for heaven's sake, what are you going to do?" Brooks brought out at last.

"Just tell her, that's all," he repeated.

The door opened and Gloria came in, dressed for the street.

"I've been waiting for you to take me to dinner," she said to Cleeburg. "What's kept you, dear?"

He got up and pushed his chair in her direction.

"News, kiddo," came uncertainly after a second's pause. "Rotten news. John's leaving us."

The bomb was flung. He stood peering down into her face, waiting for its answer rather than that of her lips. There would be surprise; there must be that! And after the first start of amazement, a protest. And indignation! The outburst of the actress about to lose the support on which she depends. His hands clenched, and that she might not see he clasped them behind him. Lord, let her show the anxiety natural under the circumstances! Let her rise up determined to hold this man, hard and fast, to his business contract. Let her threaten with all the impersonal fury he himself had shown. Let her prove that to her John Brooks was merely part of her professional life and that as such she would not let him go.

He waited while his silent lips moved in prayer.

Gloria's first swift glance was to Brooks. His linked with hers. Her fingers locked and unlocked. She opened her lips twice without speech, and then came back to Cleeburg.

"Has anything happened? There—there's been no trouble between you, has there?" was all she said.

"Of course not," Brooks put in quickly. "I've told 'Dolph I'm quitting for good. That's all there is to it."

Little 'Dolph did not take his eyes from her. Now it would come—surely. She had been too amazed, too taken aback before. He waited for the throbbing voice to answer.

"You—you're leaving the stage?" it asked, too quietly.

"Yes," Cleeburg plunged in then. "He's quitting us—cold. Get that? He's leaving us in the lurch. What do you make of it?"

Brooks sprang up with a look of sudden fear.

"See here, 'Dolph ——"

"John must have some good reason ——"

"Do you know what it is?"

"Do I know?" She glanced quickly from one to the other, and something in both faces brought her too to her feet. "Why should I?"

"You didn't seem surprised when I told you."

"I am surprised, of course."

"Then why in heaven's name don't you make him give you some explanation?"

"Hasn't he given you one?" she asked very low.

"Yes, he's given me one. Do you want to hear it?"

"'Dolph!" The other man fairly leaped at him.

"Wait a minute!" Cleeburg stretched out a hand. His throat was so parched he could scarcely bring out the words. "Wait a minute! I've got to go through with this. I've got to know." He turned to Gloria. "You asked if anything had happened. The biggest thing has happened since you came into the room. I sent for you to tell you John was going. That means you're losing the best support you ever had or will have. It knocked me out completely. And you take it without a murmur. You've got him under contract and you don't make the ghost of an attempt to hold him."

Gloria's voice shook as she answered.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

In the Special Child's Size

THE condition of the child's teeth is a very good indication of what the condition of the adult's teeth will be. Teeth which pass through childhood sound and whole should with proper care last throughout life.

Have your children use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush regularly twice a day. Then they can really clean their teeth, and "a clean tooth never decays."

There is a special child's size of Pro-phy-lac-tic, with bristles soft enough to protect the immature teeth and the tender gums.

But the child's Pro-phy-lac-tic, like the adult's Pro-phy-lac-tic, has the scientifically devised tufted bristles which reach in between and around the teeth, and a curved handle which makes it possible to clean even the backs of the back teeth.

Teach the children to begin brushing at the back of the mouth. A rotary motion should be used as the Pro-phy-lac-tic is slowly worked forward. This motion permits the tufted bristles to reach between the teeth and thoroughly cleanse the mouth.

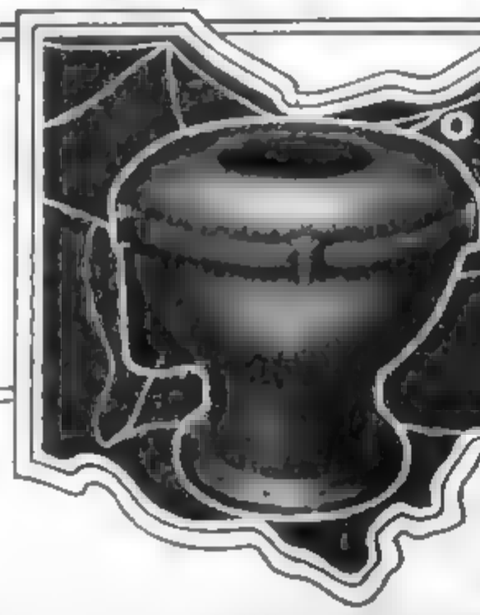
The Pro-phy-lac-tic comes in youth's, as well as child's and adult's sizes. Look for the name Pro-phy-lac-tic on the handle. Always sold in the Yellow Box.

Florence Manufacturing Company
Florence, Mass.

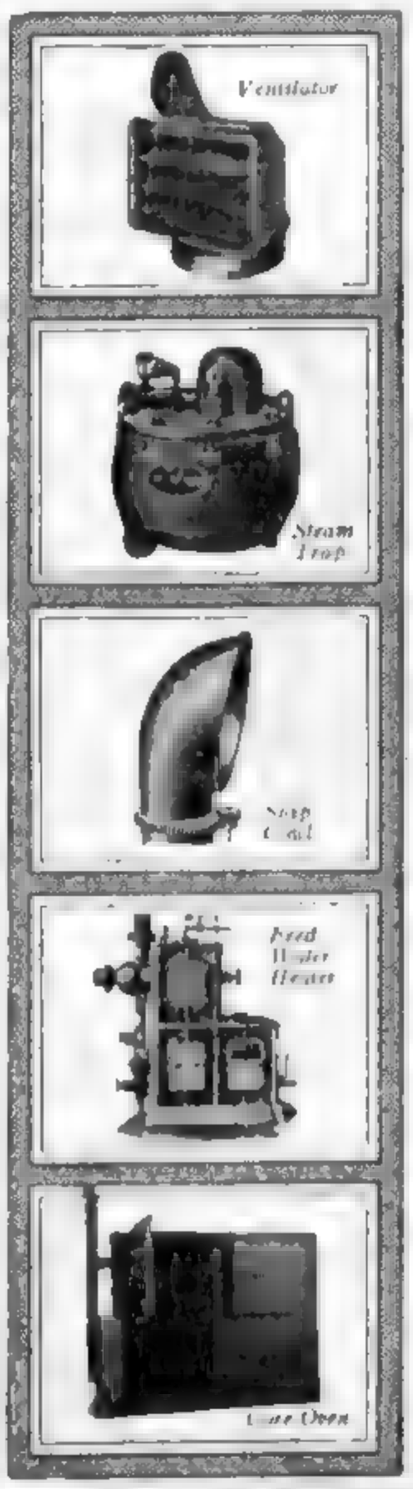
Also Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush and a Complete Line of Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair and Military Brushes.

Canadian Address: 247 St. Paul Street West Montreal

Swartwout



Built to outlast the building. The Swartwout Cast Iron Exhaust Head protects the roof below by permitting only dry steam to escape into the atmosphere. Centrifugal force makes the separation without creating back pressure.



TO earn the Swartwout trademark a specialty cannot be a mere "filler" to increase the Swartwout line. It must meet some specific need of American industry more efficiently, more economically or more lastingly than existing devices. This is the fact which protects the man who specifies or buys any Swartwout Specialty

Experienced Sales-Engineers in branch-offices and agencies from coast to coast can give you authoritative advice on the application of Swartwout patented specialties to problems of ventilation, power-plant economy, core-making and ship-construction.

SWARTWOUT SPECIALTY DIVISION OF
THE OHIO BODY & BLOWER COMPANY
CLEVELAND
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Swartwout

The OHIO Body and Blower Co Cleveland U.S.A.

"Why should I try to hold him against his will?"

"Why shouldn't you put up a fight to hold him—unless you're afraid to?"

"Afraid to?"

"Let's drop this!" came precipitately from Brooks.

"I can't—I've got to know," Cleeburg broke in pitifully. And then to Gloria, like a man pleading for life: "You didn't want me to book you and John for London. You preferred not to go. That's a fact, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Was it—was it because you didn't want to be over there with him—alone?"

She stared as he put the question—stared into the eyes that were like a suffering animal's.

"I didn't want to go without you. You know that."

Cleeburg saw her mouth quiver at the corners and her teeth bite into the lower lip to still its trembling. And all her nervousness of the night of the dress rehearsal swept before him in minutest detail. He shook his head with a sense of his own futility. He grasped the arm of a chair as he had once before, steadied himself, and haltingly the words he had known he must speak came at last:

"Yes—but why wouldn't you go without me? Was that—was it because you knew what I know now—that he loved you?"

She gave a start, and he saw her eyes fly to the other man's. There was nothing of indignation in that look, nothing of anger. Terror—yes; and question! But back of both a glow—the instinctive look of the one woman to the one man, that will live as long as the world. Because unconscious it was all the revelation the man who watched her needed. A sort of groping wonder at his blindness seized him. Then little 'Dolph sank into the chair, and, like a candle snuffed, hope went out of his eyes.

What she said as she turned back to him was merely a veil drawn across thought to hide its nakedness.

She went over and laid a hand on his shoulder and looked into the poor haggard face that had not learned, as have women, to conceal its suffering. Her own was as white.

"'Dolph, dear, whatever John has told you, I want you to believe that he's never, by so much as a word, been disloyal to you."

He patted her hand and tried to smile.

"I know that, kiddo. It's all right. Honest it is."

"Don't blame him. We've been together so much. The theater is so different from any other walk of life. It's so—so intimate."

"'Dolph has been one hundred per cent there." Brooks squared his shoulders as he spoke and went toward the door. "Another man would have put a bullet through my head."

"You—you'll go on being his friend, 'Dolph?"

"Don't worry, kiddo."

"You and I will have each other." Her voice broke.

His empty eyes came round to her.

"You're going to stay on with me?"

"Of course I am."

"Y'mean it?"

"Of course I do." She looked to Brooks and held out her hand. "Good-by, John."

He came over and took it and held it for a moment—tight.

"Good-by, Gloria. I'll be leaving town next week, if 'Dolph's willing to have an understudy take my place from to-night on. I'm not likely to see you again."

Their eyes met and managed to smile. And then Gloria looked away. Something in her throat was fluttering like a wild thing. When she looked back the door had closed.

"You're all right, honey," Cleeburg murmured huskily.

Three hours later he let himself into the quiet office, switched on the light and went over to the desk. A broken paper knife lay near the inkstand. He picked up the pieces, held them together with half a smile, then let them drop from his hand into the waste basket.

The chair he had pushed forward for Gloria stood as she had left it. He drew it over to the desk, sat down, and with broad mouth firm but hands that shook a little, he pulled a sheet of foolscap toward him and took up a pen.

The pen moved across the sheet, sometimes hesitating, sometimes swift as a comet. But the determined line of little 'Dolph's mouth never relaxed.

"*My dearest little girl:* I've been thinking a lot since dinner, and when a fellow has sort of lost the habit of thinking about anything but his next show it comes hard. But don't you jump at the conclusion that what I'm going to say is hasty or that it ain't final. For years there was a funny old feeling inside of me that I had something to tell the world, and no way to tell it. I wanted to put over something on the stage that would sound like music or look like a beautiful painting. Scenery wouldn't do it. The women I had trained couldn't do it. I didn't even know, myself, just what it was. I used to tell myself often I was a poor nut. Then you came along with that voice of yours, and those eyes, and the fire that hasn't any name, and did it all for me. If there hadn't ever been anything more for me than seeing those hopes come true it would have been enough. But I've had you for almost six years. You made me happier than you know, kiddo. And what has a poor old dub like me ever done to expect more than the happiness life has already handed me through you? Why, that's a fortune that makes the Rockefeller millions look like thirty cents. If I try to hog more, if I keep you from the thing you've got a right to, the thing you gave me for six years, shooting's too good for me. You don't think I could let you stay on with me, knowing that you and John belong together, do you? And you do belong together. You know I always said you made a fine team. Why, kiddo, it would finish me. I want you to be happy, that's all. And I saw to-day where that happiness is for you.

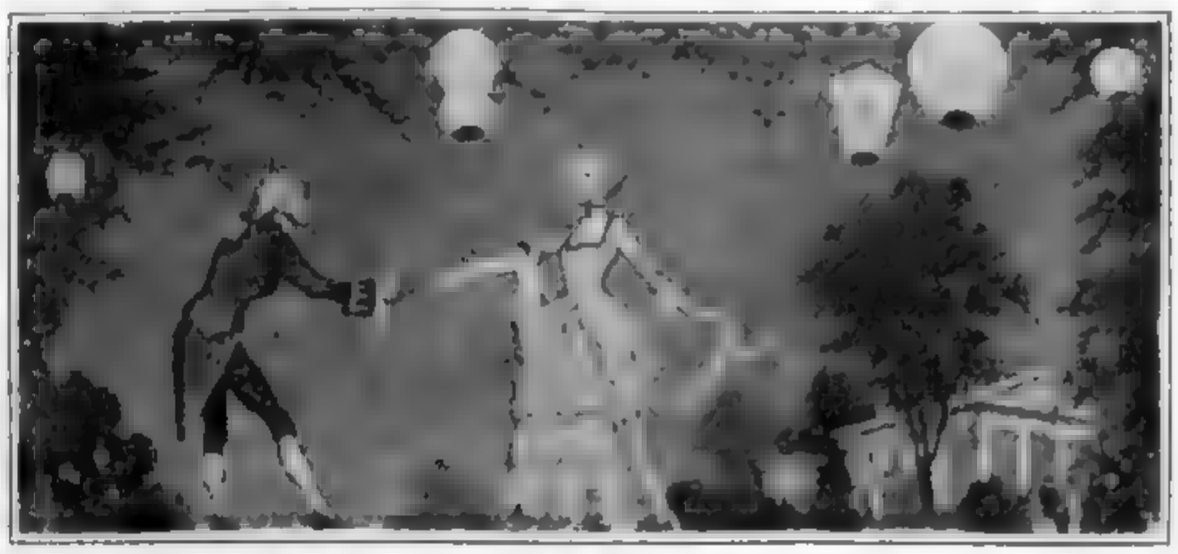
"I fixed it so that John couldn't get off to-night. And I'm going to fix it now so that you'll play together the rest of your lives. I'm sailing Monday on the Adriatic. When I come back in the fall you're going to be free.

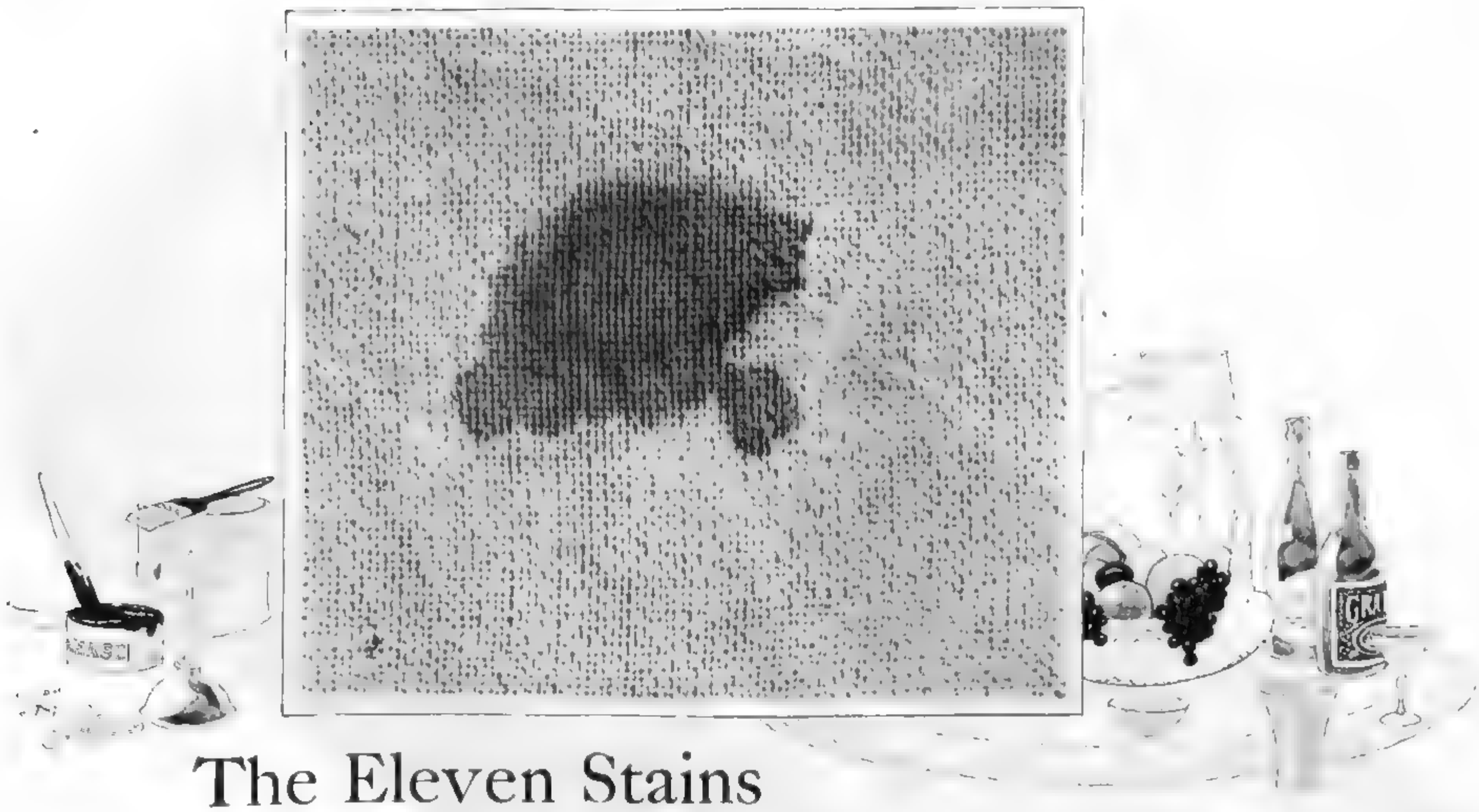
"No, not free, I'm wrong. I want to take you and John by the hands and say—'Bless you, my children.'

"You remember, I called myself once your old back drop. Well, being that is about the best thing that's ever happened to me. And I'll keep on being that if you'll let me, until you quit the game. Let me go on putting you over just like always and I'll be O. K. Don't you worry. God bless you, kiddo. 'DOLPH."

He folded the sheets without reading them, put them into an envelope, sealed it carefully, went downstairs and looked up the head usher.

"Take this to Miss Cromwell and give it into her hands yourself," he said. "And here, kid." And he slipped the boy a dollar.





The Eleven Stains

—*and How the Modern Laundry Treats them for You*

Men who have studied the subject tell us there are eleven main varieties of stains that affect fabrics—fruit stains, beverage stains, inks, grass, grease, wax (including gum), dyes, paints, oils, leather, and those of metallic origin, like rust.

In grandmother's time, and as late as 1860, few means of removing spots from these causes were known. If a garment—a shirt-waist let us say—became marred with something that refused to wash away, it was dyed a darker hue, and this treatment was repeated as new stains developed until eventually the waist became black.

Stains cause women little concern today because methods for treating them have been worked out. The housewife with an obstinate ink splotch on her Irish linen table cloth now merely includes the soiled napery with her family washing, knowing it will come back from the laundry in a few days, spotless and refreshingly white.

Through systematic study, and long experience, the modern laundry has learned what is most efficacious for each kind of stain.

Simple washing suffices for the great majority, but for those more stubborn, special treatments have been devised that clean without harm to the fabric.

For paint marks a vaseline-gasoline treatment is used by the modern laundry; grass stains on woolens and silks are removed with ether; ink spots and rust are treated with an oxalic sour; tea, coffee and wines are most frequently "cured" with special sodium bisulphite or potassium permanganate methods—and so through the whole long list.

This is a supplemental help that modern laundries render—one of the details typical of the thoroughness of all modern laundering service.

And it is service, too, that any of the modern laundries in your city will be glad to give. Learn the joy of *complete* relief from washday's trying labors—send all your family washing to one of the modern laundries in your city.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati

TORBENSEN AXLES

Torbensen Axles are remarkably simple, sturdy, and light in construction, because they are remarkably simple in the application of their internal-gear principle. Consequently, they have much greater hauling ability; they are much longer-lived; and they are much more economical in truck operation and upkeep.

EXCESS BAGGAGE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Have these pressed," he ordered. 'Here's a brace of shillings for you. Fee the tailor chap."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat returned to the smoking room.

"Boy in de 'partment room whut gobbles lak a turkey says, 'Press de clo'es, boy, an' heah's a dollah.' Dollah, how is you? Sho' is easy money."

"English boy. Dey's de clo'es-pressin'est folks in de world 'ceptin' actors."

"Whah at does I git dese fixed up?"

"No place. Hang de coat up. Sprinkle de pants wid wateh an' lay 'em undeh a pile of sheets in de linen closet. By mornin' dey's pressed. You charges anotheh dollah."

"Sho' is easy money."

The Wildcat hung the Britisher's coat and vest in the smoking room. He walked into the passageway and opened the door of the linen closet. A four-legged cyclone burst from the dark depths of the linen closet.

Riding the cyclone was a bedraggled parrot. The parrot showed the wear and tear of travel. The Wildcat called loudly at the cyclone:

"Lily, halt! 'Tenshun! Whah at's de mil'tary bearin' you got in France? Come heah!"

The mascot walked to the Wildcat's side. From Lily's cringing back the Wildcat lifted the battle-scarred parrot. The Wildcat boosted Lily back into the solitude of the linen closet.

"Lily, 'tenshun! At ease! At res'!"

The goat executed the commands with the military precision which had come from long months of training in the A. E. F.

"'Tenshun! At ease! One mo' false move an' I th'ows you ovehboard off de train."

The Wildcat retrieved a piece of string and turned his attention to the parrot.

"You green debbil, lay off 'at goat! Ah ties you on de top shelf. One mo' move an' us has fricasseed green chicken afteh de dinin'-cah man gits you."

"'Tenshun!" mocked the parrot. "At ease!"

Lily, prone in the depths of the linen closet, obeyed the commands. The Wildcat tied the string round the parrot's leg.

"Dere, dat holds you, an' quit mockin' me befo' I knocks yo' beak down yo' throat."

"At rest!" the parrot gurgled.

The Wildcat closed the door of the linen closet. The parrot lost no time in biting the string loose from about her leg, after which she rejoined her four-legged companion.

"'Tenshun!" she squawked. "At res'! 'Tenshun! At res'!"

Thereafter until dawn, obeying the perfect counterfeit of her master's voice, Lily, the mascot goat, came to attention and subsided at rest with the persistent rhythm of a man on a hand car.

The Wildcat returned to his shoe shining.

"When does us boys sleep, Backslid?"

"When de chance comes," the Backslid Baptist returned. "You sleeps between stations and 'twixt jobs of work. Gin'ally when de bell rings at night you pays no 'tenshun to it. Folks is finicky. Dey gits along just de same does you answer de bell or don't you. Hurry up wid de shoes. When you gits 'em done come on up th'ee cahs ahead. Dey's some res'less ivory on dat cah, an' mebbe us collects some money whut's lonesome to change managers."

The Backslid Baptist departed for the third car ahead, where in a quiet nook the galloping ivory was clicking strong on the linoleum.

The Wildcat finished his work on the shoes of the passengers on the Mazurka. He carried the shoes forward with him until he came upon the crap game.

"Heah's de shoes, Backslid," he said. "Men, howdy."

"Whut fo' you bring dem shoes all de way up heah?"

"Ah kain't read yo' numbehs whah at to distribute 'em."

"Lay 'em down. Ah'll take 'em back afteh while. Gimme dem bones. Shoots five dollahs."

The Backslid Baptist launched himself into an energetic arm-swinging struggle, wherein presently he lost after his third pass.

"Take a r'ar, Wilecat. See is you still 'fested wid luck like you wuz in de A. E. F."

The Wildcat was a stranger to everybody present except the Backslid Baptist.

"Who dat boy?" one of the group of porters asked.

"Learnin' boy f'm Memphis. Ah knows him."

With this indorsement the Wildcat was plunged into the game.

"Gimme dem bones. Hind laigs, at res'." The Wildcat subsided to the floor. "Fingehs, lemme see kin you play de pickpocket jazz. Shoots five dollahs. Ah reads a feeble five. Five stay alive. Five Ah craves. Lady Luck, boon me. P'odigal five come home whah de fat calf waits. Bam! Th'ee an' a deuce. Ah lets it lay. Shoots ten dollahs. Shower down ten dollahs an' see de train robbeh perform. Shower down, brothers. Bam! Seven! 'At's twins, but mah luck comes triple. Shoots de twenty. Shoots twenty dollahs. Heah de bloodhoun' bay. An' I reads ten miles. Chicago bound! Pay day, whah at is you? Lady Luck, don' git feeble. Angil leanin' on a cloud. De cloud busts! Angil, heah you is—readin' de five an' five. Five twins, how is you? Shoots fo'ty dollahs."

One of the group spoke to the Backslid: "Mebbe 'at boy's learnin' de porter business, but he sho' got old in de bone school a long time back."

The Backslid Baptist grunted his reply. The Wildcat raked down all his winnings except a five-dollar bill.

"Shoots five dollahs. Shower down. Windy talk don't shake no 'possums loose. Come an' git me on de top limb. Shoots five dollahs. Fifty dollahs."

"How much you got?" a cinnamon-colored Croesus in the group spoke softly into the clamor.

The Wildcat turned to him.

"Shoots a hund'ed does you crave speed. Shoots five hund'ed dollahs."

The cinnamon-faced porter produced a roll of bills and stripped a handful of greenbacks therefrom.

"'At's five hund'ed dollahs. Roll 'em."

"Gallopers, git right!"

The Wildcat gave the dice a Turkish bath, a manicure and a careful massaging between the perspiring palms of his hands. He cast a handful of prepared ivory from him. The dice were festooned with equal parts of luck and technical skill, but their precise trajectory was interrupted by a string of high joints and low centers in the track over which rambled the Mexico Limited.

"An' I reads—ace and deuce."

The cinnamon-colored boy picked up the money on the floor.

"'At'll learn you."

The Wildcat was silent. The Backslid Baptist, sharing the shadow of his associate's sudden cloud of black luck, spoke slowly to him:

"C'm'on heah, Wilecat. Us is nex' do' to bein' busted."

In the wake of the Backslid Baptist the Wildcat ambled back through the swaying cars to the Mazurka. He carried on his bowed shoulders a load of misery big enough to bust a bottle of dynamite gin. The Backslid Baptist stretched himself full length on the long leather seat of the smoking room.

"Baptis', how come it I don' know. De baby gallopehs wuz spinnin' fo' seven."

"Rough track an' de rocky road swerved 'em. Git to sleep. Us is due at Berlin Falls at eight-ten. Money come, money go. Whuteveh sleep you gits, you is that much to de good."

The Wildcat flopped down on the floor of the smoking room, but sleep would not come to him. At half past seven the Backslid Baptist on the leather seat began mumbling to himself. A little later he wakened.

"Wilecat, whut dat noise?"

"Ain't heard no noise."

All the Wildcat had heard was the accents of his bank roll bidding him a last farewell.

"'At thumpin' noise."

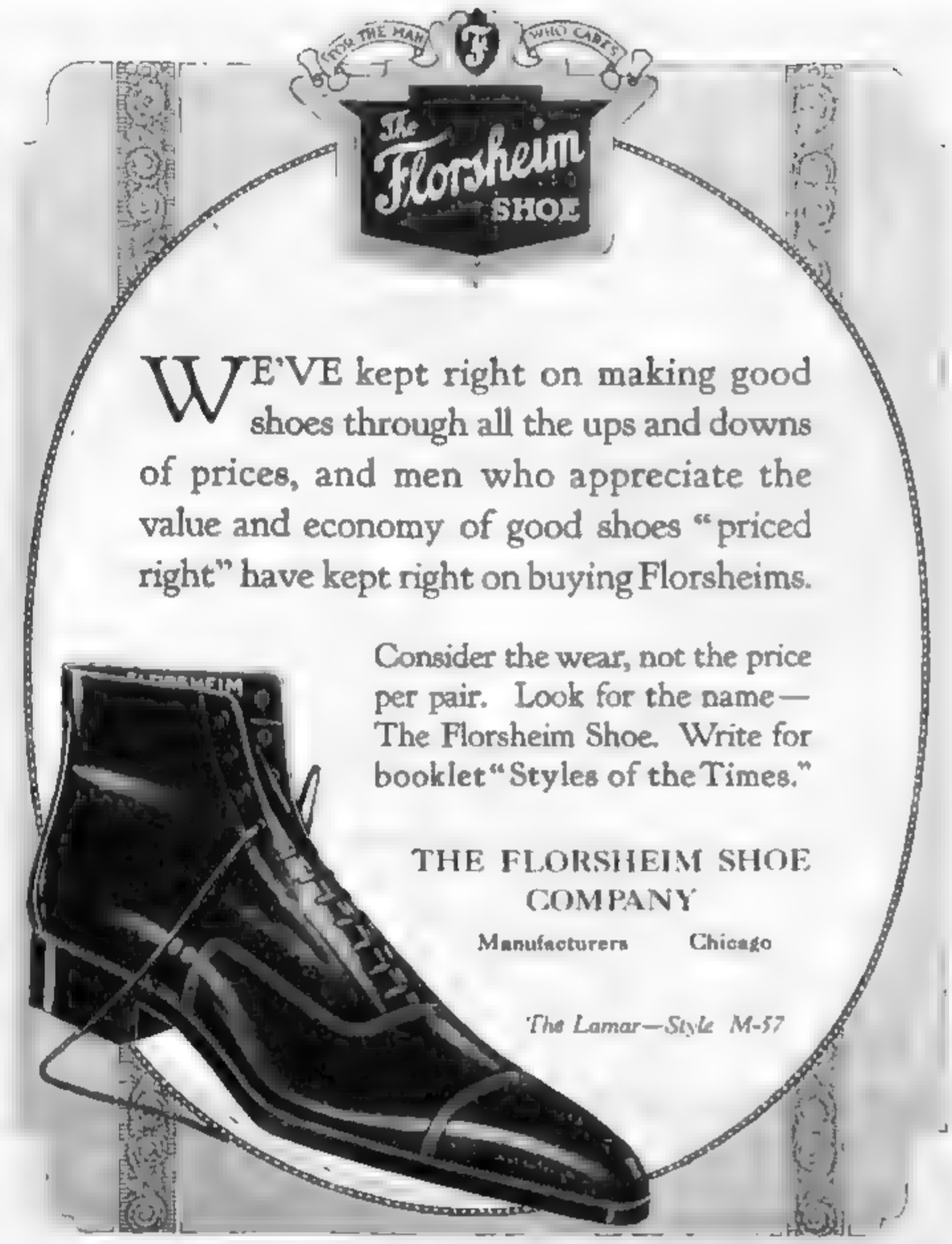
The Backslid Baptist's ears, keenly attuned to the turmoil of travel, distinguished in the sounds about him some unfamiliar puncture of the normal din.

"Sounded lak beatin' a board wid a stick."

"Kain't heah nothin'."

The Backslid Baptist yawned.

"Some of dem early risers f'm de tall sticks sure to be up by now. When Ah starts makin' up de berths you kin sweep



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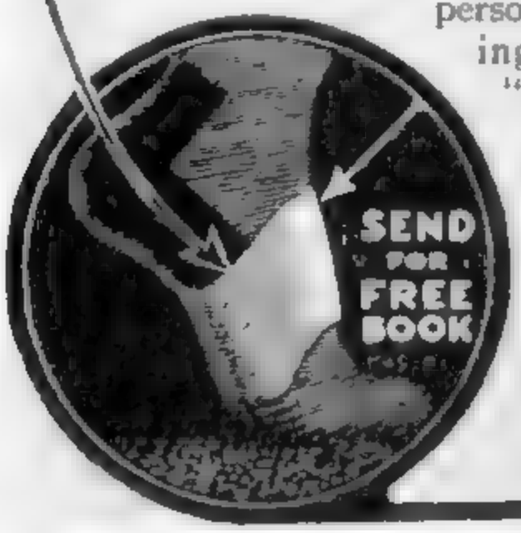

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DEALERS—Shoe Dealers, Chiropodists, Druggists. write for our proposition.

out de cah an' 'cumulate de sheets an' pillowcases. Stick 'em in de canvas bag in de linen closet an' take back de boy's clo'es he gin you to press."

The Wildcat traversed the length of the aisle back of a swinging broom. On the return trip he encountered the Backslid Baptist busily engaged in making up Lower One.

"Backslid, who dem two boys halfway down de cah wid de blue hats?"

"You means de boys wid de blue fezants? Dem's a couple of potent nobles of de Mysterious Mecca. All de Mysterious Mecca boys in de world is havin' a gran' ruckus next month in Californy."

"How come dey start so early?"

"Sometimes a brother falls by de wayside heah an' dere an' dey starts early so as to git picked up by some worthy brother wid steady laigs. 'At fat boy wid de blue fezant is de one whut had de gin hiccups."

"Kain't see did he."

"Gin'ally dey carries it noble. Dere's de little lady whut owns de parrot bird."

The owner of the parrot bird was a left-over soubrette who had busted in Havana with a road production of The Sillies of 1492. The little lady had completed her spring drinking and was now en route to a big-time meal ticket starting from Chicago. She saw the Wildcat.

"Porter, where is little Polly?"

"Yessum. I secluded 'at green chicken in de linen closet. Does you crave him now?"

"Yes; I want to have her with me for breakfast—the poor lonesome darling."

"Accordin' to de words 'at varmint used last night, he's too tough to make much of a brekfust."

The Wildcat went to the end of the car and opened the linen closet wherein he had cached the parrot. With the opening of the door the mystery of the thumping noise which he and the Backslid Baptist had heard was explained. In a low falsetto the parrot was repeating the two military commands which she had learned:

"'Tenshun! At res'! 'Tenshun! At res'!"

Lily, the mascot goat, was contributing the last fragment of muscular energy to the business of obeying orders. In response to the parrot's commands the goat languidly flopped at rest on the floor of the linen closet and came to her feet at attention.

"Lawd, Lily! At res' an' stay 'at way!"

Gratitude rang in the answering "Blaa" of Lily the goat. The Wildcat reached for the parrot.

"You green debbil! Whut you mean exercisin' mah mascot all night?"

"Quawk!"

The parrot made a vicious swing at the Wildcat's reaching hand.

"Leggo, you debbil!"

The green parrot, fuming in a rage compared to which nitric acid was a cream puff, was restored to its spring-drinking owner.

"Lady, heah's de green demon."

"Pretty Polly. What made her little feathers all mussed up?"

The Wildcat returned to his exhausted mascot.

"'At green chicken's lucky does he git by widout gittin' his health an' stren'th mussed up befo' dis trip ends. At res', Lily, till I brings you some nutriment. Dog-gone ol' bird must have near wore you out. 'At's de way wid dem mil'tary commands. Res' yo'se'f, Lily, till Ah brings yo' brekfust."

"Blaa!" answered Lily.

The Wildcat detected a tone of hypocrisy—something of false gratitude—in the mascot's reply. He returned from the dining car carrying two heads of lettuce for the mascot. He placed the lettuce under the nose of the recumbent goat, but Lily refused to eat.

"Fust time Ah eveh seed you slow up when de mess call blowed. How come?"

An instant later his roving eye discovered the how come of Lily's loss of appetite. In a dark corner of the linen closet he saw a dozen fragments of white cloth. He hauled them out and the light revealed the hems of a covey of sheets and a half dozen pillowcases. Then the web of a homespun disaster met his eye. From the lower shelf of the linen closet dangled the shredded legs of the trousers which the occupant of Compartment B had given him to be pressed.

"Goat, dog-gone you, come to 'tenshun! No wondeh you kain't eat lettuce, wid yo' insides crammed wid a ton of linen an' half a pair of pants fo' dessert. Me sympathizin' wid you, an' you an' de green chicken banquetin' all night on 'spensive raiment. 'Ceptin' fo' havin' to scrub de floor, I'd barbecue de blood outen yo' veins heah an' now."

The sudden necessity of hiding the evidence confronted the Wildcat.

"By rights I ought to ram de rest of de pants down yo' neck."

The Wildcat picked up the ragged and frazzled trousers. A moment later he went to the door of the car platform and cast the remnants of Lily's banquet into the fleeting right of way.

"Spect some boy find dese an' say, 'Whah at's de man whut de train cut de laigs off of?' 'At's his trouble. Me—Ah's Chicago bound wid a cahload of trouble of mah own. Main thing to do is to git off de train widout lettin' 'at boy in 'Partment B know we's landed."

He discussed the disaster of the trousers with the Backslid Baptist.

"'At's de on'y way," the porter conceded. "When us gits in we fo'gits 'bout de boy widout de pants. Dey wuz his pants, Wilecat. Havin' no pants is his grief. He kin borrow some overalls f'm de cah cleaners, o' else he kin play he's a Injun an' roam neked till de police gits him. Does us meet up wid de ol' 'spector Ah says, 'No, suh, Ah dunno how come.' 'At's 'at."

"Sho' don't crave words wid no 'spector," the Wildcat returned. "Dis porter business de best job in de world. Ridin' all de time, seein' de country, eatin' heavy, free ice wateh, gran' raiment, talkin' to folks. No, suh! Main thing Ah craves is to git hired by yo' boss. Spect Ah makes it all right, Baptis'?"

"You makes it easy. You's done learned de business dis mawnin', ain't you? Well, I gits you five recommendin' letters f'm a boy whut writes 'em on de Wes' Side an' you gits hired.

"Fust letter says, 'Ah knowed Wilecat goin' on ten yeahs, an' he don't drink.' Nex' letter say, 'Wilecat jined de church when he wuz four yeahs old, an' bin a soldier ob de Lawd eveh since.' Nex' letter say, 'Boy got to take keer of his wife, mother an' father an' six small chillen.' Nex' letter say, 'Wilecat sho' beats de worl' fo' readin', writin' an' 'rithmetic.'"

"Backslid, you knows Ah kain't read."

"'At don't make no difference. Letter says so, don't it? Last letter says you's honest, industrious an' reliable."

"How come you so friendly wid dat Democrat letter-writin' boy?"

"How come 'Democrat'?"

"F'm whut you says he's champion liar of de world. Sounds Democrat to me. Don' make no difference, though, just so's I gits de job."

Zing!

The owner of the night-blooming hiccups craved another pillow and a table in his section. The Wildcat delivered the table and fixed it into place. He returned to the linen closet to retrieve a pillowcase therefrom. When the door opened Lily, the mascot goat, tired of the dark confines of her retreat, burst forth and galloped down the aisle of the car. The Wildcat abandoned his pillowcase industry and spent the next two minutes in rounding up his protégée.

"You ramblin' wreck, come back heah befo' Ah makes a rug out of yo' skin!"

He returned Lily to her jail and proceeded to deliver the second pillow to the owner of the alcohol snorts. In common with the rest of the occupants of the car, that individual voiced his curiosity concerning the animated mascot:

"Son, who owns the goat?"

"Cap'n, suh, Ah owns him now, but some slaughterhouse man gwine to git him 'less he ca'ms down."

"What'll you take for him?"

The Wildcat suddenly remembered his financial status. Hard money at the moment made a strong appeal.

"Cap'n, suh, you means you craves to buy 'at goat?"

In the mind of the potent noble of the Mysterious Mecca had bloomed a great idea, wherein the galloping Lily would provide entertainment in carload lots for the California-bound brethren of the conclave.

"Some days Ah'd sell 'at goat fo' a thin dime. Otheh days Ah'd give a boy a hund'ed dollahs fo' killin' him."

"What'll you take for him cash down, f. o. b. Lower Seven, Car Mazurka?"

The Wildcat studied for a moment, and then long months of association accented the tie which Lady Luck had woven between him and the prodigal Lily.

(Concluded on Page 177)

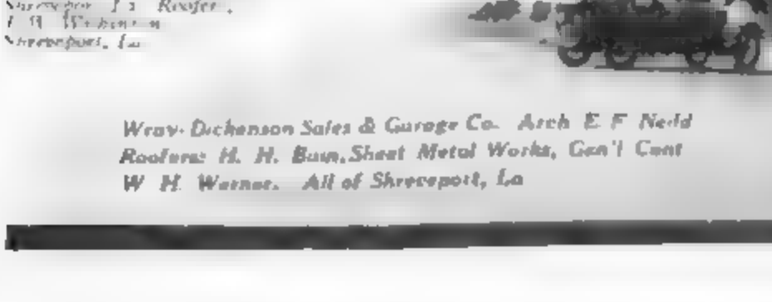
Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 years

City National Bank Building, Shreveport, La. Architect, E. F. Neild, Shreveport, La. General Contractor, H. H. Bunn, Sheet Metal Works, Shreveport, La.

Residence, Shreveport, La. Roofer, H. H. Bunn, Sheet Metal Works, Shreveport, La.

Fairfield Street School Addition, Shreveport, La. Architect, C. W. Kent, Shreveport, La. General Contractor, W. H. Warner, Shreveport, La. Roofers, H. H. Bunn, Sheet Metal Works, Shreveport, La.



Fairfield Street School, Shreveport, La. General Contractor, W. H. Warner, Shreveport, La. Roofer, H. H. Bunn, Shreveport, La.

Another "Specification" City—

AMERICA'S leading architects and construction engineers are practically unanimous in their endorsement of Barrett Specification Roofs. This is best proved by the fact that most of the permanent modern buildings all over the country have roofs of this type.

Take Shreveport, La., for instance—

This thriving city—the center of one of the richest sections of the South—is carrying forward an ambitious program of civic improvement and commercial expansion.

The soundness of the city's rapid development is attested by the substantial character of the new buildings, a few of which are shown on this page.

And nearly all the important buildings erected in Shreveport in recent years are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

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Important Notice

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for twenty years only, we can name many roofs of this type that have been in service over forty years and are still in good condition.

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Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of The Barrett Specification sent free on request.

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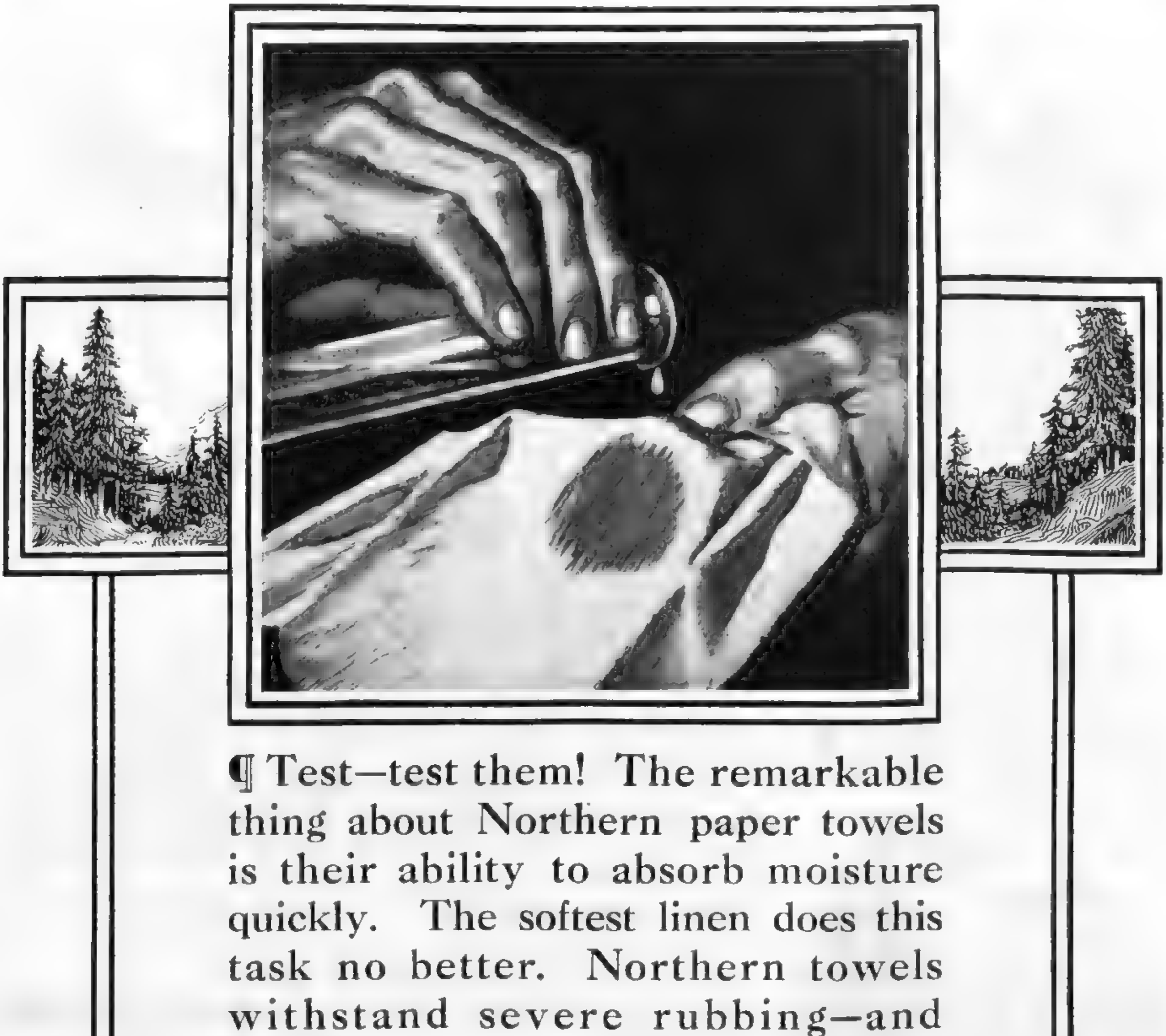

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¶ In your shop—office—kitchen—reduce towel expenses now—and increase both cleanliness and convenience. Northern paper towels are remarkably soft and tough. They are made at Green Bay, Wisconsin, under the most sanitary conditions, by the Northern Paper Mills—also makers of fine toilet papers.

Northern TOWELS

(Concluded from Page 174)

"Cap'n, suh, Ah spec' Ah wouldn't sell 'at goat fo' mo'n a million dollahs. Me an' Lily fit so many battles togetheh in France and on boa'd de ol' iron boat comin' home 'at Ah kain't see no money big enough to 'suage mah grief is we divo'ced. Spec' Ah kain't sell him."

The companion noble across the table from the hiccuping gentleman offered a suggestion:

"Round 'em both up for the trip."

"Good scheme, Jim. The old bean isn't any too clear this morning or I'd thought of that myself."

The owner of the blue fez turned to the Wildcat.

"What's your name, son?"

"Dey named me Marsden, suh—Vitus Marsden—but folks calls me Wilecat."

"If I can't buy the goat I guess we'll have to negotiate the custody of your feline corpus for the duration of the big show in California."

"Yessuh."

The Wildcat did not understand the big words, but whenever he did not understand it was his principle to smile and agree to anything that white gentlemen said.

"Yessuh. Ain't it de truf?"

He returned to the smoking compartment, where the Backslid Baptist was auditing his tips. The Backslid Baptist was busy at the moment excavating a busted cork out of the neck of a queer-looking square bottle.

"Baptis', whut you got?"

"Smells lak equalizer. Wait till Ah gits dis cork out an' us sees."

"What dat sign say on de bottle?"

The Backslid Baptist inspected the label affixed to the flat side of the bottle.

"Ol' sign reads, 'Acrobatic Spirits of Pneumonia.' Bam! Unkonkered de ol' cork. Smell dat. 'At learns you not to believe in signs. When yo' eyes sees one thing an' yo' nose sees another you betteh believe yo' nose."

He took a long drag at the bottle and passed it over to the Wildcat.

"Whuf! Ol' lady in Loweh Six felt poo'ly dis mawnin', but she 'sorbed th'ee drams f'm dis heah bottle, an' so far she's et twelve dollahs' wuth of grub up ahaid in de dinin' cah."

The Wildcat swung onto the Acrobatic Spirits of Pneumonia, lingering at the spout for several disappointing seconds after the contents of the bottle had gurgled down his neck.

"Whuf! Ah missed de pneumonia, Backslid, but Ah sho' feels acrobatic. How come de lady lose de bottle?"

"She done got careless when de spirits come. You better th'ow 'at glassware away now an' git ready fo' tellin' de boss how you craves a porter's job."

Half an hour later, leading his mascot goat and closely convoyed by the Backslid Baptist, the Wildcat walked down the platform in the dark train shed of the station in Chicago.

Throughout the long ride down to the West Side to the habitation of the boy from whom the recommending letters were to be obtained the Wildcat's woolly bean spun with the momentum which he had drained from the bottle abandoned by the careless lady in Lower Six.

An hour later, armed with five ironclad letters, he returned along the route, arriving finally at the portals of the office building wherein porters are created from select brunet humanity.

Presently across a wide desk the Wildcat confronted authority.

A kindly gentleman questioned him, and to the questions he replied with an assortment of impromptu lies whose range and ingenuity busted every previous record for careless language. Ten minutes later he was a hired man.

"C'm'on heah. 'At's all."

The Backslid Baptist at his elbow sensed the successful conclusion of the interview.

"You mean Ah's a porter?" the bewildered Wildcat asked when the pair had gained the street level.

"Ah'll say you is."

"An' all de tips I gits is mine to keep?"

"Dey sure is previdin' you gits outen yo' trance an' takes yo' cah on de four-ten."

"Hot dam, Lily! C'm'on heah. Us weahs a blue coat all de time, an' don't do nuthin' but spend de money whut de white folks showers down."

"You betteh make arrangements at some livery stable to p'vide board an' room fo' Lily whilst you is A. W. O. L."

"How come? Whah at I goes de goat goes."

"Not on no sleepin' cah. Ah deadheads you once, an' de goat lak to ruined eve'ybody in de cah. No, suh! Kain't run no trains an' no mascot at de same time. De rule book leaves out goats, but does you lug Lily wid you yo' fust run sho' is yo' last."

The Wildcat faced the moment of a great decision.

"Den dey won't be no fust trip. C'm'on heah, Lily. Much 'bliged, Baptis'. Me an' Lily looks fo' a job whah at dey ain't no rules agin mascots."

The Wildcat headed south along Michigan Avenue, and in a little while he and Lily were adrift in a sea of humanity. The Backslid Baptist grunted his disgust and went about his own affairs. At midnight the Wildcat and Lily pitched their lonely camp behind a billboard in South Chicago.

"Sho' craves mah rations. You done noble wid de grass, Lily, but Ah kain't eat grass. Seems lak you kin nutrify yo'se'f wid whuteveh vittles is layin' round."

In the dawn the Wildcat realized that his appetite had sprung up like a mushroom overnight.

"Wisht us wuz back wid ol' Cap'n Jack in Memphis, whah at de ham tree blooms th'ee times a day."

At noon his stomach was the residence of a hunger panic. With his mascot trailing behind him he headed toward the heart of the city.

"Dog-gone 'at crap-shootin' hound. How come he clean me to mah last nickel Ah don' know. Lady Luck, whah at is you?"

An instant later, wearing a policeman's uniform and speaking a wild Irish language, Lady Luck descended upon the Wildcat. The Michigan Avenue traffic cop abandoned his post long enough to pounce upon his prey.

"What th' hell do yez mean prowlin' round th' Loop in broad daylight wid ivery man on th' force goin' crazy lookin' f'r yez? Come along wid me."

Ten minutes later, with the echoes of the patrol gong still ringing in his ears, the Wildcat and Lily were hazed through the black portals of an unfriendly looking police station. They faced the desk sergeant.

"Boy, is your name Vitus Marsden?"

"Cap'n, yessuh. Folks gin'ally calls me Wilecat."

The desk sergeant busied himself with the telephone at his elbow. Two minutes later he turned to the Wildcat.

"Sit on that bench over there," he said.

The Wildcat sat down, and a black cloud of surmise floated across his immediate horizon.

"Lily, Ah 'spect us is 'rested mebbe on 'count of dem pants you et offen de man in ol' 'Partment B. Mebbe Ise took fo' 'sorbin dem acrobatic spirits whut Backslid consecrated to me. Mebbe de lady wid de green chicken whut you et de feathers off of done craved revenge. Mebbe de ol' sleepin'-cah man aims to make you work out de price of 'at laundry you et in de linen closet."

The Wildcat had no difficulty finding a dozen good reasons for his present embarrassment. He addressed a police officer near by:

"Cap'n, suh, whut fo' is me an' Lily sequestered heah in de jail?"

Before the policeman could answer the march of events made reply. Through the swinging doors of the station filed a dozen strange-looking men. These men wore baggy blue trousers and on each man's head was the blue fez which marked him as being a potent noble of the Mysterious Mecca. They descended upon the Wildcat.

"Come on here, boy! Bring that goat. You and the mascot are due out on our special train twenty minutes from now. Here's your orders from the company. You're on the pay roll, and so is the mascot goat."

"Cap'n, suh, you means me an' Lily is Californy bound wid de blue-fezant gen'-mun?"

"That's it!"

"Hot dam! Lily, 'tenshun! Lady Luck, how come I doubt you?"

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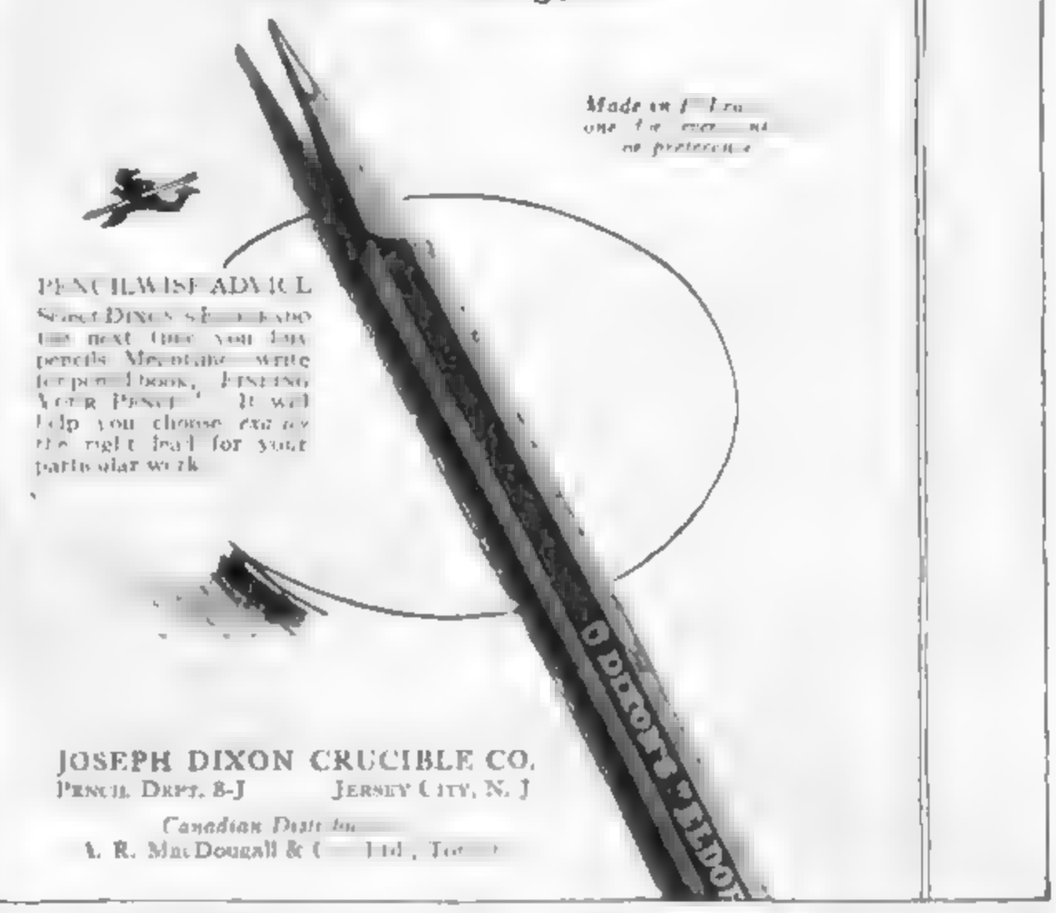
DIXON'S ELDORADO

"The master drawing pencil"



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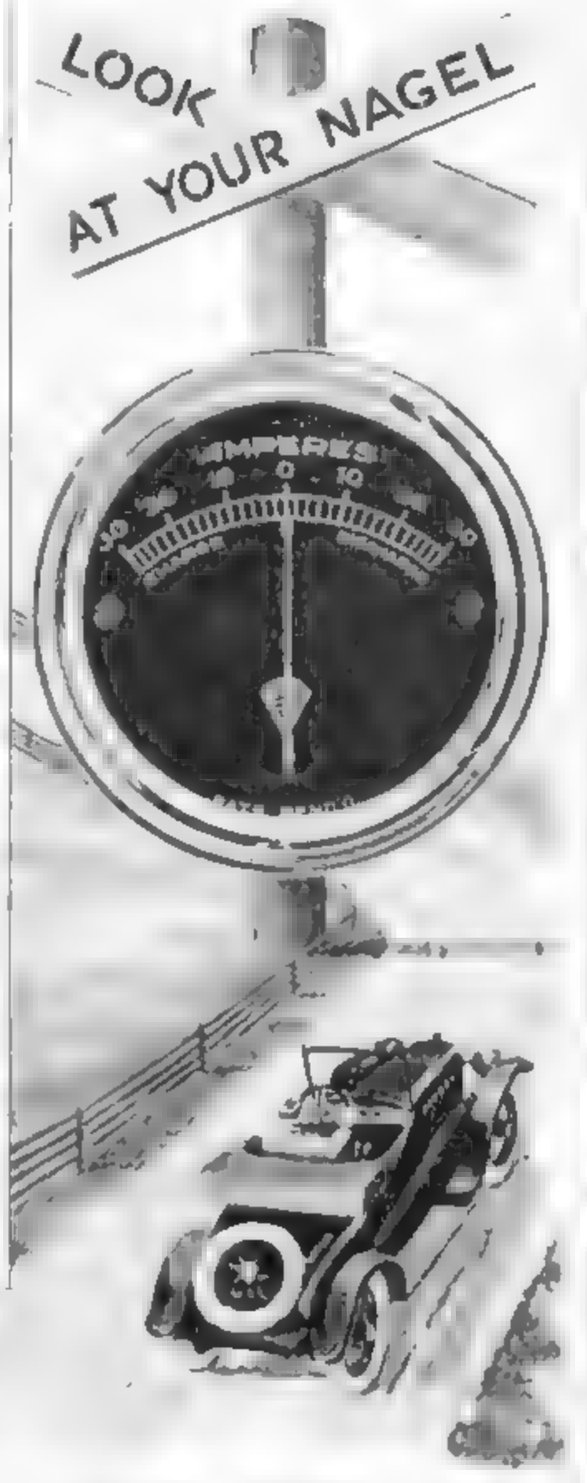

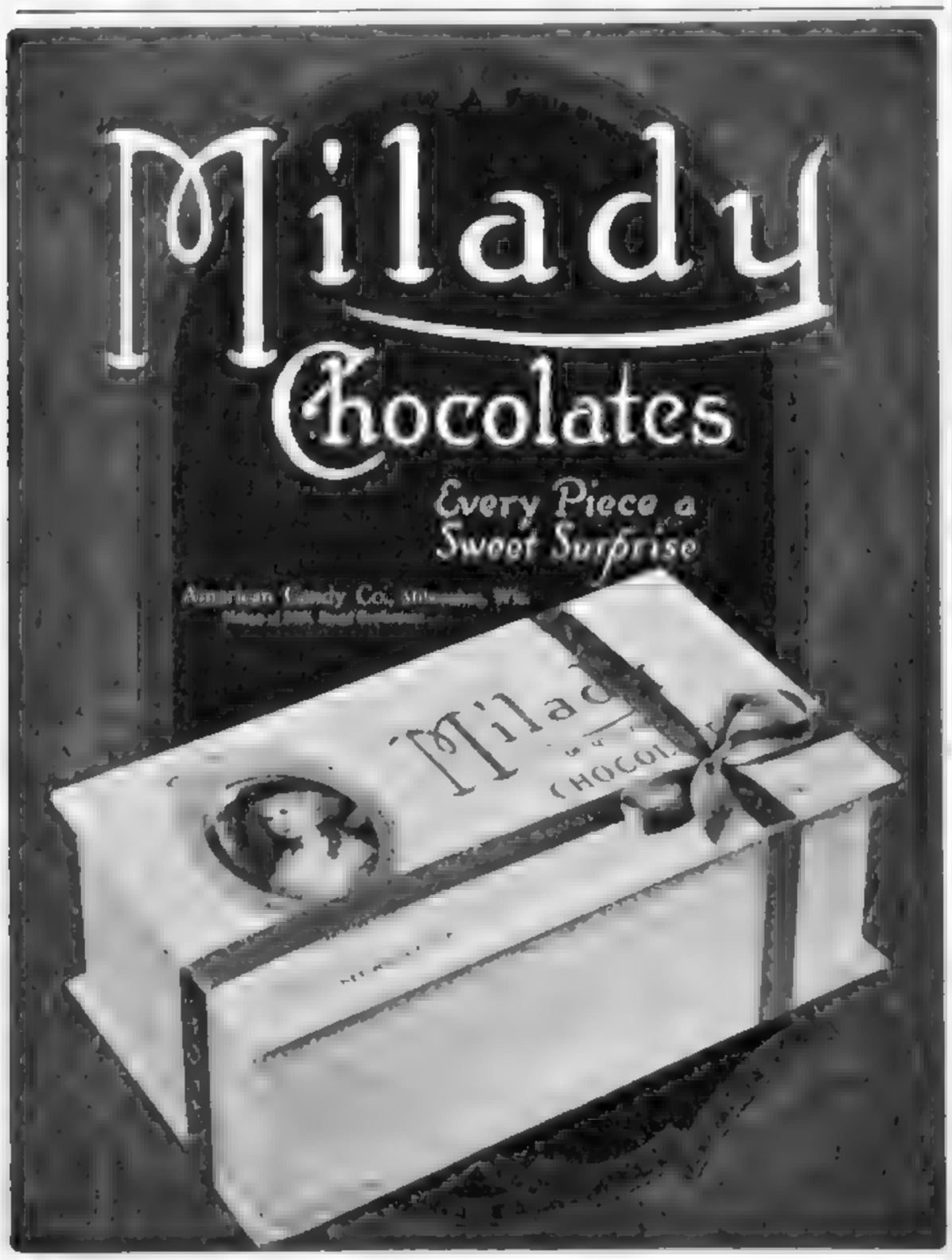

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 38)

away, would only afford partial relief, and yet this number of houses, at $5000 each, would cost the nation $5,000,000,000, or an amount equal to more than one-fifth of the country's present national debt.

The prices of building materials in many parts of the country continue to mount higher. A recent investigation covering certain sections of the East shows that of 115 items entering into building work twenty-six show price advances of about 200 per cent, while fourteen items have risen 300 per cent. The smallest advance was ten per cent and the highest 370 per cent. The wages of the various classes of workers in the building trades have advanced from fifty to 300 per cent. Plumbers' laborers formerly received twenty-five cents an hour, and now get one dollar. The lowest grade of labor in 1914 was paid 18.75 cents an hour, and now gets seventy-five cents. Bricklayers, metal lathers, plasterers, stonemasons and freestone setters receive the highest wage, which is $1.25 an hour. Carpenters, cement finishers, ironworkers, painters and tile setters get $1.12½ an hour. In some of the large cities Chicago, for instance—even higher wages than those stated are now paid to certain classes of workmen.

The movement of building materials all through the present year has been greatly restricted by the nation's inadequate transportation service. During the twenty-six months of Federal control of the carriers the Government purchased only about 100,000 freight cars and 2000 locomotives. During Federal control fewer than the normal number of cars were retired each year, and as a result thousands of cars are running to-day that are really unfit for service. It is estimated that the existing equipment of the roads will not be in good shape for six more months, notwithstanding the fact that repair work is being rushed

In the meantime the chief hope for relief lies in the possibility of greatly increasing the average mileage per day of freight cars. Prior to the war the average daily mileage of a car was 26.9 miles, while in 1918 it was only 24.6, and in 1919 it had been reduced to 23.1 miles. It is generally understood that because of the recent strike on the railroads the car mileage will be low again this year unless material improvement occurs in the coming months.

In order to get out of their dilemma the railroads established embargoes that put a high premium on current building work. As a result of these embargoes the housing situation in many populous regions appears to have grown worse instead of better. During a part of the summer, for instance, New York was without cement. When there is no lime or cement available brick has little value. If walls can't go up there is no work for the plasterers, roofers, carpenters and plumbers. In order to overcome the trouble many contractors sought to bring in the necessary material in trucks, and thus added from twenty-five to fifty dollars a day to the building costs. But in spite of this there were so many idle days that workers in the building trades have left the thickly populated regions in large numbers for other sections where work is more plentiful but the housing situation less serious. The railroads were largely influenced in shaping their course by the crying demand for coal.

The housing situation in certain European countries, especially Germany, is presenting an equally dangerous problem, and from these recent foreign experiences we may gain a fairly definite idea of what we are coming to here in our own country unless a supereffort is made to relieve conditions. The great majority of landlords throughout the country have shown such a rapacity for the dollar that no one need expect that these property owners will recede from their policy of getting all they can get and still stay out of jail.

The builders of new houses are compelled to charge much higher rentals than formerly were asked because of the increased building expenses already enumerated. But the owners of old houses and apartments in thousands of instances are seeking to obtain a return that is altogether unreasonable and unfair, even after full allowance is made for increased taxes, higher maintenance and operating charges and swollen land values.

Those who believe this an unfounded criticism would do well to spend a few days looking into the present disputes between landlords and tenants which are filling the courts of our large cities.

Those who own and operate large apartment houses and groups of dwellings should understand that they engage in an active and essential industry, just as do the people who gain their livelihood in manufacturing shoes or in producing copper. Every business has its good and bad elements Decent landlords who play the game fair and who are proud of the good name of their business have a solid duty at the present time in taking all possible steps to prevent the operations of shoe-string speculators who have entered the real-estate business and—acting without conscience are causing distress and bitterness throughout the nation. It doesn't require a great number of dishonest people, when permitted to act without restraint, to throw a respectable industry into such bad repute that a stain will be attached to all those engaged in the business.

There is as much to be said in favor of higher rents as there is in favor of higher railroad rates or anything else, but it will take a lot of explaining to show the why and wherefore of transactions that have permitted the sale of old, depreciated tenements and apartment houses four and five times in as many months, each time with a large profit to the seller. Finally the last purchaser approaches the tenants with a cooperative ownership scheme that would have made the old-time gold-brick artist green with envy

I mentioned that we might learn something from happenings in Europe. Over there they are setting aside most of their building codes and ordinances for the purpose of enabling buildings to be altered for living purposes. They are commencing to utilize basement and attic rooms, for even poor accommodations are better than none at all. A government commission is authorized to commandeer all houses and apartments with rooms in excess of the number used for the accommodation of the individual family living therein. This commission also has power to fix a rental value and may compel the owner to rent out the surplus rooms.

Probably we will not reach such dire straits here in the United States, but we are already forced to exercise leniency in administering our building codes and laws. This, of course, is not a good thing, because it permits the construction of flimsy dwellings that add to our fire risks and increase our losses. Already thousands of people are living under crowded conditions and in places that are far from being sanitary.

It takes a long time to convert a people from one deep-seated idea to a new one. In the matter of home building it has been the policy of a majority of Americans to take a chance if money can be saved on the initial expenditure by doing so. The annual fire waste of the United States amounts approximately to $350,000,000. In addition to the material that burns up each year our loss in lives from these fires amounts to about 15,000. Authoritative figures given out by the National Board of Fire Underwriters indicate that of the fire losses in 1918 those due wholly to carelessness and which might have been prevented totaled $195,067,170.

If building conditions were normal it is altogether probable that educational campaigns designed to encourage safe building would have made rapid progress in cutting down the amount of tinder-box construction throughout the country. But high prices and a scarcity of materials are causing the construction of thousands of frame dwellings in many localities where the houses should be built of fire-resisting materials.

It is easy to advance arguments showing that aside from the dangers of fire wooden houses deteriorate not less than thirty per cent in fifteen years, due to wear and tear and to the rapid changes in style that chiefly affect frame dwellings. The depreciation in brick and other kinds of dwellings does not amount to more than ten per cent in the same length of time.

Cheap construction not only causes a serious loss to the individual, but results in a loss to the town or city through a reduced tax-earning power of the community caused by property depreciation. Though the individual loss affects no one but the owner, the

(Continued on Page 181)

6:30 A. M.—Wakes Fire
7:00—Cold Radiators
7:30—Big Fire—High Pressure
Tries to Adjust Air Valve
Does It
Water Leaks—Ruins Floor
Big Bill—No Heat
This man will have his Steam Heating troubles all over again this year.
The No. 1 Hoffman—Watchman of your coal pile
—while this man finds it so very easy to have satisfactory Steam Heat.
9:00 A. M.—This Man Buys Hoffman Valves
10:00—Has Them Put On
10:01—Turns on Heat
10:15—Minutes Later—They Are Hot
Baby's Room Is Cozy—Quiet
More Heat at Lower Steam Pressure, Hence—
Small Bill—Entire Satisfaction

By the way—

What kind of Steam Heating will YOU have this Winter ?

The red line in the thermometer is sinking lower every day. Don't wait until January to ask, "What can be wrong with the heating system?" *Now* is the time to call in your heating contractor. He will tell you how economical it is to equip your radiators and pipe lines with Hoffman Valves. No alteration to your present system is required. There is a Hoffman Valve for every type of steam heating system. Guaranteed in writing for five years' perfect operation.

With the No. 1 Hoffman Valve Watchman of your coal pile—

—Your radiators are fully heated almost as soon as the steam is turned on.

—You have steam heating that works efficiently and silently—no rumbling in radiators, no banging in pipes.

—No water can leak over your floors and rugs—no steam can escape with annoying hiss.

—No fussing or meddling is possible, much less necessary. Valve is non-adjustable. Operation is automatic.

—Your coal bills are smaller, for with complete venting of air you have complete warmth at lower steam pressure.

Send us $2.15 today for a No. 1 Hoffman Valve. Put it on the radiator that has been giving you the most trouble—see how quickly the radiator heats. Let it prove to you that you cannot afford to be without Hoffmans on every radiator, to insure heating comfort and small coal bills. Once you are convinced of Hoffman merit, have your heating contractor Hoffman-equip every radiator.

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more heat from less coal

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The use of motor trucks at railway terminals will free thousands of freight cars for active use in the present traffic tie-up. Terminal congestion is the chief cause of our clogged transportation system. Without distribution business stagnates. Motor trucks can and will relieve this condition. America's leading statesmen, financiers and railway officials urge wider use of the motor truck.

Keep the Traffic Moving

TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 178)

lessening of tax-earning power affects every taxpayer and falls heaviest on the citizen who pays the most taxes.

Experience has also shown that when frame areas are built round a business section and a conflagration occurs among the wooden houses the temperature that develops is sufficient in many cases to destroy even the fireproof business blocks in the heart of the city. In such a case every citizen in the community pays dearly for the privilege extended to a few people to build wooden houses.

Chicago and Paris are two cities having about the same population, yet Paris spends only $750,000 a year for adequate fire protection, while Chicago expends more than $3,500,000 in the maintenance of its fire department. The French build houses almost entirely of fire-resistive materials.

Right now, when we must needs conserve every American home, we are losing approximately 11,000 houses, having an average value of $6000, through fire each year. Since there is no hope that the United States will forsake its traditional policy of building with wood, it is appropriate to advance certain ideas that will tend to reduce the fire hazard among frame dwellings.

One of the most plausible suggestions is that we build our wooden houses on the same principle that we build our battleships. The modern man-of-war is heavily armored only at certain points where the enemy's shells are likely to strike and do damage. If a battleship was equally armored throughout its construction the weight of the vessel would be so excessive that its movements would be too slow to be effective. Furthermore, the cost would be prohibitive.

Likewise in the case of a house it is known that ninety per cent of all fires start at one of a certain few points. If we protect these vulnerable points in a frame dwelling we reduce the fire risk immensely.

The naval engineer knows that the warship must be protected in all those portions adjacent to the engines and boilers. The home builder must likewise protect his wooden house over and round the heating plant. The ammunition hoist on the battleship must be safeguarded, and in the home the stairway must be protected or the lives of the occupants will be imperiled and the firemen will not be able to reach the upper stories.

The ship designer must see that the foundations for all his guns and turrets are fully protected; the architect must take pains to have all bearing partitions and stud exterior walls fully safeguarded. He must also arrange for the protection of ceilings under inhabited floors and over heating plants and coal bins. He must likewise protect chimney breasts and the danger spots round flues back of kitchen ranges and under stairs. These vulnerable points in frame dwellings can be largely safeguarded by the liberal use of metal lath and a good grade of incombustible plaster.

It should not be forgotten that ninety-five per cent of the fires in homes start within the house. When the buildings are constructed of some slow-burning material such fires may not spread beyond the one residence.

However, all the attention should not be given simply to prevention of the spread of a conflagration, but equal thought must be devoted to eliminating the interior danger points where fires usually originate.

Most houses inside are constructed of wood, no matter what type of exterior material is used. The only way to prevent lumber from burning is to protect it with metal and cement. If we must have wooden houses, the least we can do is to make them fire-resistive at their vulnerable points. This can be done without largely increasing the first cost of the building.

But there are other things we must do besides simply reducing the fire losses. Every effort must be made to perfect new building materials that will be just as satisfactory and at the same time cheaper than the materials now used. The seriousness of the housing situation in England has stimulated research and invention along building lines in that country.

As an example of such activity, British manufacturers are now supplying builders with a new kind of brick that is nearly five times as large as an ordinary brick, but in comparison is not so heavy and is easily handled. The lighter weight results from the hollowing out of the brick to provide air layers, and the ends of the bricks are so shaped that the existence of joints running all the way through a wall is avoided. In the most common practice these bricks are made of one part cement and four parts sand by simple hand machinery. Three men can make enough bricks in a day to build 400 to 500 square feet of wall.

A further economy is effected by the manner of laying the walls, inasmuch as the ends and bottoms of the bricks need only be dipped in a thin lime mortar mixed with a small amount of cement. If laid in the usual way the air channels in the bricks would become filled. Investigations have shown that slag, clinkers, sand and brick dust, mixed with cement, form suitable materials for these bricks. Present high prices and the necessity for more houses are sure to bring about many improvements of this kind.

In many parts of the country city and state authorities hold the opinion that inadequate housing is at the bottom of the present industrial unrest. Perhaps such a belief slightly overestimates the importance of the shortage of homes, but no one can doubt that it is one of the most vital problems of the moment. Delay in removing the obstacles to a vigorous building campaign only makes the problem more acute.

It is now recognized that the matter of housing cannot be left entirely to the individual, so many towns and cities have initiated plans to further building and relieve the situation.

The greatest demand for homes at the present time is coming from people who are now receiving record wages, but who have insufficient accumulated capital to finance a building proposition and, therefore, are able to make only a small initial payment. The only way such folks can build a home is on credit. It is to the interest of every community at the present time that these conscientious workers with high earning power should be provided with a way to become owners of their homes.

In hundreds of localities civic organizations and industrial groups are taking steps to alleviate the situation by extending help to this class of worthy citizens. Many corporations have lately been brought to realize that they have given too much attention to providing housing for machinery and other equipment and comparatively too little thought to providing homes for their employees.

Among other ambitious schemes the following plans may be cited as good examples of some of the present relief measures:

The amortization plan, which permits the builder to make small payments at frequent intervals, is being employed successfully in many communities. In this scheme a building and loan association makes a long-time loan to the individual, and the latter, at specified dates, pays the association a sum that covers accrued interest and also includes an amortization payment which will liquidate the entire debt in from ten to twelve years. In such plans the borrower has the right to make payments of greater sums than the stipulated minimum at any time. The building association usually restricts the amount which it will lend to a sum that is equal to no more than seventy per cent of the value of the mortgaged property. The average loan, however, is generally held down to sixty per cent of the property's value, so that some other means must be provided for procuring the remaining forty per cent of the money needed.

Unless the prospective home owner has shown sufficient thrift to accumulate a sum equal to ten per cent of the value of the house, credit is not extended him; but if he has ten per cent of the cost of the proposed home, and the association loans him sixty per cent, there still remains thirty per cent of the value to be supplied.

To meet this emergency second-mortgage companies have been organized in dozens of communities.

In all instances it is recognized that these second mortgages are a lower grade security and involve a greater risk than the first mortgage. For this reason the companies that make these secondary loans either exact a higher rate of interest or accept them only at a discount from their face value. In some cases both these features are found in the second-mortgage plan.

In many cities public-spirited individuals have fully recognized the great necessities of the moment and have organized home-aid companies to make loans to bridge the gap between the sums advanced by the

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Shavaid does instantly what you have tried to accomplish with hot towels and rubbing in of lather. It is a scientific beard softener.

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Shavaid comes in a sanitary collapsible tube. Simply squeeze a little out on your fingers and spread it over the dry beard. Then lather your face with soap and brush, as usual. Do not rub the lather in. Just put it on and then shave at once.

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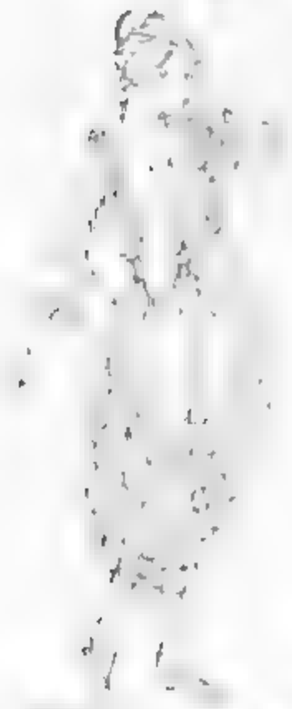

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One Cleaning gives Six Hours' Clear Vision

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No longer an excuse to take chances. Not even a bother to use Presto-Felt Windshield Cleaner. One cleaning insures clear vision for rest of trip. Prevents [illegible] Unconditionally guaranteed. Outlasts average ownership of car.

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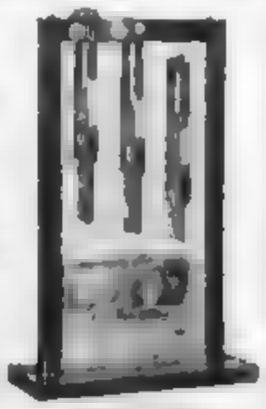

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building loan associations and the amount of the builder's own savings. When the home-aid company decides to help an applicant it assigns to the building association making the larger loan a sum equal to the amount required by the association as collateral to the borrower's mortgage. As the individual pays off his debt to the building association this latter concern releases all money over and above the interest charged on the mortgage to the home-aid society. In due course of time the borrower has thus reduced his debt until he owes only the amount advanced by the building association. In the meantime, the money handed over to the association by the home-aid company has been participating in the regular dividend paid by the association.

This plan is a better scheme for the borrower than that of drawing up a second mortgage, for he has but one debt and one creditor to look after. The plan also eliminates the expense of drawing and recording two sets of mortgage papers. The home-aid company can protect itself in the same way it could if it held the second mortgage, and it can reasonably ask the borrower to allow it a fair discount for the credit which it advances. This discount and the dividend it receives from the building association should provide a fair profit with small risk to such people as furnish the funds for the operation of the home-aid company. Wealthy individuals and rich institutions in every community would do well to examine some plan of this kind with the idea of helping wage earners build homes and thereby relieve the local housing situation.

The backers of housing plans in many cities are working on the idea that any investment in homes should be regarded by all manufacturers and the community at large as part of the total investment required to carry on business. With this thought in mind, housing companies have been formed and financed by manufacturing and business interests to loan money for the construction of a home to any reliable workman who is owner of a lot. Such companies generally lend money on the basis of a ten or twelve per cent gross yield, which means that the investment will return from five to six per cent net to the corporation.

As a usual thing no loans are made for more than $8000, and payments are required each month at the rate of one per cent to care for the interest and the retiring of the principal. With this plan the borrower can pay off his entire loan in less than eleven years. All loans are based on the borrower's income. As a working rule no monthly payment is permitted to exceed one-third of the applicant's income.

Many industrial concerns have perfected housing plans whereby the payments made by their employees cover a period of twenty years and are no more difficult for the purchaser to meet than if he were paying rent. In one scheme the prospective home owner has a profit of about $1000 on his investment at the end of five years.

One of the biggest corporations in the country, in order to relieve the housing situation and provide for a permanent body of contented workers, has adopted the plan of contributing $800 toward the cost of any employee's home, providing the house and lot are worth no less than $3500 and no more than $8500. The company makes it plain that this donation is not a matter of charity, but a cold business proposition. The only string on the gift is that the employee shall remain in the service of the company for five years. Should the worker desire to leave before the end of such a period of time he must pay the company the $800 or give the corporation the opportunity to purchase the house at a price based fairly on its original cost. In the matter of payments the employee must pay down five per cent of the purchase price and devote twenty-five per cent of his earnings each year to payments of principal, interest, taxes and fire insurance on the house.

I might go on and enumerate dozens of plans that have recently been inaugurated to increase home ownership and stimulate building. Those schemes here referred to are merely presented as suggestions designed to encourage interest in the question and if possible rouse corporations and communities to the necessity of prompt action in the matter.

A lack of proper housing facilities means the crowding together of families, with a consequent increase in the dangers to public health. It means the construction of flimsy buildings and an increase in the dangers and losses from fire.

Last and not least, it means increased misery and greater social unrest. Nothing we can do—and quickly—will be too much or too soon.

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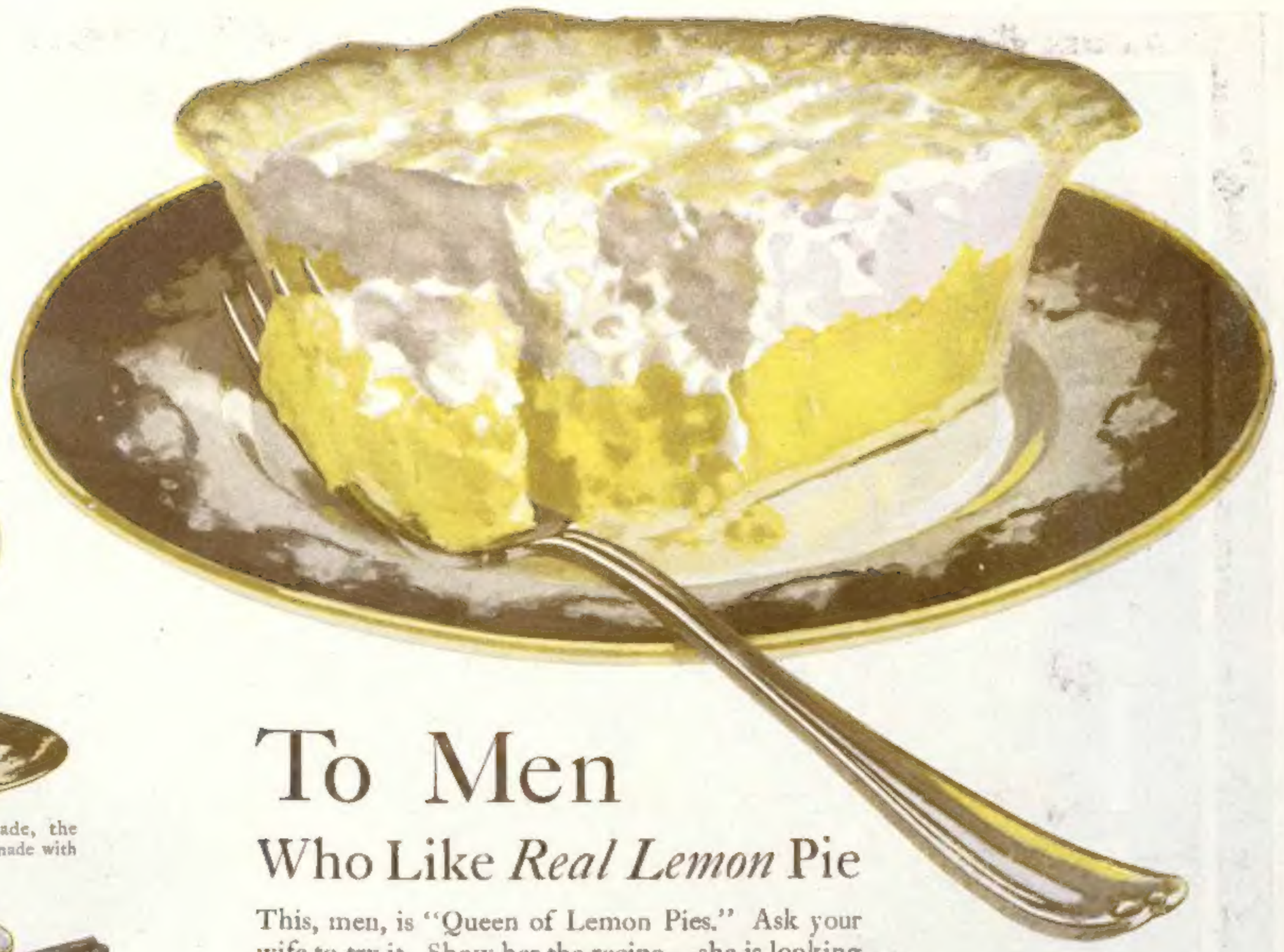

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Serve tea with California Sunkist Lemons sliced or quartered. Clean, bright, waxy skins and few seeds make these lemons best for all purposes

To Men

Who Like *Real Lemon* Pie

This, men, is "Queen of Lemon Pies." Ask your wife to try it. Show her the recipe—she is looking for a good recipe like this.

This one is luscious. It's by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery at Boston She devised it specially for us, particularly to *please men's taste for pie.*

You have never tasted better pie—if any half so good. Your wife will take great pleasure in its making.

Use California Lemons

Use California's Sunkist Lemons for this pie and every other kind of home use—in tea, for garnishing, in salad dressings, lemonade, et cetera. These are the juicy, tart and practically seedless lemons. The best looking lemons, too.

Learn how lemons serve in many ways to lighten kitchen work. You'll use twice as many lemons when you know.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

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SECTION 115, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

To Women

Who Will Make It

This is the recipe for lemon pie that men seem to like best. It is tested, so it's sure to work. You'll be delighted with it. Let your men folks try this pie.

1¼ cups sugar	Grated rind
½ cup flour	3 egg yolks
Few grains salt	1 cup boiling water
Juice 1 Sunkist Lemon	1 teaspoon butter

Mix sugar, flour and salt, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook fifteen minutes, then add butter, egg yolks, rind and juice of one lemon. Turn into a pie plate, or preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire and lined with flaky pastry which has been baked until a golden brown. Make a meringue of three egg whites and add one-half cup of powdered sugar, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice; cover pie with meringue and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Allow to cool before serving.

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Above all, get Miss Bradley's book containing 126 other lemon recipes by this expert in modern household economics. Designed for convenience and economy as well as taste.

There are 60 pages of worth-while information in it, including attractive garnishing designs and other ideas for the hostess; suggestions as to the healthfulness of oranges and lemons; and many recipes for orange dishes.

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Look into it !

If you're one of the few men who don't know Williams' it will pay you to follow the example of this smile-wreathed face in the lather and *look into it* tomorrow morning.

You will find a rich, creamy lather of velvety softness that comes instantly, rises up as thick as you want it—and won't dry on your face! A lather that does its work easily and efficiently whether the water be hot or cold, hard or soft. And best of all, is the feeling after the shave of complete comfort—no unpleasant sensation of smarting or stinging.

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
***Dept. A.* Glastonbury, Conn.**

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